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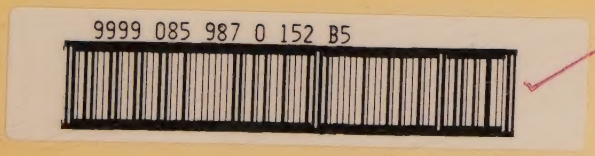
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HAMPSHIRE

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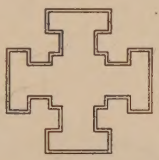
CHURCH OF ST. CROSS

St. Cross Hospital founded by Bishop Henry of Blois in 1136, and placed by him subsequently under the protection of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, from which circumstance the Brethren wear the characteristic *croix pattée* or eight-pointed cross of the Order.



Cardinal Beaufort built "Beaufort's Tower" and most of the present domestic buildings, and founded the Order of Noble Poverty.

The hospitality to travellers for which the Knights Hospitallers were noted is still practised in the form of the "Wayfarer's Dole" of bread and ale, dispensed at the hospital gates to those applying for it, very much as in mediæval days.

HAMPSHIRE

PAINTED BY

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PREFACE

HAMPSHIRE is essentially an attractive county—antiquity, historic association, harmony of form, and a rich glow of colour,—all these and more Hampshire has to offer, and in these there are few spots in England to rival her. As the Home-shire, or cradle of Saxon rule in our land, Hampshire will always occupy a leading position among English counties.

In compiling the following pages many authorities have been consulted—the pages of Bede, the *English Chronicle*, the *Liber de Hyda*, Rudborne, the various *Annales Wintoniae*, the historical documents published by the Hampshire Record Society, Milner's *History of Winchester*,—these are among the earlier sources; while to many current sources, Dr. Davies' *History of Southampton*, based on the Speed MS.—a mine of information on Southamp-

ton matters—Mr. Kirby's and Mr. Leach's books on Winchester College, Shore's *History of Hampshire*, Dr. Kitchin's *Historic Winchester*, the three volumes issued of the *Victoria History of Hampshire*, the Records of Hampshire Field Club, as well as to many others of a miscellaneous character, I am indebted for much valuable information. Much kindly assistance has been given me in many quarters, and it is a pleasant task to acknowledge it here.

THE AUTHOR.

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HAMPSHIRE

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY—HAMPSHIRE, THE MOTHER OF MOVEMENTS AND OF MEN

It is a curious fact that, in a certain sense of the word, the County of Hampshire is non-existent. Every reader of Dickens—himself a Hampshire man be it remarked—will remember how Mrs. Betsy Prig during a discussion of a peculiarly 'Sturm und Drang' character between herself and her friend and hostess Sairey Gamp, anent the qualities of the angelic but elusive Mrs. Harris, suddenly snapped out, "I don't believe there's no sich a person!" and we know that Mrs. Betsy Prig was right. Had the subject of discussion been, not 'that sweetest and best of women' of Mrs. Gamp's fairy imaginings, but the scenery and country air of that sweetest and best of

counties, to wit, Hampshire, Mrs. Prig in her then frame of mind might possibly even have snapped out, "I don't believe there's no sich a county!"—and Mrs. Prig would have been right again, though it is more than doubtful whether she would have realised why she was right, for her talents lay hardly so much along the paths of topography and nomenclature as along those of the retort discourteous and the countercheck quarrelsome.

For the County of Hampshire, though not a myth, like Mrs. Harris or William Tell or the Island of Atlantis, is at least a misnomer. There is, strictly speaking, no County of Hampshire —there is no High Sheriff of Hampshire—there is no Hampshire County Council. The true style of the county is the County of Southampton, and the full and correct title of the county body which sways its destinies, viz., the Council of the Administrative County of Southampton, is a little blossom of legal nomenclature, dear to the official mind but bewildering to the uninitiated. Hampshire is but a popular name, for which there is much historical but no legal justification.

"What's in a name?" Much or little as the

case may be—frequently in the case of place-names a valuable index to historical pedigree — more frequently still to the antiquary, the joys and possibilities of infinite controversy. The name *Hampshire*, and its old Latin equivalent *Hantonia*, have both given rise to considerable discussion. Milner, following Camden, derived them from Anton, the name, strictly speaking, of the little tributary of the Test on which Andover stands, and sometimes applied to the whole of the Test itself; but there seems little doubt that the name is Saxon in origin—*Ham-tun*, the home-town or settlement, carrying us back to the period of forty or fifty years during which the Saxon invaders of Cerdic and Cynric's days were making good their foothold at the head of the Southampton estuary, without being able to secure effective lodgment very far inland. Ham-tun was the name they gave to their first secure base—Hampton it remained in popular style for at least one thousand years—and the name of the first permanent settlement thus became the name of the 'hinterland' which it dominated. In 755 we have in the English Chronicle the earliest mention of this 'hinterland'—*Ham-tun scire*. About two hundred years later, when confusion began

to arise between a northern and a southern 'Hampton,' we have *South Ham-tun-scire.* In Domesday, *Hantescire* occurs. The popular name thus fully justifies itself and preserves a form earlier than the legal style, reminding us incidentally how the pivot of its humbler fortunes was the little seaport and stronghold where the West Saxons first entrenched themselves, and how our beautiful county, like the peerless goddess Aphrodite, rose from the sea.

He would perhaps seem to be a bold man who would venture to press the comparison and claim for Hampshire an equal pre-eminence among English counties. Yet, to those who know it well, and can feel, too, the deep historical pulse which beats within its veins as it were, in almost every obscure village in its borders, the contention will not appear so extravagant after all. For, history apart, there are few counties with the same variety of attractive features, while it would be hard to name one with that same sweet indefinable charm, which only comes with a genial and sunny climate such as Hampshire *par excellence* possesses—that charm, which like the smile on an infant's cheek, records the impress of the loving caresses of the great all-mother Nature. And quiet and restrained as

EMSWORTH

Emsworth, at the head of a creek in the north of the entrance to Chichester Harbour, is on the extreme eastern border of the county. It has an extensive general shipping trade. Its oyster-beds gave Emsworth an unenviable notoriety several years ago. The most noticeable feature, of all these Hampshire inland harbours, are the extensive mud-flats left behind at low tide.

these beauties are, there is in the catalogue of attractions, a rare diversity. Sea-shore and inland, river valley and open down, moor and forest and woodland—all are here. Beautiful are the Hampshire shores and the sheltered roadsteads along its coast—that remarkable quadruple union of Portsmouth Harbour, Southampton Water and Solent, with Spithead as the connecting link between them. Few places indeed are there in the world where the same movement and diversity of craft are to be seen as form the frequent, if not daily, spectacle here, from coaster and fishing smack, motor-boat, yacht, and packet steamer, tramp and sailing ship, transport and huge ocean-liner, to the stern dark-grey hulls of cruiser or battleship, torpedo-boat or destroyer. No other of our waters have witnessed such scenes of historic import or naval pageantry, or have witnessed such a succession of craft as these—Roman galley, Saxon 'ceol,' Danish 'aesca' or longship, Plantagenet *Holy Ghost* and *Grâce de Dieu*, *Foudroyant*, *Victory*, *Terrible*, and *Indomitable*—these are but some of the types, to mention war craft alone, which have sailed upon these waters. And even within sight and sound of these peaceful sheltered shores, have naval tragedies, from the foundering of the *Mary*

Rose in Henry VIII.'s reign to that of the *Gladiator* in 1908, occurred in sad succession, reminding us how

> We have fed our sea for a thousand years,
> And she calls us, still unfed.

And if Hampshire is attractive on the seaboard, inland she is a delight, varied in charm, soft, smiling, and winning everywhere. Take for instance the great open chalk downs, rolling and heaving for mile after mile like gigantic billows of ocean, covered with turf, short and soft and springy to the tread, where orchids love half to hide and half to sun themselves, and milkwort, white and pink and blue, luxuriates with almost Alpine profusion of colour; where can such downs and such invigorating air be enjoyed as they can in Hampshire—that air which, as the poet Keats remarked, "is worth Sixpence a pint." Or, again, take the broad woodland patches scattered everywhere so lavishly — the glorious beech woods which Gilbert White loved so intensely, the haunt of helleborine and twayblade and sanicle—the hanging copses which clothe the hillsides and droop down pendant-wise from their slopes like living garlands of green—these are essentially Hampshire, and each in its way of unequalled charm. Or, once more, that greater expanse of moorland,

WATERSPLASH AT ITCHEN STOKE

Perhaps the prettiest reach of the river Itchen—and that is saying a good deal—lying between Itchen Stoke and Ovington. The road between them crosses the main stream in a delightful "watersplash."

heath, marsh, and timber, the famous New Forest, the haunt and one of the last remaining refuges in our land of many a rare form of plant or insect life, where the honey buzzard and the hoopoe are even still known to nest and rear their young. Or, again, for lovers of the angle, what rivers are better known or more dearly cherished than the chalk streams of our county—the Test and Itchen—or that other beautiful, half Hampshire, half Wiltshire stream, the winding Avon? Famous for its rivers our county has been for centuries, since Precentor Wulfstan in days of Ethelred of Evil Counsel sung of its 'dulcia piscosæ flumina aquæ,' its sweet streams of fishful water, or Izaak Walton protested that Hampshire "exceeds all England for swift shallow clear brooks and store of trouts," down to later days when Frank Buckland wired trout for his præfect's breakfasts at Winchester, and Charles Kingsley revelled in the May-fly and the chalk. Lovely are these Hampshire streams, winding peacefully between broad expanses of meadow, deep with reed grass, and in summer time fragrant with meadow-sweet, and all aflame with willow-herb and loosestrife, mimulus and yellow-flag, and ever as you follow down their course you wind along through village after village, peaceful,

sheltered, and smiling, the quaint extravagances of the thatched-roofed cottages more than matched by the even quainter extravagances of the tall yew trees and deep yew hedges in front, trimmed and tortured with curious ingenuity into every manner of strange fastastic form. The yew tree and the thatched cottage might almost stand as Hampshire emblems, so rich, so full, so varied, and so universal are they. Winding stream and open down, copse and hanger and meadow, thatched roof and woodland—these are the main features of our Hampshire country side—for Nature here is ever sweet and kindly, never commanding or majestic, still less, stern and terrible or even grand. Here and there indeed a different note is struck—and without endorsing Gilbert White's quaint references to our Southern Downs as "that vast chain of majestic mountains," there is here and there a note of boldness, or a real suggestion of ruggedness, as in the bleak wind-swept heights of Beacon Hill and Sidown in the north-west, and in the bold contours of Butser and Old Winchester Hill in the opposite corner. But these are not the leading characteristics of Hampshire scenery—it is neither sternness nor wildness, but rather an indefinable charm of harmony in variety, a softness of outline and a glow

CLIPPED YEW, OLD BASING

The victims of the old-world torture of the famous "Bed of Procrustes," find their modern counterpart in Hampshire in the fantastically clipped and carved yew-trees, an ingenious mode of torture which the yew nevertheless manages to survive happily enough. The usual designs are variations of the peacock, the armchair, and the chessman. These yew-trees and hedges with their formal but not unpleasing outlines, irresistibly recall the thought of

"retired leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure."

of sunshine, a genial grace and warmth of vegetation, which make the picture so alluring. Peaceful and quiet it is if you will, but rarely placid, and still more rarely unattractive or monotonous—if ever you feel dull in a Hampshire walk or ride, the fault is within and not without,—and more than all these perhaps is the sense of a great and varied past, which pervades as it were its very atmosphere.

And what a past! Hampshire has witnessed the growth and consolidation of a tribe of savage invaders into a kingdom (*Wessex*), and been the centre of a civilising Christian movement as potent almost in its effect upon the land as the epoch-making mission of Augustine himself. It has seen that small tribal kingdom consolidate and develop, till it has conquered and absorbed into itself the other tribal kingdoms in the land, and has converted that jangle of warring interests of which our land formed the scene in days of so-called Heptarchy into a nation—England. Hampshire has given to the land a race of great rulers and Empire-builders,—Egbert, Alfred, Edward, Athelstan,—she rolled back from England the fierce tide of Danish conquest, which bade fair to overwhelm Christianity and civilisation

alike, not merely in England but in the whole of Northern Europe. Hampshire kings have bequeathed to the land the tradition of rule, dignified, sagacious, God-fearing, and self-denying; have taught her the value of the sea as her first line of defence, and given her the first navy with which she ever defended her shores; they have laid the foundations of learning, of national literature, and of national historical record; Hampshire kings and Hampshire prelates have laboured in the cause of humanity, of education, and of religious development. In her ancient capital city, great kings, Saxon, and Norman, and Dane have ruled, Parliaments have met, laws been made, and great patriots have attained to that royal eminence—to be evil spoken of for good deeds, and to suffer to the death for them. Her great cathedral, where kings have been crowned, sovereigns and princes have been christened, wedded, and laid to rest, is a Valhalla, second only in interest to the mighty abbey of Edward the Confessor at Westminster, and far exceeding it in antiquity and ecclesiastical importance—her great Public School remains, the oldest of those foundations to which, by a kind of prescriptive right the title 'Public School' is limited, in

MARTYR WORTHY

One of the old-world villages, some few miles above Winchester, lying in a reach of the river Itchen of unusual beauty and charm.

Morgan Worthy

popular estimation at least if not in strict official style, and has been the mother of that most renowned of all schools in the world, the famous Royal College of Henry VI. at Eton.

A Hampshire port has been for at least five hundred years the leading naval arsenal, and the chief centre of naval enterprise, in the world; and in later days, as if to show that

> Age hath not withered her nor custom staled
> Her infinite variety,

she has been to the land the cradle of its national game, at once the most appealing, the manliest, and the purest form of sport existing, the game of cricket. Yes, Hampshire has been the home-shire—the mother county—of the land to an extent scarcely at all generally realised; and overwhelmingly great as has been the service rendered to the realm by the great metropolis, more particularly during later centuries, those rendered by Hampshire have been as true, as wide-reaching, and as enduring as any which have made the realm and empire great. Truly as we who live in Hampshire pass over this fair county we may not merely say that in it we have a goodly heritage, but we may justly feel that we are

passing over sacred soil; and with these Hampshire spots we may thankfully recall the memories of the great departed men of Wessex, inasmuch as they have laboured and we have entered into the fruits of their labour.

GREYWELL MILL

Greywell (locally Grewell) is about two miles from Odiham. The mill, on the picturesque little Whitewater, forms a pretty feature on the landscape. There is a fine screen in Greywell Church.

CHAPTER II

TOPOGRAPHY—EARLY DAYS

We have already referred to the historical interest of Hampshire. It is historical development that is the key to an intelligent appreciation of Hampshire; for Hampshire is something more than a historic county, it is rather a complete historical edifice, or better still a deep historical quarry, where lie embedded, strata by strata, the imperishable traces of almost every important period of historic development which has in any sense influenced the formation of the fabric of national life,—just as fossils remain preserved in the geological strata which form her actual surface. And this historical development can be followed out in Hampshire, actually, as it were *in situ*, in institutions, buildings, traditional observances or ancient privileges which Hampshire still preserves, and of which its whole atmosphere is redolent. Wherever you go in Hampshire, in

town or village, in stately cathedral and ruined fortress, you will find this sense of history *in situ* in place-name, legend, municipal privilege, and picturesque survival. In Hampshire the story of the making of the English nation can be read most truly, most picturesquely, and most instructively, not in crabbed letters of black letter MS., or dull formal treatise, but in the living and visible characters of corporate existences and living institutions.

The central feature of the county physically is the core of chalk which occupies the whole of its centre, and of which the elevations of North and South Downs, with a central plateau between, are the main characteristic. On either side of this chalk core are outcrops of Tertiary strata forming the coast strip and New Forest region in the south, and the valley of Kennet and Loddon beyond the great watershed in the north. Eastward the chalk disappears and is replaced by a series of lower Cretaceous and Wealden beds, which afford the peculiar blending of soils in which the hop plant thrives. This is the 'hop garden' of Hampshire; and adjoining it is the Selborne district, famous as the county of Gilbert White of Selborne, whose name alone would make it classic ground. But of all the natural features

LYMINGTON

A pleasant little borough and seaside town, on the estuary of Lymington River. Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, and Freshwater Down lie just opposite, across the Solent. Yachting is a favourite pastime on these waters, and the little redwings are much in evidence during the summer. Near at hand are Buckland Rings, a fine ancient camp, and Hurst Castle, the lonely water fortress guarding the western mouth of the "river," as sailors call the Solent. Lymington and Hurst have both memories of Charles I. and of the Civil War.

of the county it is the disposition of the river valleys more than anything else that has given unity to Hampshire. The central Hampshire streams, the Test, and Itchen, the Meon and Hamble all drain direct into the Southampton Water, and the peculiar feature of the Hampshire coast is that the magnificent natural harbours all along it are made practically one basin by the coalescing of Southampton Water with Spithead and the Solent. Thus even the less important streams and estuaries, the Beaulieu and Lymington rivers, and the Avon itself to the far west, are all organically united. This remarkable grouping of river valley, harbour, and estuary have marked out Hampshire as a natural geographical area, with Southampton Water as a common centre of intercourse. The disposition of its harbours and waterways has modified profoundly its political development; and that Southampton has given its name—both in ancient and modern styles—to the county as a whole is not difficult to understand when the significance of its coast and river features is borne in mind.

Two thousand years or more ago the whole of the south of England, except along the upper levels of the chalk district, was a practically unbroken wild stretch of brake and woodland and forest, all but

impenetrable, the haunt of wolf and fox, of badger and wild boar, and in earlier days even of beaver and of bear. This was the Great Weald Forest, the *Andreadeswald* of Saxon days, of which Wolmer Forest, the New Forest, Savernake and Cranborne Chase, and many another piece of detached woodland now standing, are but the fragmentary survivals. The chalk heights, the North and South Downs, Salisbury Plain, and the upper parts of the mid Hampshire plateau formed practically the only open spaces, rising as it were like natural islands amid the tangled sea of green. This forest belt formed an all but impenetrable barrier stretching for miles and miles along the southern coast, and barring effectually all access to the interior. Nor, apart from the actual tidal waters, were the river valleys much easier to traverse—these were filled with reedy swamps and peat morasses, which fringed the edges of the streams and mingled confusedly with them.

Hampshire names existing still serve to remind us how full of wild life this savage district formerly was—the memory of the dreaded wolf survives in Wolmer (*wolves' mere*), Wolf-hanger (*wolves' wood*) near Bramdean, where the last English wolf is traditionally said to have been killed, and

Wolvesey (*wolves' island*) at Winchester—the badger and otter, which still linger in the county, have given their names to Brockenhurst (*Badger's wood*) and Otterbourne respectively, and numerous other local names preserve the memories of this wild life of earlier days. But in central Hampshire this formidable barrier was comparatively vulnerable. Here the forest belt was thinner and weaker, and was pierced through by the Southampton Water and the associated tidal estuaries. These then formed the channel of continental immigration. Crossing the English Channel at its narrow spot and coasting along till the creeks and estuaries of Hampshire were reached, continental peoples, driven by stress of over-population or pressure from behind, came horde after horde in that great racial movement westward, which peopled Europe with the Aryan races, and which continues to-day, as the stream of migration through Hamburg and Liverpool serves to remind us, in undiminished vigour. Neolithic and Cave men gave place to Iberians, and they in turn to the Goidels or Gaelic Celts, the Brythons or Welsh-speaking Celts, and the Belgæ; these last-named were the people in occupation when the Romans came, and it is these Belgic and allied Celtic folk that we generally refer to when we speak of Ancient Britons.

Of the earlier of these Celtic races Hampshire has no such striking monuments as Wiltshire possesses in Avebury and Stonehenge, but barrows and tumuli are scattered thickly over all the higher points, sometimes grouped together as at the Seven Barrows near Beacon Hill, more frequently detached or solitary. Hampshire, however, is rich in one kind of relic of these early Celtic folk —the great 'rings' or defensive earthworks which crown almost every commanding elevation in the county, and are so familiar a feature of the landscape in all the upland districts as to require some little notice here.

Many of these are practically intact, the conditions which dictated the original choice of site, viz. openness and inaccessibility, having operated to preserve them for so many ages from that most destructive of all destructive creatures, utilitarian man. They vary in size, from Walbury, just over the Berkshire border, half a mile across, to quite modest dimensions—Beacon Hill in the north, Bury Hill, near Andover, Quarley Hill, Woolbury Ring, and Danebury, near Stockbridge, St. Catherine's Hill, near Winchester, Old Winchester Hill, just above Meon Stoke—all these and many more have their 'rings,' or early British camps.

They are all well worth visiting, if only for the fine view obtainable from them, and for the interesting train of thoughts which they suggest; but the most fascinating of all is Danebury, just above the Test valley, a few miles west of Stockbridge. The whole area of Danebury camp is now covered with a thick beech wood, but formerly was bare and open, and as one explores its recesses, the intricacy of its defences, its precipitous slopes, and the deep fosse surrounding it, one wonders whether most to admire the skill with which the natural features of the site have been taken advantage of, or the intrepid courage which could have undertaken the task of rearing such stupendous mounds and raising such herculean ramparts.

To appreciate the spirit of romance with which Danebury seems instinct, you should visit it on a summer evening, when the leaf canopy above, and the tree trunks around, stand out sharply silhouetted against the glow of the sunset sky, the almost eerie silence broken only by the crackling of leaves or dry beech-mast beneath the feet,—with these and the sense of loneliness and of the deepening gloom, it is hard to avoid conjuring up thoughts of romantic adventure, of stern conflict and pressing peril, when hostile invasion was no

remote possibility which editors might lazily discuss and politicians airily ignore, but an ever-present reality, which all alike, man, woman, and child, must bear a share in repelling. Looking down from Danebury or St. Catherine's Hill or Woolbury many thoughts suggest themselves as to the origin, the purpose, and mode of construction of these apparently cyclopean structures. And the answer to the riddle is quite simple—neither giants nor fairies, but simple human need it was which called them into being—the needs of tribal defence against an external foe.

The ordinary dwellings of these Celtic folk were rude—hovels of mud and wattle, grouped for safety in villages, placed usually in some clearing or open space in the upland, or on the marsh, and surrounded with a timber stockade. Remains of such a stockaded Hampshire village have been recently discovered on Corhampton Down, just above the Meon Valley. For ordinary dangers this defence sufficed, but against extensive tribal movements, such as invasion by another tribe driven by famine to prey upon its neighbours, something more was required. This was then the purpose of these camps—stern necessity alone could have occasioned such labour being taken, labour in which the whole

CORHAMPTON

An old-world village in the Meon Valley. The church is one of the most complete and interesting Saxon churches in Hampshire.

population of the neighbourhood must have shared, the soil being loosened with rude picks, perhaps of deer antler, and then painfully scooped up and placed in position. Then when danger threatened, the whole country side collected, man, woman, and child, with flocks and possessions, within the "ring," or enclosure, ready, weapon in hand, to repel the foe should he venture to the assault.

A natural question arises—How was water obtained? for scarcely any of these 'rings' have wells within them. The answer seems to be—from dew-ponds: depressions, carefully made and puddled, in which the moisture from the dews and condensing mists trickles down and collects. Such dew-ponds have been in use from very early times right down to the present upon our Hampshire heights, and frequently remain moist even in the driest seasons.

Here then, mainly on the upper levels, at that time the only open parts of the county, lived the early British men of Hampshire—pasturing their cattle, pursuing some primitive agriculture, hunting and fishing, in time of danger sheltering in the refuge camp, burying their dead chiefs in barrows and tumuli. They have left other traces, too, behind them—all over this upland are numerous track-ways, leading often from camp to camp—such

as the ancient trackway along the ridge from Old Winchester Hill and that in the extreme north of the county leading across the open down to Walbury Ring and on to Hungerford. Few things are more permanent in their way than the tracks made by men and animals: where foot has once passed, other feet may pass too, and the tracks first marked out by foot of man or beast in early Celtic days survive still, either in the form of permanent roadways or almost equally permanent bridle paths and cattle tracks across the open downland.

Such were the men of Hampshire before our history opens. Tribe succeeded tribe, as wave after wave of Celtic immigration washed upon the shores. By the time our history opens, the Belgæ had been long established in Hampshire—at Winchester (*Caer Gwent*), and Silchester, possibly too at Porchester, and elsewhere they had permanent settlements. Primitive as they were, they had considerable knowledge of arts—of metal working and of pottery as well as of agriculture and of the military art. It was these Belgæ whom the Romans found in occupation when they landed, and with the Roman occupation in the first century Hampshire history begins to assume definite shape.

CHAPTER III

ROMAN HAMPSHIRE

Of Roman Hampshire much of interest remains, for the Romans stamped their impress upon the country, deep and indelible, as became that imperious and determined people. Of their cities, their strongholds, and the great arterial highways by which they linked them one to another, traces remain of wonderful interest and instructiveness. Hampshire, remarkable in other respects, is unique in this—it possesses the only veritable Roman city untouched save by time, and undisturbed by later building, in the whole land—Silchester, the English Pompeii.

At Silchester we can see a Romano-British city, still almost completely walled in, and follow out in minute detail the varied features of Roman municipal and civil life in Britain—at Winchester we may find preserved indelibly in the ground plan

of the city and the line of its ancient walls, the main features of what was an important Roman centre, the military headquarters of Roman rule in southern England—stretching even yet from town to town we can still follow in Hampshire the line of many a highway planned and constructed by Roman skill and remaining to our own period a monument, all but imperishable, to the genius and energy of the Roman character—and scattered in prodigal profusion almost, through the length and breadth of the county, we find under the soil, foundations of Roman dwellings, tesselated pavements, pottery, coins, *et hoc genus omne rerum*—objects dear to the antiquarian soul, but possibly a little 'caviare to the general.' The Roman occupation in Hampshire is too plainly marked, and its still enduring features too prominent and too important to be ignored.

The Roman occupation dates from A.D. 43, when Aulus Plautus, in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, overran the country, as we can read in the pages of Suetonius. Whether Julius Cæsar's legionaries ever set foot in Hampshire is uncertain, but the matter has no importance, as Julius Cæsar's two expeditions to Britain were little but desultory raids. The Roman operations in

ST. CATHERINE'S HILL, WINCHESTER

The fine bold chalk hill which dominates the river valley to the South of Winchester has memories of early Celtic days, of Cnut, and of the *ancien régime* at Winchester College. Round its summit is the "ring" of the great refuge camp of præ-Roman days, which it is estimated required some 3000 people to defend it. Cnut made a grant of "Hille" and other lands to the old minster. On the summit there was once a pilgrimage chapel dedicated to St. Catherine. St. Catherine's Hill was formerly the playing area for College boys on "remedies" or holidays, and the curious "mismaze" cut on its summit is supposed to have been their handiwork.

Hampshire seem to have been directed by Vespasian, who, with his son Titus, both Emperors in due course later on, served in the expedition, for Suetonius tells us that Vespasian reduced powerful tribes and captured many towns, besides occupying "the Isle of Wight, opposite the mainland." Of details we have practically none, but we may fairly infer from the Roman settlements the course the invaders pursued. Pevensey (*Anderida*) where Cæsar had landed eighty-eight years before, was in Roman hands, but afforded no facilities for penetrating the interior. Coasting along, the invaders established stations at Porchester (*Portus Magnus*) and Southampton (*Clausentum*)—one after another the estuaries were explored, and the Roman galleys passed up the tidal waters of Itchen.

In the upper part of the valley they found a British earthwork surmounting a hill, the lines of which can still be seen scarped boldly on the slope, and in the marshy valley at the foot of the hill a stockaded British village — *Caer Gwent.* Here, where the open country to the northward gave facilities for penetrating inland in every direction, they established their military headquarters. The British village, Caer Gwent, gave place to an important Roman town, with rectangular walls

aligned with the four points of the compass, under the Romanised name of *Venta Belgarum*—the Gwent of the Belgæ—and so Roman Winchester came into being.

Of the Roman city thus built, practically no traces remain above ground now, unless it be here and there in the fabric of the older parts of the wall, which may well include portions of Roman masonry, but the outline of the walls and the main features of its ground plan still remain. The city was four-square or rectangular in shape, with gates at the west, east, south, and north. Thoroughfares joining these gates divided the city area into four *insulæ*, or blocks, and the existing streets of Winchester — High Street, Southgate Street, and Jewry Street—retain, broadly speaking, the general directions of these main Roman arteries ; and when in due time, later on, Normans and Plantagenet successors erected and re-erected fresh fortifications round the city, they followed the line of the earlier Roman defences, and wall and gateway in general remained where Roman hands had first erected them. Thus mediæval Winchester continued to retain outwardly the Roman impress, and Roman Winchester has thus transmitted its general and external features to the modern city.

Within the city area Roman relics are being continually unearthed: coins, pottery, objects of adornment and symbols of military rank—a veritable *farrago* of Roman daily life—a number of important pieces of Roman mosaic pavement, and quaint and interesting objects of every kind. These are preserved in the city museum. The south-east *insula* contained the temples of the gods, and the curious stone well in the Cathedral crypt is traditionally pointed out as having been a centre of worship in Roman times. But Winchester has been built and rebuilt so many times since Roman days that it is hardly to be expected that much undisturbed Roman material should be found. The wonder is that so much has been and is being continually brought to light, thanks very likely to the humble earthworm, whose continual ministration serves to bury deeper and deeper objects on the surface, and thus tends to preserve intact the stratification of history — so completely are the great at the mercy and disposal of the humble!

Winchester has much to tell us of Roman days in Hampshire—Silchester has more, far more. You can reach Silchester readily either from Mortimer or Bramley stations, on the line from

Basingstoke to Reading. There is no imagination so dull but that Silchester, with its great walls, its moat, its open gateways, its deserted inner area, its buried treasures, all lying silent and bare, does not appeal potently. The remarkable thing is that the site should be so little visited, for here, almost untouched, may still be seen in all their rugged grandeur and impressiveness the huge Roman ragstone walls which surrounded the Roman town within. Solitary and deserted, the sense of solitude deepened rather than interrupted by the farm buildings and the quiet country church at one corner of the enclosure, and the cattle grazing impassively beyond the great walls, it is strangely impressive. Those majestic grey stone walls, so strong and to all appearance imperishable, covered with ivy and festooned with creepers, and so massive that even great tree trunks are here and there to be seen growing upon them, what strange fate has first reared them here and then left them thus, so untouched and so wonderfully intact!

The circuit of these walls forms an irregular eight-sided figure pierced by gates at the four points of the compass, and at two other points. They are almost continuous all round the city, and on the northern side a dry grass-grown moat adds to the

picturesqueness of the scene. The road from Mortimer brings you almost suddenly to the north-eastern angle, with the farm buildings and church in front of you, and the moat and northern wall on your right.

Between the farm buildings and the church is the eastern gate, and the road skirts the walls for some distance as far as the south-eastern angle. The walls on the southern side are in much the better state of preservation, and leaving the road and following their line round, you come presently to the South gate—a large opening leading into the middle of the city area, from which an excellent general impression can be obtained.

The site of Silchester has aroused interest and inquiry for very many years—Camden and Leland both visited it, and have recorded their impressions, and excavations have been made in it at various periods for considerably over a hundred years.

In 1864 the Rev. J. G. Joyce, then rector of Silchester, with the sanction of the Duke of Wellington, the owner of the site, commenced the first really systematic investigations. The work was discontinued at his death, and recommenced again in 1890, when the Silchester Excavation Fund was started under the auspices of the Society of

Antiquaries, and this work is still being sedulously carried on—though the funds available for the purpose are very limited—under the superintendence of the well-known antiquaries Mr. St. John Hope and Mr. Fox.

The bulk of the finds are now exhibited at Reading Museum; the various *insulæ* unearthed are carefully examined, described, and recorded, and the principal treasures removed, after which the soil is replaced, and the spot reverts to cultivation. The finds thus made are of rare interest—right in the centre of the city area, the sites of the Forum and the Basilica or Hall of Justice have been uncovered, and to the east of these several temples. One of these was unearthed as recently as 1907—square in plan, and probably dedicated to Mars. But most remarkable of all, was the discovery in 1892 of a Romano-British Christian Church, the only undoubted example of an English Christian Church of Roman times in the country. It was Basilican in form, with nave, aisle, apse, and narthex—its dimensions 45 feet by 25—and from it valuable details of Romano-British Christian worship have been obtained. The position of the communion table near the apse at the west end of the Church was indicated by tesseræ,

and marks of wearing by tread of feet showed where the priest stood and where he walked when administering the communion rite. Various Christian emblems, such as the ☧, have also been found here. The site of the Church—like most of the others opened up—is now covered over again.

The Forum and Basilica formed the most important part of the town—the former was a large square court, with colonnades round it on three sides, and lying east of the Basilica. Round the colonnade were the shops, and from the remains found beneath them it was possible to identify within reasonable limits the various trades—the butcher's shop by its flesh-hooks and steelyards, and so on. Relics of industries and occupations have been also found—dyeing appears to have been carried on, and enormous quantities of oyster shells were found on the site, indicating that oysters were largely imported and consumed.

The streets, as was common in Roman times, ran parallel to the directions of the compass, north and south, or east and west. Curiously enough, their position is still indicated during dry seasons by the growth above them—lines of freer and more stunted growth occurring alternately and quite

unmistakably in the crops above the soil. This phenomenon had been noticed long before its explanation was suspected.

Outside the town wall and moat, close to the north-eastern angle, and forming part of the little farm on the opposite side of the road leading to Silchester Common, is the amphitheatre. Several Roman towns in England have large amphitheatres, notably Malmbury Ring at Dorchester; that at Silchester is disappointing in size, and only minor sports, such as boxing, wrestling, and cock-fighting, could have been carried on in it. A visit to the full and interesting collection of Silchester 'finds' in the Museum at Reading will give an excellent idea of details of life at Silchester during Roman days.

The shape of the walls—an irregular polygon—was probably due to the early British earthwork within which the Roman town was built, and some part of which still remains. The line of the walls seems to indicate that the city was not fortified till quite late in the Roman occupation—of later authenticated history it has none, though Geoffrey of Monmouth and the later chroniclers connect it with King Arthur. The remarkable state of preservation of its remains indicates that it was probably gradually deserted, rather than destroyed by

fire or siege. King John visited the site some short time before he signed Magna Charta.

The identification of Silchester, long disputed, may now be considered definitely settled by the discovery in 1907 of an inscription on stone bearing the name *Calleva*—Silchester accordingly occupies the site of Calleva Attrebatum, *Calleva of the Attrebates*—a name which indicates its existence in days previous to Roman occupation. But more of this anon.

Other Roman stations in Hampshire were at Southampton (*Clausentum*) and Porchester (*Portus Magnus*), as already stated. Clausentum occupied a small peninsula near present-day Bitterne, close to Northam Bridge, washed on three sides by the tidal waters of the Itchen. This area was defended on the landward and seaward sides by two parallel fossæ or ditches, and very likely by a wall also. No buildings remain, but numerous votive inscriptions on stone have been found, indicating a lengthy occupation. Clausentum was never large nor of primary importance, but it served to keep clear the mouth of the water-way leading to Venta, perhaps in the same way as modern Calshot and Hurst Castles guard the approaches to Southampton.

More permanent even than the cities in the impression they stamped on the country were the Roman roads, of which a remarkable system existed in this county. For the Roman occupation, whatever else it did, conferred one priceless and lasting boon on the country, viz. that of bringing its component parts into effective contact one with another. The Belgic and Celtic tribesmen had no common organisation or common polity—a number of scattered and incoherent units united together merely by the accident of position, and a more or less common racial descent, they resembled one of the lower animal forms unprovided with a common nerve centre, but controlled by local ganglia and responding merely to local stimuli. The Roman genius was to link the whole land up into one united organism, and to supply a nervous and arterial system regulated by central control. The Roman thought imperially and of the country as a whole—there was nothing parochial or of the little Englander in him—his smallest unit was the province not the parish, his first thought was military subjugation, his second law and order—the *Pax Romana*—and a necessary corollary to this was secure and rapid intercommunication, *i.e.* the road. Hence came the great network of Roman roads, constructed

by forced British labour, which covered the land, elevated frequently above the surrounding ground, and paved with stone wherever such was available—of which the universally occurring 'High Street' serves as a reminder in almost every one of our towns and villages. Primarily military in character, they passed with undeviating course over hill and valley alike, regardless of obstacles or of gradient, reflecting the imperious will of the conquering nation which met difficulties merely to subdue them. Thus their course is not comfortable to follow now, particularly for the cyclist, but it is impossible to do so for any distance without being sensibly impressed with the determination and the insight of the Roman rule. The civilising influence of these roads cannot be overestimated—commerce followed in the wake of security, and military necessities ministered thus to the arts of peace.

The main artery of communication led from Londinium (*London*) by way of Calleva (*Silchester*) right through the county. At Calleva it formed two branches—one going straight on, the Via Porta (*Port Way*), to Sorbiodunum (*Salisbury*), the other branching off southwards to Venta Belgarum (*Winchester*) and Clausentum. Both these roads can be followed still for miles, as existing roads

and tracks make their directions quite clear. The line of the Port Way becomes clear close to St. Mary Bourne, where it crosses the little Bourne, passes by Finkley House between Harewood Forest and Doles Wood, crosses the Anton about a mile north of Andover, and is clearly traceable through Monxton and Grately, past the great hill of Quarley, the most prominent landmark in the western area of the county, and on again beyond the Wiltshire border, where the present railway follows its course for something like four miles.

The road from Calleva through Venta Belgarum to Clausentum is of more interest still, and affords an important link in the chain of evidence identifying Calleva with modern Silchester. The following distances taken from the so-called *Antonine Itinerary*, the great Roman road book compiled probably about the year 320 A.D., are interesting and instructive:—

Londinium (*London*) to Pontes (*Staines*), mille passuum (*miles*) XXII.
Pontes to Calleva Attrebatum, mille passuum XXII.
Calleva to Venta Belgarum, „ „ XXII.
Venta to Clausentum, „ „ X.
Clausentum to Portus Magnus (*Porchester*), mille passuum X.

Allowing for the discrepancy between the

English mile and the *mille passuum*, the actual distances to and from Staines and Winchester agree almost absolutely with those in the Itinerary, and when we actually find a Roman city still standing as Silchester does at the junction of two important routes definitely leading to Calleva, no room for doubt seems to remain. The controversy, as already remarked, was definitely closed in 1907 by an inscription containing the word *Calleva* being unearthed at Silchester.

The line of this road can be followed for quite a long way—it connects with the existing road from Basingstoke to Winchester near the end of Popham Lane, and follows the same course for some miles. Near Popham village it deviates a little eastward, passes actually beneath the existing village school, and then reuniting with the highway, follows the same line till close on Winchester. South of Winchester it can be followed still as far as Otterbourne, where it again deviates to the east through Stoneham and Swaythling to the site of Clausentum (*Bitterne*). Kingsley makes Hereward follow this road in his ride to Winchester, when he "put his hands between William's hands and swore to be his man"—"to strike at Popham Lane the Roman road from Silchester, and hold it

over the high downs till they saw far below them the royal city of Winchester."

From Venta Belgarum no less than five Roman roads radiated like spokes from a great wheel. Besides those to Silchester and Clausentum just described, an important route led from Venta to Sorbiodunum (*Salisbury*), which can be still followed practically all the way, by Teg Down and Farley Mount, over the Test at Horsebridge, and then on by Broughton (*Brige*) to Old Sarum. More interesting still is the old Roman road from Venta to Durocornovium (*Cirencester*), which can be traced with scarcely a break right away to Marlborough (*Cunetio*) and beyond. Up and down over the chalk hills it goes, following the line of the present road to Andover, past Three Maids' Hill and the old race-course, between overhanging beech woods, the haunt of dull-purple helleborine, on the left, and glorious open downs on the right—a road so lonely that you journey for five miles along it without passing a single habitation, — then surmounting the ridge and dropping into the valley you leave the roadway on your left and follow a green trackway near Barton Stacey and over Bransbury Common, where for a moment the route disappears. Beyond the

CHILBOLTON, TEST VALLEY

A small village near Wherwell, lying off the road between Winchester and Andover.

river it can be traced again right through Harewood Forest, then past the spot where it joined the Via Porta near Andover, then on by Knights Enham, Conholt, and over the Wiltshire borders, past Fosbury, and beyond, till it takes you along the Grand Avenue of Savernake right to Marlborough. A wonderful road this, and one well worth tracking; its permanence is indeed remarkable, seeing how small a part of it is followed by any important highway now. Last of all was the highway which linked Winchester directly to Porchester—it can be traced up and down over the hills through Morestead on to Owslebury, and there becomes lost.

Such are some of the most noteworthy survivals of Roman Hampshire—on the subject of Roman villas and kindred remains we cannot enter further here, though Hampshire has many, and a peculiarly interesting one has been quite recently the subject of excavation at Stroud, near Petersfield.

Hampshire has much to tell us of the Romans and their ways, and Silchester alone would suffice to give Roman Hampshire supreme importance and commanding interest.

CHAPTER IV

WINCHESTER

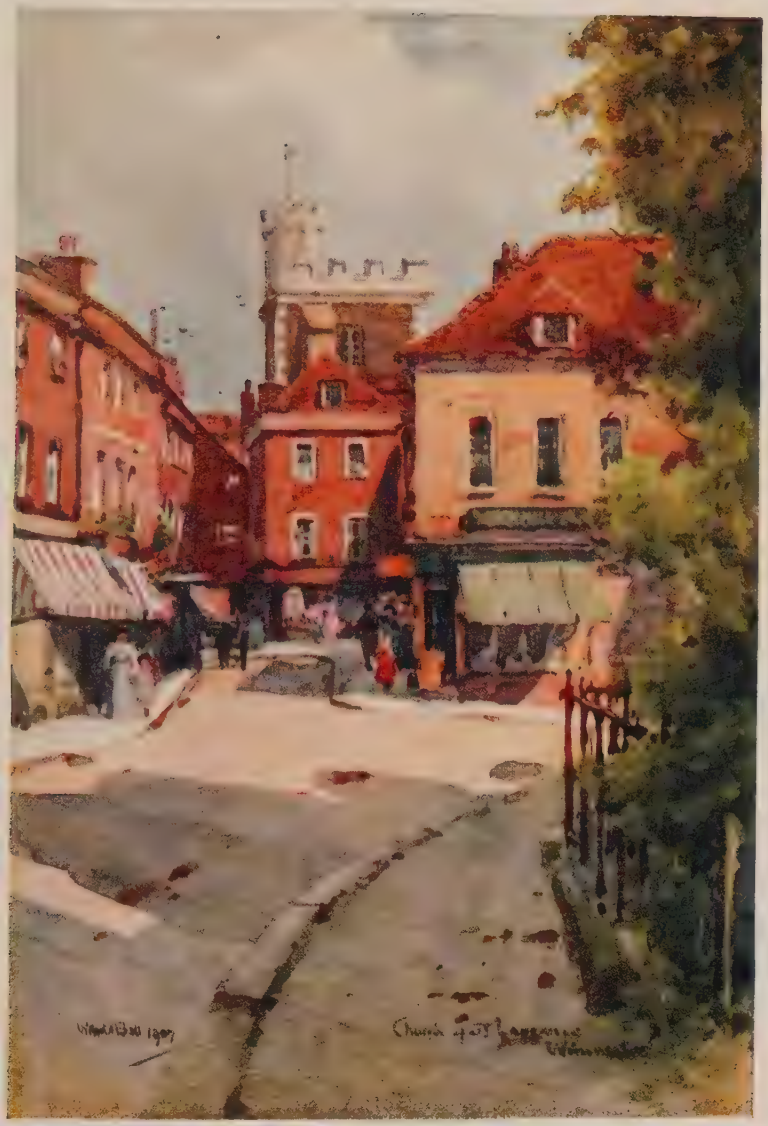
Me lyketh ever, the lengere the bet
By Wyngester, that Joly citè.
The ton is god and well y-set;
The folk is comely on to see;
The aier is god both inne and oute,
The citè stent under an hille;
The riverès renneth all aboute,
The ton is ruelèd upon skille.
Benedicamus Domino
Alleluia
Alleluia.

"WYNGESTER, that Joly citè," the subject of this old fifteenth-century song, preserved among the de Walden MSS., is still, as it was then, the dominating and most attractive feature of Hampshire.

Apart indeed from the metropolis, there is no city in the land about which so many memories linger and so many wonderful historic associations are centred as Winchester. Here our history seems veritably to be a living reality—its wonderful

CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE, WINCHESTER

A small but extremely interesting parish church in "The Square," of which practically all the exterior, save the Western Doorway and the Tower, is hidden from sight by the houses and shops hemming it in on all sides. Every Bishop of Winchester on being installed proceeds in solemn procession from the Cathedral to St. Lawrence Church to ring the bell—a picturesque survival of feudal days. "The Square" marks the site of a palace built for his own occupation by William the Conqueror.



buildings, its stones and ruins, the soil beneath its surface, its municipal institutions, its quaint survivals,—these all breathe the same spirit, these are all redolent of a past, compared with which the middle ages seem no longer venerable, and Tudor and Stuart days but as yesterday. Go where you will in the city and you will find the influence of the past pervading all, whether in its ecclesiastical life, its stately historic Cathedral, its numerous and venerable parish churches; or in its judicial and administrative functions, its ancient Castle Hall—the veritable *Aula Regis* or King's Hall, where Parliaments assembled in the still embryonic days of representative rule, and where the King's *justiciars* have dispensed—and, alas, too often perverted—justice for century after century, and its unique municipal associations and civic dignity, the associations of a city that has been 'ruelèd upon skille,' it may be, full a thousand years; or in its great college, whose scholars, when crossing college quadrangle, still doff their caps to the Virgin, as they did 500 years ago—these are but a few of the aspects in which Winchester still breathes the spirit of the ages long expired. Where else, for instance, but in Winchester can we meet with

so many picturesque reminders of ancient feudal days, reminders which have survived, not because they are merely picturesque, but simply because here they have not outlived their usefulness or appropriateness — Cathedral Bedesmen, Brethren of St. Cross, Scholars of Wykeham's College, Almsmen of Beaufort's Order of Noble Poverty, Brethren of Christes Hospitall, Dignitaries of the Cathedral Close in their quaintly uncomfortable attire,—these and many more types are natural here, and it is part of the accepted order of things that they should be garbed still each in their characteristic and distinctive dress. Elsewhere such might excite remark, here they are part of the spirit which pervades the city. There is a rare haunting attractiveness about Winchester; in the Cathedral you may stand in the very bodily presence, as it were, of those chiefs and rulers of early Saxon days—Kynegils, the rude chieftain, whom Birinus the missionary first won over to listen to the gracious words of the Gospel message: Egbert, the great constructive statesman, who first brought together the scattered and disunited Teutonic elements in the land, and welded them into something like a nation: Cnut, the mighty Danish Emperor, who taught the lessons of Christian

humility first to himself and then to those around him, and who ruled here wisely, strongly, and greatly, as true an Englishman as ever stepped on Winchester soil, Dane though he was by birth and tradition—of these we may read, and of many another, and they are, as we read, perchance but dream-figures, shadowy phantoms, which flit across the page of history, and touch us no more than as heroes of myth or story—as Bevys of Hampton or that very King Arthur himself, whom legend, ever busy, serves to link in memory with Winchester itself. But here in the Cathedral, in the presence of their very dust,

> Because things seen are mightier than things heard,

they assume a reality, an actual personality, which makes a direct appeal to each and all, and which seems to vibrate within the very recesses of the soul. Kynegils, Egbert, Cnut, these are names to conjure with indeed, but in Winchester we have an even greater than these. Here within Wolvesey Walls, first reared in Roman and Saxon days, we may tread where Alfred trod with Asser the Scribe and Plegmund the Archbishop, and where beneath his personal superintendence that wonderful book, the greatest record, after the Bible,

of natural history ever executed—the *English Chronicle*—was first conceived, and then carried into being. Hard by the Cathedral avenue we may stand where he stood, deliberating with Grimbald the monk on the fashion of the great monastery, the *Newan Mynstre*, over whose destinies Grimbald was later on, as Alfred had appointed, to preside; and in the pathetic desolation of the fragments of Hyde Abbey, hard by the spot where his body was last laid to rest, we may feel ourselves standing, as it were, in the presence of the great King himself, even though, like Moses of old, "no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

Beside memories as these, even William the Conqueror and Rufus seem relatively common, and William of Wykeham himself but an incident. Yet of these Winchester has rare memories, such as would alone serve to invest her with dignity and attractiveness. Here on Winchester ears the first peals of Curfew rang, sounding almost like the despairing knell of every national aspiration: here through Winchester streets was Waltheof, the last hope of Saxon England, led out at early dawn to execution, ere Winchester citizens were astir: here Domesday Book was compiled: here Henry I. ruled, winning for himself the title,

THE WEIRS, WINCHESTER

The delightful balustraded stone bridge at the east end of the city replaces the very early bridge built by Bishop Swithun in King Æthelwulf's days. The river rushes with a glorious swirl from out the mill just above the bridge, and all along the Weirs, from mill to mill, is of beautiful clearness and transparency. The walk along "the Weirs" takes you between the river and the old city wall.

the *Lion of Justice*: here Matilda fought with Stephen in the dark days of civil war and misrule: here John received the Papal absolution, having sank the English throne to a lower level than any other of our sovereigns could or would have dared to do: here Henry III. was born, and here he held wild revel: here William of Wykeham, the founder of English public schools, reared his noble college—these and many others pass across the stage of the pageant of Winchester history and enrich the wondrous spectacle. Henry VIII. and Charles V., Mary and Philip of Spain, Queen Elizabeth, Raleigh and James I., Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, and the Merrie Monarch—the roll seems endless, and further enumeration might well be wearisome. And amid what a wondrous assemblage of less distinguished types do these leading personages, these kings and queens, statesmen and chancellors, bishops and cardinals, play their parts — rude Belgan tribesmen, Roman legionaries, Saxon berserkers, Danish vikings, thegns and barons, abbots and priors, merchants and gildsmen, friars and pilgrims. If historic associations can sanctify any spot in the land, surely Winchester must be sacred soil.

And this city, so venerable, so rich in associa-

tion, so honoured in its past, is above all equally fair and attractive to outward view, none, though comparison be odious, perhaps more so; and to see it as a whole we must make our way right down the picturesque High Street, past *Godbegot House*, as the ancient manor of *Godbiete* is called, and the old Market Cross, along by the *Penthouse* or *Piazza* and the spacious Broadway, dominated by Thornycroft's noble statue of Alfred, and on past the spot where the east gate of the city formerly stood, and the long-since-vanished abbey of St. Mary, to whose revenue a portion of its tolls were devoted, out over the river, first spanned with a bridge by Swithun, the wise bishop and humble-minded saint, and then up the steep slope until, after a short but stiff climb, we gain the summit of St. Giles' Hill, with its memories of St. Giles and the wonderful fair held here for centuries in his honour. Six hundred years ago, had we clambered up here at any time during the earlier part of September, we should have found that we had left one city behind us below, only to find a busier and more crowded one above on the hill-top, and here within a wooden palisading we should have found folk of all peoples, nations, and languages—Englishmen, foreigners, Flemings, and Gascons,

WINCHESTER FROM ST. GILES'S HILL

From St. Giles's Hill, where in mediæval days the world-famous Fair of St. Egidius or St. Giles was held, an unequalled view of Winchester city can be obtained. The Cathedral, Wolvesey, the College, the Guildhall, the High Street, the Alfred Statue, the Old Guildhall, the Westgate, can all be seen. The dark clump of trees on the sky-line is the so-called Oliver's Battery.

Saxons and Genoese, Poles and Jews—the citizens for the time being of no mean city, but a city composed of street upon street of wooden booths, disposed according to trade and nationality, all huckstering, chaffering, and gesticulating: hawk-eyed chapmen contending with hard-featured countrymen, each alike bent on cheapening the other's wares: vigilant bailiffs and 'assize men,' wearing the Bishop's livery, on the watch for deficient weights or cozening ell wands: mountebanks and ballad singers, jugglers and cut-purses —all mingled confusedly together in the motley assemblage. Now the hill is a quiet retreat, laid out attractively as a 'pleasaunce,' as mediæval phrase would have had it, and there is nothing to draw our attention away from the city at our feet, and we may note its chief parts at our leisure one by one. It is a beautiful picture of mingled red and grey that we see below us; the Cathedral, a mass of grey stone set with pinnacles and flying buttresses and heavy square tower dominates the view. To the left lies Wykeham's College, hidden partly behind the trees of the Close and Deanery garden, the light, graceful 'Two Wardens' Tower' of its chapel—a noticeable and attractive object—contrasting strikingly

with the solid tower of the Cathedral, and almost between the two a green patch of meadow, with grey walls and ruins hard by, Wolvesey, with its memories of Alfred and the English Chronicle. Here Winchester Pageant was celebrated in glorious and fitting dignity in 1908. Far away beyond on the left is St. Cross, and close at our feet the modern and pretentious Guildhall, with its clock and the Alfred statue in the Broadway in front, and the gently curving line of the High Street, terminating at its far extremity in the West-gate. On either side are the many channels of the Itchen, and on the high ground in the distance appears a clump of trees, which under the name of *Oliver's Battery* recalls to us the thought of the grim Lord Protector. It is a pleasant and poetic picture at any period of the year, and perhaps most poetic on an afternoon in late autumn, when the light smoke from the houses and the thin vapours from the river have mingled together to weave a silvery grey network, through which the details of the city seem, as it were, to filter slowly and dreamily—a harmony of haze and mist to which the imagination can most sympathetically attune itself, a vague dreamland scene which fancy seems almost naturally to repeople with the shadows of the past.

TOWER OF COLLEGE CHAPEL, WINCHESTER

The graceful pinnacles of "Two Wardens Tower," as the tower of College Chapel is called, forms a picturesque feature in all views of the south-eastern quarter of the city. Originally built by Warden Thurburn in 1488, it was rebuilt in 1863, in memory of two well-known later wardens, Barter, Warden of Winchester, and Williams, Warden of New.

The view is taken from near Wharf Bridge.

Tower of the College Chapel
Winchester

CHAPTER V

SAXON WINCHESTER

Of the original Winchester, the early Belgan village in the river valley—Caer Gwent—and the great camp on the hill dominating it, we have already spoken, as we have also of the walled Roman town Venta Belgarum, which succeeded to it. Save its name only—Venta Belgarum—of written record of Winchester in these days we have none. Nor is there any definite record either for over 200 years after Roman occupation had ceased to be effective. During these years—the days of King Arthur and his knights, who lived and fought and died at Camelot and Caerleon, and, as Geoffrey of Monmouth would fain persuade us, at Silchester and Winchester also—Pict and Scot, Jute and Angle and Saxon were fiercely contending for the Roman inheritance, and when at last some settled system had

developed, the earlier Celtic Briton had been driven far away, and the Teutons held the field.

In Hampshire two Germanic races had settled. The Jutes, or men of Jutland, the first Teutonic settlers in the land, had spread from Kent westward along the coast, and had conquered the Isle of Wight and occupied the part of the mainland opposite; and a Jutish tribe—the *Meonwara*—had settled along the easternmost valley in Hampshire—the Meon Valley—and up the Test they had also made their way, and had established a colony where Canterton Glen in the New Forest now stands, on that very spot where some 600 years after Rufus was to fall by Tyrrel's arrow. But side by side with the Jutes came a fiercer and more impetuous people—the *Gewissas* or *West Sexe*—under the leadership of Cerdic and Cynric his son, whose successive landings are recorded in the Chronicle, though it is hard to judge how far the record it contains of non-contemporary events at least 300 years old are worthy of any particular credence. But following the Chronicle we read of Cerdic and Cynric making an attack with five ships at *Cerdic's ore*—wherever that may have been. We read of successive raids and descents of these same chiefs, of alternate victories

and defeats, until in 519, at Charford (*Cerdic's ford*) on the Avon, the Britons were finally routed, and Cerdic made good his claim to be the first King of the West Saxons, ruling over a district probably largely conterminous with the limits of our own county. How Cynric extended this kingdom—how his forces, by advancing in succession along the great high roads, carved out first of all by the Romans, captured Old Sarum to the west, and then leading forth his savage hosts along the great Roman road leading from Winchester past Andover, he extended his conquests over Marlborough and far beyond to the north-west—would take us far too long. We may read the story, and a thrilling one it is, in Green's *Making of England.* So for some 120 years was Hampshire the centre of a fierce, heathen, West Saxon kingdom, and the Gospel light, which had at least been kindled in Roman days, was seemingly hopelessly extinguished, and that, too, even for some considerable time after 597, when Augustine had landed in Kent and after Christianity had become the acknowledged faith in numerous other parts of the land.

It is a noteworthy fact, and one which serves to show the extent to which at that time natural

barriers isolated the south-west of England from Kent and even London, that the stream of influence from Canterbury had, as it were, flowed by and left Wessex, Sussex, and Mercia untouched, and when at last Christianity did reach the West Saxons, it was by a special mission from Rome itself, headed by Bishop Birinus, and not from Canterbury at all that the Gospel message came. Sussex and Mercia received it later, and the Isle of Wight last of all. As a consequence of this, the See in its inception was independent, and indeed it was not till many years afterwards that the West Saxon diocese acknowledged the jurisdiction of Canterbury; and when in the twelfth century Bishop Henry of Blois was scheming to convert Winchester into an Archbishopric, with himself as Archbishop, he had at least an historical basis on which to rest his pretensions. For all this, the popular imagination has become so exclusively dominated by Augustine's mission, that Birinus is only now beginning to be 'discovered,' as it were, though his mission had results fully comparable with those of his great predecessor and fellow-pioneer *in partibus infidelium*. The story of Birinus as given by Bede may be rendered thus :—

At that time (A.D. 634, *English Chronicle*), during the reign of King Kynegils, the race of West Saxons, anciently termed Gewissas, received the faith of Christ, which was preached to them by Birinus, who had come to Britain at the instance of Pope Honorius. His intention had indeed been to proceed direct into the heart of the land of the Angles, where as yet no teacher had penetrated, in order there to sow the seeds of the faith; for which purpose, and by direction of the Pope himself, he was consecrated Bishop by Asterius, Bishop of Genoa. But on arrival in Britain, and coming in contact first of all with the Gewissas, he found them everywhere to be in a state of the grossest heathenism, and so he considered it to be more profitable to preach the Word to them, rather than to go farther to seek a field to labour in.

Birinus found Kynegils, not at Winchester, but at Dorchester on the Thames, near Oxford, and in the following year Kynegils was baptized; but Bede's narrative implies that Birinus himself visited Winchester and dedicated a Christian church there, for he tells us that Birinus placed his Bishop's stool at Dorchester, and after years of strenuous labour,

having erected and dedicated many churches, and having by his pious ministrations called many unto the Lord, he departed himself to Him and was buried in that city (*Dorchester*), and many years after, by the instrumentality of Bishop Hædda (*Bishop from 676 to 703* A.D.), his body was translated to the city of Venta and placed in the church of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul (*which he had himself dedicated*).

The Chronicle informs us that it was not Kynegils himself who erected this Christian church, but Kenwalh or Kenulphus his son, in A.D. 648, five years after his father's death. But we may fairly regard both Kynegils and Kenwalh as "pious benefactors" of the church and diocese. The little church of St. Peter and St. Paul, rudely constructed and possibly roofed with thatch, which Kenwalh erected and Birinus dedicated, has long since disappeared, and more than one goodly fane has since been erected on its site; yet in those successive cathedral churches the remains of Kynegils and Kenwalh have both been cherished, and they are traditionally preserved in two of the beautiful mortuary chests above the side screens of the choir. The inscription on the ceiling under the Cathedral tower,

> Sint Domus Hujus Pii Reges Nutritii, Reginae Nutrices Piae
>
> May pious kings be the nursing fathers, and pious queens the nursing mothers, of this church,

becomes instinct with meaning, with the memories of Kynegils and Kenwalh.

But if Kynegils did not found the church, he at least endowed it, for he erected a monastery at

THE DEANERY, WINCHESTER

One of the few remaining links with the conventual buildings of St. Swithun's Priory, which among the Benedictines were always placed on the south side of the minster. Formerly it was the quarters of the Prior of St. Swithun's. Philip of Spain was lodged here when he came to Winchester to marry Queen Mary of England.

The Deanery
Winchester

Winchester, and endowed it with all his lands for several miles round Winchester—an endowment all the more memorable, as part of this land in and round the adjoining parish of Chilcomb has remained in continuous possession of the Church ever since, and is now held by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, to whom it was handed over in 1899 by the Dean and Chapter of Winchester, the successors in direct line of the first religious community, that of St. Peter and St. Paul, which Kynegils established here.

The period of forty odd years after Birinus landed is a leading landmark in Winchester and Hampshire history. In 634 Birinus lands; in 635 he converts Kynegils; Kynegils founds a monastery at Winchester and dies, 643; Kenwalh erects a Christian church, 648. For thirty years or so Dorchester possesses the Bishop's stool, but in 676 Bishop Hædda transfers his 'stool' to Winchester, and with it the bones of the first Bishop, St. Birinus. From this time also the first notice of the modern name of the city dates, for Bede refers to it as being then "the city of Venta, called by the Saxon people '*Vintan-ceastir*,'"—that is, Venta the fortified, implying that the Roman defences round the city were still in existence, and definitely establishing

the identity and unbroken existence of the city since Roman days. And now in a continually increasing flood of historical light we can trace the fortunes of the city and county onwards without a break down to the present day.

For the next century and a half there is little in Winchester history to detain us. Among the Kings of Wessex there is but one of note—Ina the great lawgiver, who ultimately abandoned his royal state and adopted the religious life. With the opening years of the ninth century, however, comes the heroic figure of Egbert—Egbert the determined warrior and wise statesman, who had learnt the art of governing men at the Court of Charlemagne, and who became King of Wessex in A.D. 802. At Charlemagne's Court Egbert had 'seen things'; his master mind bore down the opposition of all the neighbouring states, and in 827, at a Witan held in Winchester, he proclaimed himself King of a united realm—Angle-land. So Winchester became alike the birthplace and the capital of England, and capital of the land Winchester remained for fully 300 years.

Winchester preserves Egbert's remains still. The inscription on the mortuary chest in the Cathedral where they are treasured is :—

Hic rex Egbertus pausat cum rege Kenulpho,
Nobis egregia munera uterque tulit.

Here rests royal Egbert, here too Kenwalh the ruler,
Each in turn upon us benefits princely bestowed.

A great reign and a great ruler—nay, more, the founder of a great line of kings. They were great men these men of Egbert's line who followed him; each in turn—Æthelwulf, Alfred, Edward, Athelstan—did royal service and made Hampshire and England alike great. The chief relics remaining of Æthelwulf are the charters he granted. Inclination and upbringing had made him a priest, birth and the claims of his country made him a king; in each capacity he played the man. Munificent, as became a Churchman, were his gifts to Holy Church. He granted to her one-tenth of all the royal lands, a grant often since described, though erroneously, as a grant of tithe. The deed of gift was executed in the Cathedral Church of Winchester, in the presence of the Witan, and laid in solemn earnestness on the altar. The original may still be seen in the British Museum, where it is preserved. Winchester Cathedral has a charter of his also, and one of some interest, as it bears the names of his four sons, Æthelbald, Æthelbert, Æthelred, Alfred, each king of England in turn,

and the name of Swithun as well; but unfortunately it is a copy merely, and, though ancient, not a contemporary copy. And well was it that Winchester had such great kings ruling in her, for they were needed, for England's day of greatest peril was at hand—the peril of being engulfed in the advancing tide of Scandinavian savagery and heathendom that even in Egbert's day had begun to break upon the land. In Æthelwulf's time the tide had risen dangerously high; east, south, and north were in turn attacked by them. Up Southampton Water the Northmen came, over and over again. They attacked Hampton, they ravaged the coasts. Æthelwulf died. The attacks steadily increased, until in 860, the year before Swithun died, they burned Hampton and sacked Winchester itself. It is a satisfaction to think that they did not get off scot free, "for Osric the Earldorman with the men of Hampshire and of Berkshire put them to flight, and had possession of the place of carnage." It is uncertain whether the Cathedral was burned or not. Swithun had built a high wall round the monastery, and there is reason to believe this saved it and the church also. One would like to believe that Swithun was permitted before he died to see the benefit his wise foresight had conferred upon

his cathedral and his canons. Still the gloom deepened. Year after year was spent in incessantly fighting against the Danes, and when Alfred was called to the throne in 871, it was over a blackened capital and over subjects whose piteous daily prayer—

"From the fury of the Northmen, good Lord, deliver us"—

seemed almost the last expression of despair.

But the new ruler was

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

To others the struggle seemed in vain, but not to him. A fugitive in hiding, his thegns dispersed, his land ravaged and despoiled, he never lost heart, and his restoration was as dramatic as his exile. In 878, barely five months after all had seemed lost, victory was his, peace was restored, and Dane and Saxon were dwelling in more or less amicable agreement on either side of Watling Street. So the danger passed, and Winchester saw Alfred devoting himself to reconstructing the shattered fabric

of the nation. Throughout the land he reared *Burhs* or stockaded towns as security against attacks by land. He built a navy of ships "full nigh twice as large, swifter, and steadier, and higher" than the *æscas* or longships of the Vikings. So he kept the sea. At his Court of Wolvesey he pursued the conquests of peace. Scholars and holy men, explorers, lovers of learning, all flocked hither. Asser of Wales, Archbishop Plegmund, Grimbald of Flanders—these were his associates. He made laws, he encouraged learning, translated into the vernacular books of devotion and philosophy, and above all he commenced the *English Chronicle*, that wonderful thesaurus of national history, of which a very early copy, made in Winchester, may still be seen in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. His last work he left unfinished—the erection of the *Newan Mynstre* at Winchester. He had planned it, purchased the site, and chosen Grimbald as first abbot, when death overtook him, and he was laid to rest with his father and grandfather in the *Ealden Mynstre*—the old Minster—as the Cathedral now began to be called.

His son Edward the Elder completed his father's work. He reconquered the *Dane-lagh*,

and made the realm one again. He built the Newan Mynstre, and thither King Alfred's remains were translated, as the *Liber de Hyda* tells us,

> Cum apparatibus regali magnificentia dignis.
>
> With solemn pomp befitting his royal state.

Here by his side a few years later his queen, Alswitha, who had herself founded a nunnery in Winchester—*Nunna Mynstre*, or St. Mary's Abbey—was laid to rest; and here beside his parents was Edward the Elder himself in due time buried.

And now with its three important monasteries, its royal Court at Wolvesey, its royal enactments, and its Witans, Winchester developed apace. Athelstan succeeded Edward, and Edred, Edmund; Edwy in turn succeeded him. Edred was buried in the old Minster, Edwy the Inglorious in the new, and a reign of peace and prosperity opened—the reign of Edgar the Peaceable and the Magnificent.

For Winchester it was almost a climax of prosperity. The monkish chroniclers have painted Edgar in glowing colours: they sang his virtues, his magnificence, his piety, his love of Holy Church;

they spoke of him as a second Solomon, and the comparison was in its way not inapt, for like Solomon he enjoyed peace and loved display, like Solomon he suffered his private life to drag him to a low level, and like Solomon he left a son behind him who was to see the kingdom rent asunder and a better than he bearing sway in it. But it is neither Edgar, who with all his faults ruled wisely, nor Æthelred of Evil Counsel, who with all his vices did not, who are the interesting figures of the Winchester of that day; neither is it the great Dunstan himself, of whom we get fleeting glances —Dunstan the great Archbishop, the master-mind of his time, in whose hands the would-be masterful and imperious King was indeed but as clay unto the potter, little though he realised it. It is Æthelwold, the great Bishop—Æthelwold the Saint and Revivalist, Æthelwold the Builder and Lover of Learning—who is the dominating figure. For Æthelwold did more than leave his mark on Winchester—he transformed it. The days of Danish inroad and ruin had left the monasteries at a very low ebb; the common monastic life and the Benedictine rule had all but disappeared, and non-resident canons, or 'seculars' as they were called, had become the established order of things.

Dunstan and Æthelwold set themselves to revive the monastic orders, and to replace the canons by monks who lived a strict and celibate life in common. Bitter was the canons' opposition to this disturbance of their comfortable habits; but Æthelwold carried his point, and as they refused to do his bidding he dispossessed them, for which they endeavoured to poison him—so it is said. And with Æthelwold's new monks came new zeal. He established a scriptorium in each monastery, and Winchester became the centre of an unrivalled school of MS. illumination. The MS. treasures of Æthelwold's monks may be seen still in the British Museum, in Winchester Cathedral Library, at the Bodleian, and at Rouen. Loveliest of all is the priceless *Benedictional of St. Æthelwold*, the glory of the Chatsworth Collection, a MS. of rare beauty and unusual interest, for it preserves for us the figure and features of St. Æthelwold himself, as well as some of the architectural details of the new cathedral which he erected.

And Æthelwold's cathedral was the finest in the land—one of the wonders of his age. *Nullum tetigit quod non ornavit.* Fortunately contemporary records of his time are abundant, and Precentor Wulfstan has left a full account of this

glorious building, of its crypts, its windows, its organ, and the wonderful weathercock which crowned the domed and gilded roof of one of its towers—all recorded for us, with rarely interesting details, in strong and rugged elegiac verses. Nor was the new cathedral all, or even most—Æthelwold gave Winchester a new saint. Swithun, the pious and humble-minded Bishop of Egbert's and Æthelwulf's days, had been interred among the obscure and unknown in the burial garth outside the old Minster. Æthelwold raised the remains, enshrined them in a splendid shrine, and translated them with great solemnity into the church. So the monastery became dedicated to a new saint, and as the Priory of St. Swithun it was henceforth to be famous for some 600 years. The characteristic legend of Swithun and the rain developed in after ages. Certain it is historically that no untoward climatic conditions interrupted the solemnities of that great translation. The popularity of the new saint was assured from the beginning, and, as Rudborne the monk quaintly and naïvely tells us, "as long as canons held the church at Winchester there were no miracles performed, but no sooner were they ejected and replaced by monks than miracles were wrought abundantly." Doubtless Rudborne

CHEYNEY COURT AND CLOSE GATE, WINCHESTER

The outermost "court," if such a term may be used, of the Cathedral Close, from which the great Close Gate gives access to Swithun's Street and King's Gate. The Close Gate is guarded by a porter, as in mediæval days, who locks and unlocks it regularly by night and day. Near Cheyney Court stands part of the old "Guesten Hall," where poor pilgrims to the Shrine of St. Swithun used to be lodged. Weird tales of ghostly visitors haunting the Close are told by persons still living. The name Cheyney appears to be derived from the French *chêne*, an oak.

CHESIL COURT
WINCHESTER

was right. At all events, crowds of pilgrims thronged to Winchester, and St. Swithun became the most popular saint in the land.

But Æthelwold's work was not even yet over. The monastery was not healthy, and he rebuilt much of it. More important than all, he transformed the channels of Itchen, and brought its purifying waters through the city and the monastery by fresh courses.

As Precentor Wulfstan records for us —

hucque
Dulcia piscosae flumina traxit aquae
Successusque laci penetrant secreta domorum
Mundantes totum murmure coenobium.

Hither Æthelwold leads sweet rivers of fishful water,
And murmurs of mingling streams pervade the recesses monastic.

Such was Æthelwold. In 984 he died, and was buried in the crypt of the cathedral he had reared. There are few greater among the founders of Winchester than he.

And now trouble was in store. Æthelred the Redeless succeeded his murdered step-brother, and sat on the throne of Edgar—a man worthless and sapless, a man indeed of evil counsel. We pass him by, but we cannot pass by his Queen, Emma, daughter of Richard Duke of Normandy, the beautiful, fascinating, and designing woman, whom

for her beauty the Saxons called *Ælfgyfu Emma*—Emma the gift of the Elves—whom Æthelred wedded at Winchester in 1002. A rare personality Ælfgyfu Emma, but not a pleasing one. "I governed men by change, and so I swayed all moods," she might have said of herself. The wife of two successive kings, and the mother of two more, she is for fifty years, and during four successive reigns, a central figure in Winchester history, for Æthelred, on the day he married her, presented Winchester and Exeter to her as her "morning gift," or marriage present; and when he died, Cnut the Dane, who ruled in Winchester over the great Scandinavian Empire of Northern Europe, wedded her in turn. After Cnut's death, Harold, Cnut's son, persecuted her and despoiled her of her treasure. Edward the Confessor, her own son, did the same. We would fain linger longer over her picturesque career, of the story of the red-hot ploughshares, and her other doings. She "sat" or kept her Court at Winchester for many years as the "Old Lady," the beautiful Saxon phrase for Queen Dowager,—a wonderful career indeed. One association with her in Winchester merits indeed some fuller notice, the little manor of *Godbiete*, of which the charming Tudor building,

Godbegot House, fronting the High Street, both recalls the name and occupies the site. Queen Emma granted it to the prior and convent of St. Swithun "Toll free and Tax free for ever." And toll free and tax free it remained, wherein none had right of access, and even the King's warrant lost its authority. And so within the liberties of Godbiete a sanctuary or Alsatia developed right in the heart of the city, where those obnoxious to the law might shelter and defy its terrors. For "no mynyster of ye Kinge nether of none other lords of franchese shall do eny execucon wythyn the bounds of ye seid maner, but all only ye mynystours of ye seid Prior and Convent"[1]—a rarely suggestive illustration of mediæval life and method. Destined ever to bring division with her, even her legacy to the convent brought civil disturbance to the city and much bickering of rival authorities for centuries after her death.

Cnut died in 1036, Emma in 1052. Both were buried in the old Minster, and their bones are mingled together still in one of the Cathedral mortuary chests, so frequently referred to above—*Requiescant in pace.*

[1] Court Roll of 1538 in the Cathedral Library, quoted in Dean Kitchin's *Historic Winchester.*

Of Saxon Winchester there is little more to say; Edward the Confessor's rule in Winchester need not detain us. In 1066 a new chapter opens for Winchester with the dawn of greater things, and a Norman ruler to direct them.

CHAPTER VI

NORMAN WINCHESTER

Outwardly Winchester retains to-day little impress of the great Saxon period which first made her so prominent. The Norman conquest was not an occupation merely, it was a deluge. It swept away existing landmarks. Buildings, land tenures, laws, language, all disappeared, and such visible traces as still remain of the earlier Saxon civilisation are like the original characters in a parchment palimpsest—though the earlier script has at first sight been expunged, its faint outlines may still be traced in the background on which the later record is inscribed. Saxon Winchester only appears here and there still in indistinctly discernible fragments, but Norman Winchester remains and dominates the city still, and of Norman Winchester first and foremost we have the Cathedral. To Saxon ideas, crude and limited, Æthelwold's building had seemed

as a vision of the Holy City itself; to the Norman it appeared poor, dwarfed, and inadequate. Accordingly Walkelyn, the first Norman Bishop whom William appointed to succeed the irregular and uncanonical Stigand, set to work immediately on a new cathedral church, which in its general outline and conception remains the cathedral of to-day. In site and historical continuity, in the dust of the early kings which it preserved, in the shrines of the saints which it displayed to the devout, it was still the historic cathedral of the Saxon capital; but it had burst, as it were, its chrysalis bonds, and had spread its wings out upward and heavenward, free and uncontrolled. Of Æthelwold's building we have the crypt and nothing more. The Cathedral as we see it to-day is the church of the Norman and Angevin bishops—of Walkelyn and Godfrey de Lucy, transformed in Plantagenet days by Edyngton, Wykeham, and Beaufort, adorned by Silkstede, Fox, and many others. Walkelyn's cathedral was a typical Norman building, which in the disposition of its parts reflected a symbolism as well as a harmony. Its cruciform shape, the triple repetition of recurring elements—nave, choir, transepts in the plan, nave, triforium, clerestory

in the elevation,—each bore witness to the central doctrines of the Christian faith—in its very conception it was in some sort a creed or profession of faith in stone. What the general character of the interior was may be gathered in part from the north and south transepts, where the Norman masonry remains practically untouched, or better still, from the nave of present-day Chichester. It reflected at once calmness, dignity, and strength—the dignity of a strength conscious of a burden indeed, but self-reliant and adequate to the task. It is no light burden that those giant pillars hold aloft, nor do they support their burden joyously or even with ease—each one is rather an Atlas bearing his load strongly and uncomplainingly, but needing to put forth all his powers in the effort.

The present limits of the Cathedral are not, however, the limits of Walkelyn's building, for Godfrey de Lucy, Bishop in Richard I.'s reign, extended it eastward, adding the retro-choir, a contrast in its beautiful early English arcading, graceful columns, and lancet windows with the heavier pillars and semicircular arches of Walkelyn's work — an extension which, owing to the insufficient foundation on which he built, is in part at least responsible for the insecure condition of

the Cathedral fabric to-day, to remedy which the present extensive repair operations have been rendered necessary. But of this later. Godfrey de Lucy's object was to provide accommodation for the ever-increasing numbers of pilgrims who crowded to Winchester to pray at the shrine of St. Swithun, but whose general lack of personal cleanliness made them unwelcome guests at too close quarters. Admitted by a door in the north transept—the Pilgrim's Door, now walled up,—they had access to retro-choir, north transept, and ambulatory—they could visit the shrine and peep within the choir, but that was all the monks admitted them to. Iron gates barred their further access, and nave, choir, and the domestic parts of the monastery were closed against them. In Edward III.'s reign came the transformation of nave and aisles—a daring work begun by Bishop Edyngton, and completed by William of Wykeham, almost equal in magnitude to the reconstruction of the fabric itself. Edyngton's work may be seen in the aisle windows at the extreme west of the building; Wykeham's lighter, narrower, and more graceful windows occupy the remainder. The columns near the choir steps, where the transformation is not complete, show us in some measure how

the change was effected, partly by pulling down and rebuilding, partly by cutting away from the face of the columns. The general result was to impart gracefulness, lightness, and an added sense of height. The triforium was removed bodily, and the triple series of Norman arches in the elevation were thrown together into a single range of light, lofty, Perpendicular Gothic arches, surmounted by smaller Perpendicular windows serving as clerestory. Triforium proper no longer exists, but a continuous narrow balcony along both sides of the nave takes its place. The impressiveness and beauty of the effect thus produced it is impossible to describe. As you enter at the west end the majesty of the whole silences and uplifts you—a forest almost of lofty shafts and pillars rising unbroken and towering overhead, where they branch out and interlace in the beautiful intricacy of the fan tracery of the roof. It is not without appropriateness that Wykeham and Edyngton both lie buried here in the beautiful chantry chapels which they respectively erected between the pillars on the south side of the nave.

Of the building of the roof we have an interesting story. Walkelyn's resources were strained to the full, and timber for it was an urgent need. He

applied accordingly to the Conqueror for a grant of timber, and received permission to take from one of his woods—Hempage Wood, near Avington, five miles from Winchester—as much timber as he could fell and cart away within three days. "Make hay while the King smiles" was the Bishop's maxim. He collected a whole army of wood-cutters, carters, and teams of horses, and in three days removed every timber tree in the wood, leaving one oak only, the so-called 'Gospel oak' under which tradition reported Augustine to have once preached. Unwarranted as the tradition appears to have been, it served to protect the tree, which still stands, moribund if not absolutely dead, an interesting relic of Walkelyn and of our Cathedral. When William discovered what a sweep the Bishop had made of his wood he was furious, and was only with difficulty appeased. "If I was too liberal in my grant, so you were too exacting in the use you made of it," he said when at length he readmitted the Bishop to his presence. Many of these original beams, or tree-trunks rather, remain still, though some have had to be replaced in recent years, owing to the destructiveness of a grub—the grub of the *Sirex gigas*—which has in places eaten them through and through. Curios made of this so-

AT ITCHEN ABBAS

A village on the Itchen, five miles above Winchester, surrounded everywhere by picturesque scenery. The "Gospel Oak" in Avington Park is some mile or so distant. Kingsley wrote part of his *Water-Babies* while staying at the Plough Inn at Itchen Abbas in the course of a fishing holiday. Big trout may often be seen lying under the bridge here.

called Cathedral oak—though by the by much of it is chestnut—are being largely sold now for the benefit of the Cathedral repair fund.

In one sense the retro-choir of Godfrey de Lucy—with its later extensions—is, architecturally speaking, the most interesting part of the Cathedral. It presents wonderful variety, and contains specimens of practically every stage of architectural development since de Lucy's day. But the general effect, it must be confessed, is rather a confused medley of seemingly haphazard or tentative constructions, and the piecemeal character of its separate parts deprives it of the dignity which comes from a complete and harmonious whole. For instance, the east wall of the south transept presents three windows, all altered from the original Norman, and each entirely different in character from its neighbours. Yet this very want of harmony is strangely eloquent. This eastern end of Winchester Cathedral is not an architect's cathedral, so to speak, one complete unbroken design like Salisbury, rather is it a document in stone—a deed to which many participants have affixed their sign manual, each in his characteristic writing, and bearing the direct impress of his personality.

And what rare and striking solemnities have

these venerable walls witnessed : the coronations of kings, the marriages and burials of princes, the consecration of bishops—all these and many another solemn rite have been celebrated within them. Subject and king, soldier and priest, prelate and statesman, their silent dust moulders in honour here. Within this great Winchester Valhalla their monuments meet your eye at every turn, the glories of their memory are here enshrined, as in a casket preserving priceless treasures. Among this wealth of historical and architectural interest three special objects must be singled out for separate notice, the chantry chapels, the reredos, and the mortuary chests. The chantry chapels are gems of beauty, and enshrine the mortal remains as well as the memories of six notable men who governed the See, Edyngton, Wykeham, Beaufort, Waynflete, Fox, and Gardiner. Three charming miniature figures placed in effigy at Wykeham's feet preserve the memories of the three chantry monks who ministered here in their patron's day. Beaufort's chantry, less beautiful than Wykeham's, is wonderfully suggestive. How eloquently the recumbent effigy of the dead cardinal seems to recall the strong man who desired power so earnestly, and could dare greatly in the struggle

to possess it. Those rigid hands, now clasped meekly in prayer, betoken a humility and repose which their owner when in life probably never enjoyed, perhaps never even desired. Waynflete's chantry recalls also a notable career. Headmaster of Winchester College, he was chosen by Henry VI. to become the first headmaster of his new foundation of Eton, from which position he became soon after Provost of Eton, and finally Bishop of Winchester. No less than three, indeed, who rest in these chantries were founders of Oxford colleges—Wykeham founded New; Waynflete, Magdalen; and Fox, Corpus. Winchester, from whose loins Eton sprang, can almost claim Oxford as well as one of her offspring.

Architecturally each chantry marks a step forward in development of style, and registers the successive stages in the rise, culmination, decline, and death of Perpendicular Gothic. It is instructive in this connection to compare the chantries of Wykeham and of Gardiner.

Perhaps the loveliest architectural gem in the Cathedral is the great altar screen. Here we have Perpendicular Gothic at its very best, rich in effect, yet in perfect taste, without the least suggestion of the florid or the bizarre, the detail so varied, the

execution so delicate. The statuary is modern, but is beautifully executed and in perfect keeping—a somewhat unusual excellence—with the original work. It would be hard to meet with so illustrative and remarkable a series of Christian saints and examples as are here shown in effigy grouped round the Saviour's figure. The four Archangels, the Virgin and St. John, St. Paul and St. Peter, doctors like Jerome, teachers like Ambrose, Christian missionaries like Birinus, bishops like Swithun, Æthelwold, Wykeham, and Wolsey, all are here. Among sovereigns we have Egbert, Alfred, Cnut, and Queen Victoria. Others of note are Earl Godwine, Izaak Walton, Ken, and Keble. Many of these lie actually buried within the Cathedral walls, many have left their mark stamped inseparably and honourably alike on the national as on the city history. Where in England, apart from Westminster Abbey, can a like series be found?

But of all the historic memorials none is capable of so profoundly stirring the imagination as the six beautiful mortuary chests placed above the side screens of the choir. Bishop Fox built those screens and placed the mortuary chests above them in the days when Perpendicular

Gothic was already doomed, for while the details of the lower portion begin in Gothic, they end in Renaissance work in the frieze above. Consider what associations the inscriptions upon those chests recall. Kynegils and Kenwalh, Egbert and Æthelwulf, Cnut and Emma, Rufus—we have read some of their story already. You can discover no such names anywhere else in the land, even in Westminster itself, and underneath are other significant names too—Harthacnut, son of Cnut and Emma: Richard, son of the Conqueror, slain by violence in the New Forest, as was his brother Rufus: Duke Beorn, murdered by Sweyn, son of Godwine,—names which mark the reality of history, and help us to feel the touch of the ages long expired.

The majority of the bishops of Winchester have been buried within these walls. Some, and among them some of the most famous, have no visible sign to mark their tomb. Birinus, Swithun, Æthelwold, Walkelyn, Henry of Blois, are all thus undistinguished. There are many of the others too whom we should like to linger over. Peter de Rupibus, for instance, the evil genius of Henry III.'s reign, and Ethelmar or Aymer, the absentee Bishop, who died in Paris, but whose heart was

brought hither for interment at his own request—a singular whim, as in life his affections seemed to have been centred anywhere but here. He is represented in effigy in the attitude of prayer, and holding his heart between his hands. In striking contrast to these are monuments to Bishops Morley, Hoadley, Samuel Wilberforce, and Harold Brown.

Nor are these all, or even most, though we dare not linger much longer. Dr. Warton's monument, College Boys "up to books," curiously interesting in its details of school-boy dress of the day, is by Flaxman. Appealing to a wider circle are two flat slabs of stone, one in Prior Silkstede's chapel, one in the north aisle. The former bears the name Izaak Walton, the latter Jane Austen. Truly Winchester Cathedral is a city of the mighty dead.

We cannot leave the Cathedral without a word about the wonderful repair works, which time and insecure foundations have rendered imperatively necessary, and of which a large portion, happily the major part, has now been successfully completed. When de Lucy extended the retro-choir eastward, he had to build out on a water-logged and peaty marsh, and it was necessary to go down through successive layers of marl and gravel and

peat, varying from sixteen to twenty-four feet in thickness, before a solid foundation could be reached. The task of working under water was beyond the building skill of the day, and de Lucy made an artificial foundation of beech trunks, sunk and embedded in the peaty soil, disposing them horizontally one over other, and it was upon this that he built; and during the centuries since elapsed a slow, progressive subsidence has occurred, mainly round the East End and at the Transepts, causing walls to bulge, and cracks and fissures to appear, until a dangerous degree of insecurity has been reached. Thus it is no question of restoration, but an urgent one of preservation, and the work has been taken in hand not a moment too soon.

The present operations consist of systematic underpinning of walls and buttresses, and as much of the work has to be carried out under water varying in depth from six to fourteen feet, a diver is employed to lay down concrete, section after section, at the base of the new foundations, after which, by the aid of powerful pumps, the water is temporarily drawn off while the work of underpinning is going on. This work has to be carried on round a considerable part of the eastern part.

When completed, the Cathedral will stand firm and immovable on a foundation like a rock. The employment of divers to lay foundations for a building 800 years old would appear a fantastic absurdity, transcending the wildest stretch of imaginative invention. Winchester Cathedral actually realises it.

Externally the Cathedral is grand and striking, but hardly beautiful. The West Front is flat and lacking in interest; the long, straight roof of the Nave is monotonous; but the lime avenue, the greensward of the churchyard, the Deanery, and the houses in the Close, all are alike attractive, serene, dignified. The cloisters and the convent buildings lay on the south; practically nothing now remains of these save the Pilgrims', or Guesten, Hall, the glorious old Close Wall, the great gate, and the church for the lay servitors—the little Church of St. Swithun—perched above King's Gate, just outside the Close. A strange fate has swept aside prior and sub-prior, convent and monk, but has left intact the little place of worship where the lay brethren gathered together to worship, too humble to be granted a place in the great church of the convent itself.

We have wandered far away from the Conqueror and his times, but there is still much of him to be

KING'S GATE, WINCHESTER

The smallest of the five original gates of Winchester, of which it and Westgate alone are standing now. Abutting on the great gate of St. Swithun's Priory—now the Close Gate—it was burnt down during the Barons' War, and when rebuilt a small church was built above it for the use of the lay servitors of the Priory. This church is now the Parish Church of St. Swithun's, Winchester. An absurd local tradition connects the name with the number of sovereigns of the realm who have passed beneath it.

gleaned in modern Winchester; for Winchester was dear to the Norman Conqueror. The woodlands all round it, with their unequalled opportunities for the chase, appealed to his love of hunting, the proximity to Normandy made it a natural capital, and its historic prestige flattered his sense of pride; nor could a keen-sighted ruler, as was the Conqueror, be insensible to the advantage accruing to his authority in ruling over a Saxon realm in the ancient capital of his Saxon predecessors. He built a residence for himself close to what is now the Square, a residence of which here and there remains can be seen in the Norman details and cavernous cellars of the buildings adjoining. For this purpose he deprived the monks of Newan Mynstre of part of their site, and so hemmed them in, that later on, in Henry I.'s reign, they got permission to remove their abbey to Hyde, beyond the city walls; and so, some half century after, Hyde Abbey came to be erected, and in this way the bones of Alfred and of his Queen were given fresh burial. More important still, William erected on the high ground facing the south-west angle of the city a strong Norman keep or castle, a castle which was to have a long and picturesque history, and was to dominate

Winchester for 550 years, till Cromwell pointed his cannon against it and 'slighted' or razed it to the ground.

William's rule in Winchester was marked by important social changes. The picturesque developments associated in the popular imagination with his reign—the Feudal System, the Curfew ordinance, Domesday Book, and the New Forest—all have their strong echo in Winchester or at least in Hampshire. Of the last named we will deal elsewhere.

It was at Winchester that Curfew was first ordained and first rung; and it has rung here ever since. For years it rang from the tower of the little church in Godbiete Manor, *St. Peter's in Macellis*—St. Peter's in the Shambles—then after that from the old Guildhall—the Hall, that is, of the *Gild of Merchants of Winchester;* and here it is rung still. To Saxon ears it bore a note of despair: it seemed the knell of every national aspiration. Yet in towns, crowded like Winchester of old with wooden structures roofed with thatch, it was probably as much a measure of wise municipal regulation as political in character. To us it is a quaint survival and nothing more.

Domesday Book was dreaded and disliked even

more than Curfew. To us it seems a measure of wisdom, too—the compilation of an accurate census and survey of the military strength of the country. To the Saxon subjects of the Conqueror it spelled only the relentless exactness with which the wheels of his government were destined to "grind exceeding small." "It spareth no man," says Rudborne, "just like the great day of doom." The records of this great survey were kept at Winchester; hence its real name, *Rotulus Wintoniensis*, or the Roll of Winchester, and alternatively *Rotulus Regis*, the King's Book. No other city in the world can claim to have given birth to two such incomparable records of contemporary national history as the English Chronicle and the Domesday Book. The original Domesday Book is now kept in the Record Office.

The last great memory of the Conqueror's reign is the execution of Waltheof. Poor Waltheof, like Saul of old, striking and tall, and goodly to look on, but unfit to keep his head above the wild waters of fate and political strife. In his weakness William disdained him, in his popularity William feared him, and so, denounced by his treacherous Norman wife, he was condemned and led out to execution on St. Giles's Hill at early dawn, while

no man knew what was being done. He was praying the Lord's Prayer when the headsman raised his axe, and at the words, "Lead us not into temptation," the axe descended; but as the severed head fell from the now lifeless trunk, the lips were still seen to be moving, and the words, "But deliver us from evil," were distinctly heard. Such is the account given of Waltheof's end.

Wherever we turn in Winchester we are confronted by some striking reminder of the genius and energy of its Norman rulers. William the Conqueror, Rufus, and Henry I., Lanfranc, Anselm, Bishop Walkelyn and his great successor Bishop Henry of Blois, King Stephen and the Empress Matilda,—all these and more have left their story written in present Winchester life or on present Winchester walls. Rufus granted the charter for the great Fair of St. Giles already referred to, originally held for three days. Later kings extended it, till at length it lasted for sixteen, and during this time all traffic in merchandise was suspended at Winchester and for some ten miles round, except within the limits of the Fair. The profits were a privilege of the Bishop of Winchester, and were originally applied to the building of the

Cathedral. Palm Hall, a well-known residence on St. Giles's Hill, is a latter-day corruption of *Pavilionis Aula*, the Bishop's Pavilion Hall, where his bailiffs administered rough justice while the Fair was in progress. Among the useful deeds, and they were few, which Rufus performed, the granting of this charter, as it helped forward the new Cathedral so much, may fairly be reckoned. Strange retribution! for not many years after it was to that very Cathedral that his own body was destined to be borne for burial, blood-stained and on a humble forest-cart, while crowds thronged the narrow ways of Norman Winchester to watch, dry-eyed and unmoved, that strange last act in the tumultuous drama of his life; and when some years later the Cathedral Tower fell upon his tomb, men whispered that it was the wickedness of an evil king, and not structural weakness, which brought about the fall. Rufus's Tomb, so called, is probably a misnomer; his bones, as already related, are traditionally preserved, along with those of Cnut and Emma, in one of the mortuary chests.

And so our retrospect of early Norman days closes. They were stern and unmerciful these Normans, but they represented a higher level of intellect and culture than the Saxons, who had

good cause to hate them so. Yet our race owes them much—

Saxon and Norman and Dane are we—

and to each we bear some filial debt. Of this remarkable *tria juncta in una* Winchester is the finest exemplar in the land.

SECOND MASTER'S HOUSE, WINCHESTER COLLEGE

Wykeham's "children," the seventy scholars that is, are still lodged in College, as they have been from the first, under the charge of the second master, whose house lies between Outer Gateway and Chamber Court, over which latter some of the windows look out.

CHAPTER VII

WOLVESEY—THE COLLEGE—ST. CROSS—THE ROUND TABLE

> And so great Arthur's seat ould Winchester prefers,
> Whose ould Round Table yet she vaunteth to be hers.
>
> DRAYTON'S *Polyolbion.*

FROM the Cathedral one turns naturally to Wolvesey—Wolvesey with its wonderful grey stone walls, its memories of Saxon and Norman, Plantagenet and Stuart times. Here Alfred kept his Court, with all the learned men of his time around him; here the English Chronicle was first compiled; and here, above that very Wolvesey wall, it may be, the Danish pirates captured in the Solent were hanged—as will be related in due course—in retributive justice. But the big blocks of ruins in Wolvesey Mead are of later date; they recall to us the career of one of the most notable Bishops of Winchester, Henry of Blois, King

Stephen's brother, bishop from 1129 to 1171, a masterful man and a scheming politician, but high-minded withal, and intensely loyal to Holy Church. His leading scheme was to elevate the dignity of his diocese—and with it his own—by making it an archbishopric, and the Pope, who had made him Papal Legate, favoured the plan. To strengthen himself he fortified his dwelling at Wolvesey with an 'adulterinc' castle—for he built here without royal warrant, as he built his castles elsewhere at Bishop's Waltham and at Hursley,—and he sided alternately with Stephen and Empress Matilda in the civil war, as circumstances dictated. And so it befell that Winchester itself became divided into rival camps, for Matilda's forces held the Royal Castle and the Bishop held Wolvesey, and the poor citizens, betwixt anvil and hammer as it were, saw their houses burned, their city in ashes; churches, Nunna Mynstre, the newly erected Hyde Abbey, all were destroyed, all save the Cathedral and St. Swithun's Convent, and they escaped because Earl Robert of Gloucester, Matilda's champion, generously forbore reprisals. Valiantly the Bishop stood the siege of Wolvesey, notable chiefly because in the operations King David of Scotland and Robert of Gloucester aided Matilda

TOWER OF AMBULATORY, HOSPITAL OF ST. CROSS, WINCHESTER

A picturesque red-brick corner of the domestic buildings of St. Cross Hospital, close to the magnificent grey-stone tower and archway known as Beaufort's Tower.

in person, till a counter attack drove off the besiegers. Ultimately peace was made, and Winchester saw Prince Henry make joyful entry into her ruined streets and ratify the compact. And then a few years later, when Prince Henry became Henry II., times changed for the Bishop: his castle-building and his harshness towards the monks of Hyde, whom he had always disliked, brought him into disgrace; his schemes had all failed, and he deemed it wise to retire into exile. But presently he made his peace and returned, to occupy his remaining years in works of piety and beneficence. He enriched the Cathedral — the curious and rare black stone font with its quaint emblematical carvings was one of his gifts—and he was ultimately buried in it. It is not certain where, but the tomb in the chancel popularly known as Rufus's tomb may very likely be his.

Many years before he died he had commenced a work destined to bear more lasting fruit in Winchester history than any of the ambitious schemes which had all failed to mature—he built the Hospital of St. Cross, a permanent refuge for thirteen poor brethren, and a house of daily entertainment for the poor and needy outside its walls. He placed his foundation of St. Cross

under the protection of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, an Order specially devoted to guarding the welfare of pilgrims and wayfarers. And so the Brethren of St. Cross still wear to-day the eight-pointed cross of the Order and the black gown which distinguished the Knights Hospitallers, and the wayfarer's dole of bread and beer may still be asked for and obtained at its hospitable gates. Advancement, personal power, and political ascendancy, all these Bishop Henry desired for himself, strove for, won and lost in turn; St. Cross retains its vitality still,—such is the perennial virtue of unselfish kindliness and beneficence.

Though its fortifications were dismantled, Wolvesey remained the residence of the Bishops of Winchester for many centuries after Henry de Blois. Here, on March 28, 1394, in the presence chamber of Wolvesey, William of Wykeham received the warden, John Morys, and seventy scholars of his *Newe College of St. Marie*, and gave them his blessing as they set out in solemn procession to enter into occupation of their newly erected premises. In the Civil War, after Cromwell's capture of the city, the old Bishop's Castle was finally dismantled.

Present day Wolvesey Palace stands on your

CLOISTERS AND FROMOND'S CHANTRY, WINCHESTER COLLEGE

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale."

Cloisters, with Fromond's Chantry in the centre (for College has two chapels), forms one of the most poetic spots of Winchester College.

In earlier days school was held in Cloisters during the summer months. In Cloisters the College dead lie buried. Many former scholars have cut or carved their names on the stone-work of Cloisters, among them the famous Ken, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, who wrote his *Manual of Prayers* for the use of Winchester College Boys.

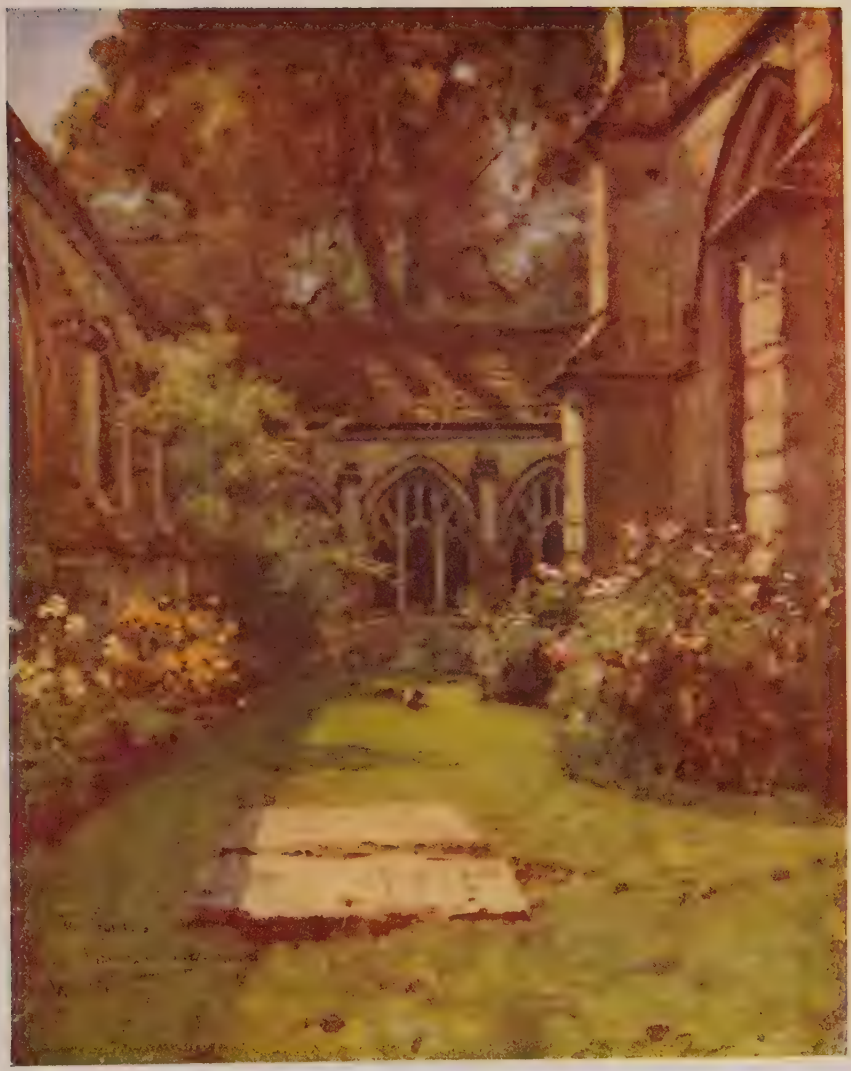
His morning hymn

"Awake, my soul, and with the sun,"

and evening hymn

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night,"

first appeared in this *Manual*. The inscription in Cloisters is "Thos. Ken, 1665."



left as you enter from College Street; the Norman ruins and the old Tilt yard are in front of it and on your right. Bishop Morley, the friend of Ken and Izaak Walton, erected it. But Wolvesey and Farnham together proved too heavy an episcopal burden, and later bishops have preferred to reside at Farnham. So Wolvesey ceased to be the Bishop of Winchester's official residence, and the greater part of Morley's building was pulled down by Bishop North at the end of the eighteenth century. The growing need for the division of the diocese makes it quite possible, however, that the Bishops of Winchester may again be residing in Wolvesey Palace as their predecessors did for so many hundreds of years.

Wykeham's College, 'the Newe Saınte Marie College of Wynchester, is but a stones throw from Wolvesey, and a wonderful place it is too. Beside Wolvesey with its thousand years of memory, 'Sainte Marie College' with its mere five hundred odd seems but youthful, yet it is in a certain sense the oldest, as it is in the truest sense the 'mother,' of English public schools. Not that schools were a new idea in Wykeham's day, far from it. There are schools still standing, such as the King's School at Canterbury and

St. Peter's at York, whose connected history goes back much farther. But Wykeham erected a school on new lines, making it an independent foundation instead of being, as the earlier grammar schools had been, mere appendages or dependencies upon monastic or collegiate institutions. Thus the public school as an independent, self-governing foundation came into being, and with it the idea of regulation of internal discipline largely by the boys themselves, which has been among the most fruitful influences by which public schools have influenced the development of character, as apart from merely intellectual training, in the youth of the nation. Thus Wykeham's motto, *Manners makyth man*—if it actually was Wykeham's—bore in it already the germ of the future greatness, for it was not one good quality merely that Wykeham sought to develop in his scholars, but the foundation of all. Manners, the old Latin *mores*, the 'conversation' of St. Paul in his epistles, is perhaps most closely rendered in modern phrase by the word 'character.'

"Manners makyth man." One is tempted to wonder if more may not here be meant than meets the ear, and whether 'manners,' in its Latin equivalent *mores*, does not wrap up a punning

BREWHOUSE, WINCHESTER COLLEGE

College Brewhouse, adjoining College Street, is one of the oldest portions of the College buildings. Over the archway one of the turrets of Outer Gateway is to be seen.

For Brownhouse
Winchester College

allusion, after the method dear to that age, to Warden Morys, to whose hands, on the erection of the building, Wykeham first committed the future of his great college.

Besides a warden and seventy scholars, Wykeham's original foundation included a master and usher, ten fellows, and a staff of chaplains, choristers, and chapel clerks. The scholars received their education free, but later on fee-paying boys were admitted as *commensales* or 'commoners,' practically as the Headmaster's private boarders. Dr. Burton, headmaster 1724 to 1766, built 'Commoners' for their accommodation, on a site which had been occupied years before by the *Sustern Spital*, a convent of nursing sisters. Now 'Commoners,' old and new alike, are gone, and their place is taken by Tutors' Houses. The scholars, who still wear a semi-mediæval dress, reminiscent of earlier days, reside in college, as they have done from the first, under charge of the second master.

Entering through the delightful old Outer Gateway, with College Brew House on your right, and then under 'Middle Gate' into 'Chamber Court,' one is transported back immediately into mediævalism. There over Middle Gate is the figure of 'Sainte Marie,' and scholars as they

cross the quad doff their hats still in reverence to the Virgin as they have done from the beginning. Immediately opposite you are Chapel and Hall: Chapel, with Fromond's Chantry and the beautiful cloisters behind it, those cloisters which the Founder himself seems almost to pervade and to spiritualize with his presence, is a place to wander in and dream dreams of the past; Hall, approached as befits its dignity up a grand old stairway, is rarely impressive, with its magnificent open timber roof and carved wainscot, and the Founder's portrait dominating the high table on the dais at the far end. In the lobby adjoining the kitchen they will show you the 'Trusty Servant,' the quaint old painting emblematic of loyal and devoted service. The riddle is explained in a copy of verses attached, and the absence of any reference to expectation of reward on behalf of the 'Trusty Sweater' is at least as suggestive as his loyalty and humble demeanour.

Most appealing perhaps after Hall, possibly more even than cloisters, is 'Seventh Chamber,' Wykeham's original school-room, or part of it at least, now used as a common study for senior college 'men,' and a veritable museum of interesting objects of old Wykehamical life. Not the least alluring

MIDDLE GATE, WINCHESTER COLLEGE

Middle Gate gives access to Middle or Chamber Court—so called from "Election Chamber," the large room over the gateway where "elections" to college were formerly held. The three statues over the gateway represent the Virgin, the Archangel Gabriel, and the Founder. The quaint old custom of college boys crossing the Quad bareheaded, in honour of the Virgin, is followed at Winchester College still.

feature of all these college *penates* is the rich flavour and vigour of college phraseology—Moab, the boys' washing-place in earlier days ("Moab is my washpot"), is a delicious example of this. College phraseology is a subject almost worthy of separate treatment by itself.

Seventh Chamber passage leads you to 'School,' the seventeenth century school-room built by Warden Nicholas. Here you may see the 'thrones,' or official seats in earlier days of headmaster and usher, and the world-famous Winchester emblem on the walls

> Aut disce
> Aut discede
> Manet tertia Sors—caedi,

which may be freely rendered,

> Learn, or depart, or stay and be beaten.

Beyond is 'Meads,' where 'Domum' is yearly held, and beyond, again, 'New Meads,' with glimpses of 'Hills' beyond—St. Catherine's Hill, where Winchester boys in earlier days repaired for recreation on 'remedies' or holidays, the joys of which may be read in full in Bompas's delightful *Life of Frank Buckland.*

Winchester College is a place to linger in. Its

great men, wardens, headmasters, alumni, their memories piously preserved and commemorated by portrait, tablet, or building, as, for instance, the Memorial Gateway erected as a memorial of the Old Wykehamists who fell in the South African War, we must reluctantly pass by. But more striking than the past, the old-world associations, the noble traditions nobly preserved, is its vitality in the present. 'Sainte Marie College' has always known how to adapt herself successfully as age succeeded age to the requirements of the day, and has paid the truest respect to the wishes of her great founder in never allowing herself to grow old. There is no frost, mingled with the kindliness of age, in Winchester College.

College Street has one other memory besides that of Wykeham—Jane Austen. A tablet over the door of one of the houses adjoining College recalls the fact of Jane Austen's death within its walls in 1817. She had removed here from her home at Chawton, near Alton, in hope of recovery under the medical treatment which Winchester could afford her. But the hope was vain. She lies buried in the north aisle of the Cathedral nave. We know her now as among the rarest and most charming of woman novelists. The flat stone over

MEMORIAL GATEWAY, WINCHESTER COLLEGE

The Memorial Gateway, opening on to Kingsgate Street, was erected recently in memory of Wykehamists who fell in the South African War.

her grave speaks of her qualities of mind, but otherwise passes in silence over her claims as an authoress.

Some half mile or so south of College, beyond New Meads and the meadows by the river—those meadows from which the tower and pinnacles of College Chapel form so poetic a picture as they mingle with the trees around, and the Cathedral behind—lies St. Cross. Of its foundation by Henry of Blois we have already spoken, but in its associations another historic name figures, of equal prominence with Bishop Henry's—that of Beaufort, Bishop and Cardinal in Henry VI.'s reign. Beaufort was a second founder, and the domestic buildings and the fine gateway are his work. Along with the Brethren with black gown and silver cross will be seen some wearing a mulberry gown, with the Beaufort Rose as emblem; these are Brethren of the order Beaufort founded—the Order of Noble Poverty. St. Cross is not a place to describe at all in words; to understand it it must be felt. Peaceful and dignified, with the clear transparent waters of Itchen flowing quietly by at its feet, there is no place in Winchester, or indeed anywhere else, where the sense of hallowed charm, of serenity, of contentment, and

of rest seems quite so natural and so pervading as here.

Wherever else we turn in Winchester we find some treasure or other over which to linger. On the high ground forming the south-west angle of the city there is the County Hall, last surviving relic of the great royal castle, which William of Normandy first erected and which his successors added to. The present Castle Hall was erected by a Winchester monarch—Henry III., Henry of Winchester. Here again the sense of the historic past swells and surges round you. The grand interior with its splendid columns speaks of great assemblies within its walls—of Parliaments such as the one held here as early as 1265, within a year of the death of the great De Montfort, the 'inventor,' so to speak, of the representative assembly—of State visits such as that which the great Emperor Charles V. paid to Henry VIII.—of State Trials such as that which unjustly condemned Sir Walter Raleigh—of the Bloody Assize and the horror of the judicial murder of Dame Alicia Lisle, while the most characteristic touch perhaps of all is given by the quaint relic hanging on the western wall, the so-called King Arthur's Round Table. A curious relic indeed this latter,

and an ancient one, possibly 700 years old. We shall hardly accept it, as Henry VIII. and his royal Spanish guest did, as the actual table at which King Arthur and his knights used to seat themselves, even though we may read their names —Sir Launcelot, Sir Galahallt, Sir Bedivere, Sir Kay—inscribed upon its margin. Rather does it recall to us those quaintly attractive, uncritical mediæval days, when historical perspective was unknown, that glorious age when ' Once upon a time ' almost satisfied the yearnings of the historical instinct. Yet one may question whether we are really better off because for us King Arthur's Round Table has no existence and Arthur himself is lost in the strange background of

Moving faces and of waving hands,

that weird labyrinth where history and legend, myth and romance are so strangely and inextricably interwoven; and one turns away baffled and reluctant from many and many an old-world story, and many and many an old-world relic such as this, with the sense of something like a lost inheritance.

So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

There is, however, little real excuse for these

unavailing regrets in Winchester, for she above all places has store of real history—and such history, too—enough and to spare.

Here, for instance, in the West Gate adjoining the Castle Hall, and in the Obelisk just beyond the circuit of the old walls, this history meets us again. Formerly the West Gate was a blockhouse as much as a gate. You can still see where the portcullis worked up and down, and look down from the battlements of the roof through the machicolated openings designed to enable defenders to meet assailants with molten lead and kindred compliments. Later on it was a prison. On the walls of the splendid old chamber above the gateway we can see elaborate designs carved out by one poor prisoner after another, to while away the tedium and to help him to forget the miseries of his imprisonment. Now the West Gate is a museum with a collection of rare local interest: early weights and measures of the days when Winchester could still impose its standards upon others, weapons and armour, and the axe of the headsman. But strong for defence as the West Gate and city wall were, the Obelisk beyond recalls to us one foe whom no bar could exclude, no bolt restrain; for though in 1666 Winchester was

straitly shut up like Jericho of old, and none went out and none came in, that grim and relentless assailant, the Plague, passed all barriers unchallenged, and Winchester became as a city of the dead. Then—for none dared approach—the country people held their market without and chaffered for their wares at safe distance with the men upon the wall, and the Obelisk, erected in 1759, serves to commemorate the spot where marketing was done for Winchester citizens under such tragic conditions. Happily, plague has disappeared from our midst for some 250 years. In mediæval days, right on indeed from 1348, the year of the Black Death, plague was all too common a visitant. The sister societies of Natives and Aliens still survive in Winchester, to carry on the work of relieving widows and orphans, first begun when plague laid its hand so heavily on the city in the 'Annus Mirabilis' and left so many widows and orphans to relieve.

Full of interest as the West Gate is, it leaves a sense of regret behind when we remember that it is the only one remaining of the four principal gateways which the city once possessed. The artificial and curiously warped ideas of taste and sentiment which characterised the mid-Georgian

period were responsible for a wholesale destruction of Old Winchester architectural treasures. Three historic gateways, the ruins of Hyde Abbey, the tomb of Alfred the Great, Bishop Morley's Palace of Wolvesey, all these and others suffered destruction, partial or complete. The City Cross itself was condemned to removal, but popular indignation, always ready to express itself in Winchester as vigorously now as it was in earlier days of Saxon and Dane, when popular clamour round the husting was the due and only expression of law, could not be restrained, and the City Cross was left undisturbed. Nor did the West Gate escape except by accident. The great room over the gateway was at that time held as an annexe to a public-house adjoining, and so the West Gate was spared merely in order that Winchester citizens might the better enjoy their 'cakes and ale.' History teaches us to be grateful at times to strange benefactors. To many, with the present trend of social and political thought, the sentiment *Das Gasthaus als Freund* will come almost as a shock, yet here in Winchester we are confronted by the curious paradox, that while water has sapped the stability of the Cathedral, that of the West Gate has been secured by beer.

HIGH STREET, WINCHESTER

The "Butter Cross," as the City Cross is invariably denominated, forms the most characteristic feature of the delightful old-world High Street. Close by are the "Piazza," and a charming old timber-fronted Tudor house, now a well-known picture shop. Behind the Cross is the opening of "Little Minster Passage" leading to the Cathedral.

In 1770 it was decided to remove the Butter Cross, and it was actually sold to a purchaser for this purpose, but the inhabitants rose in indignation, forcibly removed the scaffolding erected round it, and so preserved it from destruction.

Municipal life in Winchester forms another chapter full of interest. Her early 'gilds' date back to days before Alfred; her roll of mayors claims to begin with Florence de Lunn in 1184. Whatever antiquity the Mayoralty can justly claim —for Florence de Lunn can hardly be treated very seriously—her corporate history is full and varied.

The new Guildhall in the Broadway, some thirty years old only, which has replaced the old Guildhall in the High Street, possesses an interesting collection of civic portraits, along with corporation plate, municipal archives, and much wealth of historic raw material. The finest of these pictures, King Charles II.'s portrait, painted by Lely, and presented by the Merry Monarch himself to the city, represents, perhaps, the only return with which the loyalty of the citizens towards the house of Stuart was rewarded. They lent King Charles I. £1000, they melted their private plate, valued at £300, and their city plate, valued at £58 more, to help to fill his empty coffers when the Civil War was raging. Another interesting portrait is that of Edward Cole, Mayor in 1587, a patriotic citizen who himself subscribed £50—a large sum for one man in those days—towards the Queen's

war fund in days of the Armada, and a gubernator some years later of Christes Hospitall, Winchester, when Peter Symonds founded it in 1607 alike for the maintenance of the aged and the education of the young—a foundation possessing a delightful old Jacobean building, just beyond the Close wall, out of which has grown almost within the last decade a school of modern type, where the 'children' of Peter Symonds, in largely increased numbers, receive a wider education than was possible when he first called them into existence.

His will is a curious and characteristic document. It occupied an enormous number of folios. Blue Coat school-boys, practically until the removal of the school to Horsham, showed respect to his memory by some sixty of their number attending a special Good Friday Service at All Saints', Lombard Street, at the conclusion of which raisins were distributed, in accordance with his will; and his Winchester scholars and Brethren keep his memory by an annual procession to service at the Cathedral on St. Peter's Day, with a special sermon and quaint ceremonial observance.

Such are some of the matters of interest, small and great, which meet you wherever you turn in

ST. PETER'S, CHEESEHILL, WINCHESTER

One of the oldest of Winchester Parish Churches, of Norman date. Cheesehill—a corruption of Chesil—a word still surviving in Chesil Beach, near Portland—denotes the dry or gravelly strand along the bank of the Itchen, and has no connection with cheese. Cheesehill Street, though somewhat "slummy," is very picturesque and contains many interesting old houses.

Winchester—everywhere there is some *genius loci*, some cricket installed, and chirping on the hearth. Here it is a quaint tavern-sign such as you can read on the outskirts. As you leave the city you read the legend "Last Out," as you approach from without you read "First In." Or it is a name of some street—Jewry Street, for instance, recalling the times when the Jews had almost a 'Ghetto' here; or Staple Garden, reminiscent of the great Hall where the 'Tron' or Wool Staple was kept, when Winchester was the mart where the wool trade of the south of England centred. There are glorious old houses too, Tudor and mediæval, like God Begot House and the so-called Cheesehill Old Rectory, and the delightful houses erected by Sir Christopher Wren himself—those inhabited now by Dr. England and Captain Crawford in Southgate Street for instance, and the house in St. Peter's Street erected for the Duchess of Portsmouth, of unpleasant memory. These are merely random examples of the kind of interest which Winchester presents to those who wander through her streets with eyes to see and ears to hear. For the casual visitor Winchester has much to offer, for the student of history she has more; but her wealth of treasure can only be

apprehended adequately by those who are privileged to dwell within her charmed circle, for her harvest of attraction is too wide to be garnered save by those who bring extended opportunity as well as love and reverence to the task.

HURSLEY VICARAGE

Hursley, five miles from Winchester, is the centre of "Kebleland." Here John Keble was parish priest for thirty-one years. Hursley Church was practically rebuilt from the profits of the *Christian Year*, and Keble and his wife lie buried in Hursley churchyard close to the porch on the southern side.

The village has memories of Richard Cromwell, and there is a fine historical monument to the Cromwell family in the tower of Hursley Church.

Huxley's house
where Bunyan wrote
the Christian

CHAPTER VIII

GREATER WINCHESTER

Historic interest does not cease with the limits of the ancient capital. Whether you follow the valley of Itchen up or down, or traverse the glorious breezy chalk heights to east or west, wherever you go you will find much to attract and much to interest. Hursley and Otterbourne, Sparsholt and Lainston, Twyford, The Worthies, Itchen Abbas, Avington, Chilcomb, Cheriton, Tichborne, Alresford, each is full of memories. At Hursley we are in the centre of Kebleland. Here John Keble laboured as vicar in quiet pastoral work for thirty-one years; at Hursley Vicarage he wrote his *Christian Year;* and Hursley Church, rebuilt from the profits of the sale, is his truest monument, though there are memories of him everywhere round. One such spot is the chalk-pit whither he retired to read in privacy and seclusion the

fatal letter announcing Newman's secession. The name *Hursley*, the well-known tune of his '*Sun of my Soul*,' recalls his long connection with the parish. He lies buried just without the church, alongside his wife, to whom death was permitted within six weeks of his own. Another Hursley memory of a different kind is poor Tumble-down Dick, Richard Cromwell, son of the Lord Protector, who for a few brief months was Lord Protector himself in name. At the Restoration he fled the land, but returned to England after a lengthy absence, and spent much of the last thirty years of his long life at Hursley, and here he was buried. A deeply interesting monument in the tower of the church records at length the family history of the Cromwells of Hursley. Several Hampshire tavern-signs have reference to the troubles of this period. The King's Head Inn at Hursley recalls the execution of Charles I. The Tumble-down Dick Inn at Farnborough, in the north of the county, is an allusion to the second Lord Protector. Fate was both kind and unkind to poor Richard, who, after all, had qualities which in a different sphere would probably have dignified him. It threw over him the sinister shadow of an unwelcome throne, and weighed him down

TWYFORD MILL

Twyford Mill, near Twyford. The river channels here are fringed in summer-time with mimulus, yellow iris, and forget-me-not, and are delightful to ramble along.

With the burthen of an honour
Unto which he was not born.

But it allowed him to fall and not to perish utterly, as is the too common fate of those who fall

like glistering Phaethon,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

Otterbourne adjoins Hursley, and like it has memories of Keble. Charlotte Yonge lived here for many years, and here she died in 1901. Cranbury Park close by has memories of Sir Isaac Newton.

The country all round Otterbourne and Hursley is of unusual beauty. A delightful ramble in early summer is to follow Silkstede Lane along to the Downs. From the head of the Lane a splendid prospect opens wide before you. You can follow straight on past the tumuli, and the so-called Oliver's Battery, to Winchester, or, bearing to the right, a charming walk, fringed with splendid yew trees, leads to Compton and Twyford.

Twyford is a characteristic Hampshire village. It has memories of Pope, who was sent to school here. The wonderful clipped yew tree in the churchyard is the chief object of pilgrimage.

Twyford lies on the edge of another glorious Down, stretching away over St. Catherine's Hill,

with its great ancient encampment and its curious *Mismaze*, past Chilcomb, with its old Saxon church, dating from 1060—a church all the more valuable and interesting as it has escaped the restorer. The gift to the church by King Kynegils of the Manor of Chilcomb we have already mentioned. Some miles beyond Chilcomb is the remarkable natural formation, the Devil's Punch Bowl, and the summit of Chesford Head just above commands grand views over the county, north and south. A few miles on, a turning to the left brings us to the head of the Itchen Valley, with Cheriton Down and Cheriton village close at hand. Cheriton village reminds one of a model toy village, with its waterways and its dozen or so of miniature bridges crossing them. Its chief interest centres round Cheriton Fight—an event of real importance in the Civil War—for on the issue hung the supremacy of Royalist or Roundhead in the south-eastern counties. Of the Civil War in Hampshire we shall deal in more detail later on. Suffice it now that the Roundhead base was Farnham, while Winchester and Basing were strongly held for the Royalists, and Lord Hopton, the Royalist commander's object was to prevent the advance of Waller, who was coming up from Petersfield.

POST OFFICE, ITCHEN STOKE

Itchen Stoke, a delightful little village some six miles from Winchester, up the Itchen Valley. The post office, abutting on a small green with a well in the centre, forms a picturesque feature as you pass through the village.

Hopton had been striving hard to make Winchester an impregnable base. He had been "building a great fort about one mile thence to keep off all approaches thereto"—in all probability our present so-called Oliver's Battery—though the writer, an eye-witness, adds, "the hills so command the city that his labour will be lost and his great scheme prove useless." As Waller's men were drawing near, Hopton had advanced his outposts. He had seized Alresford, and pushed his men out eastward along the ridge between Tichborne and East Tisted, thus commanding the roads along which Waller must pass. If Hopton could but hold his ground, Waller was checkmated.

The actual battle commenced at eight in the morning. Each army had a strong position. Waller's men were posted on high ground near Cheriton village, and between them and the Royalists was a great hollow, with Cheriton Wood and detached hedges and coppices between them.

The wood was an important strategic point. Waller's men advanced and occupied the south-west corner of it, but were dislodged and driven back by the hot artillery fire turned upon them from above. Then for hours in the hollow the con-

test raged fiercely; the Royalists steadily drove back the enemy, until, advancing too far, they came under the fire from Waller's men, entrenched and sheltered beneath the hedges. This was the crisis of the day. Hopton's levies were none too well trained or disciplined, and Waller's men seeing them waver attacked in turn. A fierce charge of 4000 cavalry, Sir William Balfour's cuirassiers and Haselrig's 'lobsters,' as they were termed from the armour they wore, completed their discomfiture. According to tradition Lamborough (locally Lamberry) Lane ran with blood, and the slaughter was very heavy—900 on the Parliament side, 1400 on the Royalists. The rout was complete, yet Hopton managed to draw off without losing a gun. The darkness enabled him to elude pursuit, and he escaped to Basing. Waller pursued the rest of the army to Winchester. The results, as stated above, were extremely important. Clarendon observes: "It broke all the King's measures and altered the whole scheme of the King's counsel." Parliament decreed a day of solemn and public thanksgiving for the victory—and well indeed they might.

Traditions of the battle linger locally, and relics of it are still preserved. A cottage at Cheriton is

TICHBORNE ARMS

Old-world Tichborne, on the upper waters of the Itchen, has many historic memories. The cottage roofs are quaintly thatched. The church is a real gem, containing Saxon and Norman work, and the north aisle forms the "Tichborne Mausoleum," and is filled with historic monuments. The Tichborne family has resided here from before the Conquest. The story of the Tichborne Dole is one of the local traditions. The famous "Tichborne Case" was a *cause célèbre* about a generation ago.

De-Itchen-bourn is supposed to be the derivation of the name Tichborne.

The Castle Arms
Wilfrid Ball

still pointed out from the oven of which bread was baked and supplied to Waller's soldiers, and an oak near Tisted is pointed out where Sir Benjamin Tichborne, a leading Royalist, concealed himself.

Tichborne, close by, the seat of the Tichborne family, has been in continuous possession by them from a period earlier even than the Norman Conquest. Many members of the family have been prominent in their day. The chief tradition of the family, a counterpart in its way to the story of Godiva, is that of the Tichborne Dole, the subject of a celebrated picture, which can be seen at Tichborne House. Isabella (or Mabella) Tichborne, in Henry II.'s reign, lying on a bed of sickness had begged a boon of Roger her lord.

> "Come vowe me a vowe, my owne true lorde,"
> Ye olde ladye of Tichbourne said;
> "Come pledge me ye faith of thy trustye word
> As I lye on my dying bed."

The knight granted her prayer, and it was agreed that she should be allowed to devote to the poor for ever, as much land as she could crawl round while a torch which she grasped in her hand remained alight. So frail did she seem, that her leech declared she could not crawl three steps; but benevolence is strong, stronger even than

infirmity, and a field of twenty-three acres, still called the Crawls, is pointed out nowadays as the measure of her dying efforts. The dole, formerly given in kind, is now distributed in money. The Tichbornes were prominent in Tudor and Stuart times—one was executed for participating in Babington's Plot, and on the death of Queen Elizabeth a Tichborne proclaimed James I. king on his own initiative—an act which gave him favour in the eyes of 'Solomon'—another was Governor of Drogheda during the famous siege. In more recent years the notorious 'Tichborne Case' has stirred echoes which have scarcely yet entirely died away. The cause of the claimant was warmly espoused in Alresford and the Tichborne neighbourhood. Men cheered him when he first appeared in Alresford street, declaring that he had the true 'Tichborne walk,' even Lady Tichborne herself acknowledged him. But the masterly judicial investigation of his claim at the famous trial proved him to be a vulgar and illiterate impostor—one Arthur Orton, as he himself later on confessed. Still as a *cause célèbre* the Tichborne case will probably rank as a record for a long time to come.

Tichborne Church, overlooking the picturesque

OLD ALRESFORD

A small old-world village with picturesque open green about a mile from New Alresford, or Alresford proper. Bishop Godfrey de Lucy (Bishop, 1188–1204) erected a great dam between New and Old Alresfords, and so formed a considerable lake or reservoir, for the canal he constructed down to the sea at Southampton. In Old Alresford Church is a monument to Admiral Rodney.

Old Stratford

old-world village, with its quaint thatched cottages, is a real gem. It is extremely old, with early Norman if not Saxon work in the chancel. The northern aisle forms the mausoleum of the Tichborne family, and here on the rarely interesting monuments the details of the history of the family can be traced.

Alresford lies some two miles from Tichborne, a pleasant little country town, with its fine broad street, once a thriving borough which sent two members to Parliament. There are two Alresfords, Old and New, and between them the great dam which Bishop Godfrey de Lucy built to hold a supply of water for his navigation canal from Winchester to Southampton. Old Alresford Church contains a monument to the great Rodney. A tablet over a house in New Alresford records the birth in it of Mary Russell Mitford, authoress of *Our Village*.

All along the Itchen between Winchester and Alresford is a series of interesting villages, villages as attractive in their old-world features, their churches, and their thatched cottages as their names, all Saxon in origin, are suggestive. They serve to remind us how the Saxon settler broke 'the stubborn glebe' and brought the land under

cultivation, settling down along the river valleys while the earlier Celt had kept the higher levels. Headbourne Worthy, King's Worthy, Martyr Worthy, Abbot's Worthy, Itchen Abbas, Easton, Avington, Ovington, Itchen Stoke, all these are Saxon names, and all are crowded together in some eight miles of valley. Headbourne Worthy Church, Saxon in origin, is possibly one of the most ancient churches in Hampshire. It contains a Saxon stone rood, built originally on the outer western wall of the church, but now apparently within it, as a later extension of the building to the west serves to cover and protect it. It is much defaced, but in spite of that is of wonderful interest. An even better example of a similar rood exists at Breamore, and will be dealt with later. Itchen Abbas is prettily placed by the river-side, with a big yew tree in its churchyard and a delightful bridge below the mill, where one can laze in summer-time and watch the big trout in the water beneath. The old Plough Inn, where Kingsley stayed while writing some part of the *Water Babies*, has been rebuilt. On the outskirts of Avington Park adjoining Itchen Abbas are Hampage Wood and the Gospel oak, already referred to, and a little way off is Easton, a village whose

EASTON

A typical Itchen valley village, one of the most picturesque in the county, with an old Norman church, quaint thatched cottages, and clipped yews.

thatched roofs possess a charm of quaintness and variety unequalled by any in the country. Yew trees curiously clipped and carved, a finely preserved Norman porch, and beautiful pellucid streams of water by the roadside add to the sense of perfection and completeness of out-of-the-world Easton. The whole of this river valley indeed is attractive to a rare degree. Hard as it is to decide between one spot and another, perhaps the sweetest of all is the mingle of river, reed-swamp, and water-splash between Itchen Stoke and Ovington, where in summer the bog-bean and cotton-grass luxuriate, along with valerian and water-mint, bulrush and osier. Big trout lie here, and coots and moor-hens appear and disappear among the reeds. But, after all, this is but one spot out of many along the river. Itchen Abbas, Easton, Martyr Worthy, Itchen Stoke, and Tichborne, with their transparent water-courses, charming old-world bridges, quaint mills, water-splashes, and thatched roofs, form a group of villages as delightful as they are unrivalled, and as one wanders here along the water-meadows by the river one recalls irresistibly old Izaak Walton's words, "swift, shallow, clear brooks and store of trouts," and the figure of Charles Kingsley rises ever before us, and we seem almost

to hear his cheery voice and shout of delight as another 'whopper,' gleaming and quivering, is brought up in triumph in his landing-net. Greater Winchester has as much to charm and teach us as almost Winchester itself.

THE ITCHEN NEAR CHILLAND MILL

The Itchen is extremely beautiful all the way from King's Worthy to its source above Cheriton. Chilland Mill is not far from Itchen Abbas.

CHAPTER IX

JANE AUSTEN'S COUNTRY—CHARLES KINGSLEY'S COUNTRY—THE CIVIL WAR IN HAMPSHIRE—ALTON—BASING

Arma *virosque* cano.

AMONG Hampshire literary possessions three will always hold high rank—Jane Austen, Charles Kingsley, and Gilbert White. Some reference to each of these has been made already. Though Winchester and Southampton have each associations with Jane Austen, her country proper lies some twelve to twenty miles to the north-east of Winchester, and Kingsley's country beyond that again farther north. Selborne, Gilbert White's district, will be dealt with in another chapter.

This north-eastern corner of the county has memories of another kind—of Queen Elizabeth's State progresses, and of her visits at Elvetham and Basing and the Vyne, while the great and stirring

drama of the Civil War in Hampshire was most of it played out in this neighbourhood. Yet, after all, it is on Jane Austen and Charles Kingsley that one dwells most readily in recalling the associations that linger here. Jane Austen was born in 1775 at the Parsonage House at Steventon, some few miles from Popham Beacon, and about seven miles from Basingstoke. Here she lived twenty-five years. Four years then were spent at Bath, four more at Southampton, and then her family removed to Chawton, close by Alton. Here she remained till a short time before her death, which occurred, as already related, at Winchester, in 1817. Steventon, where she was born, and Chawton, where her best work was done, are Jane Austen's real homes.

From the literary point of view, Jane Austen is an enigma. Other authors and authoresses, both contemporary and later, have invariably had their circle of cultivated and literary associates, have lived and moved in a more or less literary environment. Not so Jane Austen—in the literary sense she lived and moved alone. She had not one single literary acquaintance, no associations beyond a small circle of relatives and family intimates, yet her books reflect, as perhaps no others do, the charm of insight, and reveal her as an

ROPLEY

A picturesque village, three miles east of Alresford.

artist and an accomplished interpreter of manners. Probably her secret was the same as Gilbert White's—the same habit of accurate and careful observation recorded with the same truthfulness to nature, but illuminated by qualities which in Gilbert White had no echo, a girlish *espièglerie* tempered by a quick and ready sympathy, and above all a penetrating and abiding perception of humour. Steventon, standing in the midst of a somewhat tame country, has nevertheless its charms—it is well timbered, and its deep hedgerows are a delight. This country formed the background to the quiet English country scenery in which she usually located her stories. Here in the local country society she had met occasionally with her *Mr. and Mrs. Bennetts*, her *Sir Thomas and Lady Bertrams*; and the not particularly elevated clerical world of the day, of which she had doubtless many glimpses, had given her her *Mrs. Norris*, her *Miss Bates*, her *Mr. Elton*, her *Mr. Collins*, and her *Dr. Grant*. The gay, vivacious girl had eyes and ears, and used them too. Yet it is characteristic of her that she wrote her books unobtrusively, indeed almost secretly, writing on small pieces of paper, which she put away as soon as a maid or visitor came near. Everywhere the

charm of this keen observation shows itself, as in the little characteristic touch of surprise with which little Fanny's Mansfield cousins hear her speak of "The Island," as Hampshire folk invariably do in mentioning the Isle of Wight. "She thinks of nothing but the Isle of Wight, and she calls it 'the Island' as if there was no other island in the world," they confide to their aunt, Mrs. Norris. These little personal touches and sparkles of reality form much of the charm of her books. We are not surprised to read—as we may in Austen Leigh's memoir of her—that her characters were like children to her, that she would talk confidentially to her intimates of the future careers of her heroes and heroines, and reveal the little unmentioned details which her books passed over in reserve. Her home at Chawton may still be seen, part of it now transformed into a village club. Of her grave in Winchester Cathedral we have already spoken.

Kingsley's country lies to the north-east. Eversley, where he lived so many years, Bramshill, and Hartford Bridge flats, so dear to him and so frequently referred to in his writings, are all close to one another. Bramshill is a splendid Jacobean house, the finest of the period in the county,

MAPLEDURWELL

A village some three miles from Basingstoke.

built for Henry Prince of Wales, son of James I., but never king himself. It was at Bramshill that Archbishop Abbott, himself an ancestor of Kingsley's, accidentally shot and killed a keeper. Kingsley refers to the tragedy in one of his letters.[1]

> And there [at Bramshill] I saw the very tree where an ancestor of mine, Archbishop Abbott, in James the First's time, shot the keeper by accident! I sat under the tree, and it all seemed to me like a present reality. I could fancy the noble old man, very different then from his picture as it hangs in our dining-room at Chelsea. I could fancy the deer sweeping by, and the rattle of the cross-bow, and the white splinters sparkling off the fated tree as the bolt glanced and turned—and then the death-shriek, and the stagger, and the heavy fall of the sturdy forester—and the bow dropping from the old man's hands, and the blood sinking to his heart in one chilling rush, and his glorious features collapsing into that look of changeless and rigid sorrow, which haunted me in the portrait upon the wall in childhood. He never smiled again!

Such was the tragedy of Bramshill Park.

In Eversley Churchyard is Kingsley's grave. Here on the 28th January 1875 was laid to rest that noble generous heart, whose vehement humanity and passion for righteous dealing had in life brought much opposition and detraction, but who died honoured, loved, lamented by all. Max Müller's words, quoted, like Kingsley's own

[1] *Kingsley's Life and Letters*, p. 28. See next page.

letter above, in Mrs. Kingsley's *Life and Letters* of her husband, finely describe the scene:[1]

> Who can forget that funeral on the 28th of January 1875, and the large and sad throng that gathered round his grave? There was the representative of the Prince of Wales, and, close by, the gipsies of Eversley Common, who used to call him their 'Patrico-rai' (their Priest King). There was the squire of his village, and the labourers, young and old, to whom he had been a friend and a father. There were governors of distant colonies, officers, and sailors, the bishop of his diocese, and the dean of his abbey; there were the leading Nonconformists of the neighbourhood, and his own devoted curates, peers and members of the House of Commons, authors and publishers, and the huntsmen in pink. . . . All that he had loved and all that had loved him was there, and few eyes were dry when he was laid in his own gravel bed, the trees, which he had planted and cared for, waving their branches to him for the last time. . . . All went home feeling that life was poorer, and every one knew that he had lost a friend who had been, in some peculiar sense, his own.

Amavimus, *Amamus*, *Amabimus*, and above them "God is Love" are the appropriate mottoes on the stone above his grave.

Everywhere there is much to interest in this neighbourhood. Greywell (locally, 'Grewell'), with its mill, standing on the picturesque little Whitewater, Upton Grey, Mapledurwell, Warnborough,

[1] *Kingsley's Life and Letters*, p. 352. Both this, and the extract on the preceding page, taken from *Kingsley's Life and Letters*, are inserted here by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

ODIHAM

Odiham (Woodi-ham, the "Ham" in the Wood), a pleasant market-town, with a fine broad street. Near the church are the village stocks. Hard by is Odiham Castle, with memories of King John, David Bruce, King of Scots, Simon De Montfort, and Edward I., when Prince of Wales. Odiham Castle is now a bare ruin.

Hook Common, Fleet Pond, and the now deserted canal,—at all these there are numerous attractive 'bits,' though the country as a whole is tame compared with many other parts of the county. Not far from Greywell, and lying just off the road from Basingstoke to Hook, is the little Norman Church of Nately Scures, with its delightful little apse and charming details. A few miles away is Odiham (*Woodi-ham*, the '*ham' in the wood*), with its Bury, its old ruined Castle, and memories of King John, its fine broad street, and its town stocks and whipping-post standing by the churchyard railings. To be 'a rogue and masterless man' was to make acquaintance with the stocks and beadle's lash in the 'good old days.'

Odiham Castle is now a bare ruin. Here King John stayed, only a few days before he journeyed to Windsor and signed Magna Charta at Runneymede. David Bruce, King of Scots, was imprisoned here for eleven years after Neville's Cross, and here Simon de Montfort came, in the days of the Barons' War, with Prince Edward, then a prisoner, just before De Montfort's overthrow at Evesham. A few miles away at Elvetham Hall, now Lord Calthorpe's seat, Queen Elizabeth was royally entertained in 1591. She had been entertained on

a sumptuous scale by Lord Montague at Cowdray, in Sussex, and Earl Hertford, having a shrewd hint of her intention of visiting him, set 300 men to work to enlarge Elvetham, and then humbly begged the favour of her royal presence.

"At three o'clock," we are told, "the Earl, attended by 300 followers, most wearing gold chains about their necks and black-yellow feathers in their hats, set off to meet her, midway between her own house of Odiham and Elvetham Park." After a gracious reception, the Earl and his followers escorted her to Elvetham, where an elaborate and fantastic reception, of the curious pedantic fashion of the time, awaited her. A poet in green, with pages, and six virgins (the three graces and the three hours), met her with gestures of reverent awe and long drawn-out flatteries of unrivalled turgidity couched in Latin verse. The royal reception took place in a summer pavilion covered with boughs and clusters of ripe hazel nuts, roofed with ivy leaves, and hung with arras. In front of this was a lake with islands, on which was arranged a display of music, artillery, fireworks, and water sports in which the fabled mythological masters of the deep figured, while later on the færie queen (signifying *Elvetham, the abode of the elves*) made

UPTON GREY

A village in the north-east of Hampshire, about five miles from Basingstoke, and three from Odiham.

her appearance and lowly reverence before the Queen's windows.

Such royal visitations as these—the famous royal visit to Kenilworth is the most notable example—were no light tax, and indeed at times no light strain, on a subject's loyalty. At Basing House, only some few miles away, and some two miles from Basingstoke, Queen Elizabeth was royally entertained on two occasions. Sir William Paulet, Lord Treasurer, first Marquis of Winchester, entertained her sumptuously here in 1569, and so impressed his royal guest that she made the tender admission, "By my troth, if my Lord Treasurer were but a young man, I could find it in my heart to love him for a husband before any man in England." A notable figure this Lord Treasurer, the very personification of worldly prudence—Polonius himself might almost have gleaned some of his worldly wisdom and sage maxims from him—he steered his bark so evenly and prudently as to retain, while others rose and sank, not merely his head but his office in the four reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. His personal habits were as studiously under control as his tongue. He avoided late supping, wine, and other indulgences.

My necke and feete I keep from cold,
No marvel then though I be old,
I am a willow, not an oak,
I chide, but never hurt with stroke.

Such was the keen, supple, and dexterous politician, the head of the great Paulet family, a type which the perils of political life in Tudor days tended to develop, days when not even Palinurus himself might venture safely, any more than in those of Æneas, to nod at the helm.

This great and prudent statesman died at ninety-seven years of age, and lies buried in Basing Church. His grandson succeeded him, and himself entertained the great Queen in 1601 at Basing with the same royal magnificence as on her former visit. During this second visit the splendid Tudor building, the Vyne, a few miles away, the seat of Lord Sandys, was sumptuously furnished with plate and hangings from the Tower and Hampton Court for the reception of the Duke of Biron, the French ambassador. The Queen visited Biron at the Vyne, and hunted and feasted with him. So gratified was she at her reception at Basing that at her departure she conferred knighthood—then a very rare honour—on no less than ten recipients, and declared "She had done more than any of her ancestors had ever

OLD BASING

Old Basing Church—a fine example of an English Parish Church—with its square tower and pinnacles, is a prominent object in the view as you approach the village from Basingstoke.

done, or any other prince in Christendom was able to do, namely, in her Hampshire progress this year entertained a royal ambassador royally in her subjects' houses."

The Vyne is now in possession of the Chute family. It is a beautiful example of Tudor domestic architecture, and full of historic memories. Its history has been written and produced in sumptuous form by Mr. Chaloner Chute, the present owner.

The picturesque village of Basing, on the Loddon, surrounds the base of the hill on which Basing House formerly stood. Basing Church is a fine example of an English parish church, with an early font and two fine chantry chapels. Two miles away is Basingstoke, now a thriving town and important railway centre, but the most stirring interest of Basing, and indeed of the whole neighbourhood, is derived from the Hampshire episodes of the great Civil War, in which Basing House played such a leading part. To tell the story of this, in however meagre fashion, it is necessary to retrace our steps somewhat, returning later on to Basing and its gallant defence.

It was in Hampshire that the first actual outbreak of hostilities occurred, when Colonel Goring,

in August 1642, seized Portsmouth and held it for the King. It was soon captured, however, for the Parliament by Sir William Waller, and for three years or so—1642 to 1645—Hampshire was the scene of continual warfare. Winchester, Alton, Basing, and Cheriton were the chief spots where interest in the war centres, and the quadrangular area between Basing, Alton, Winchester, and Farnham, just over the Surrey border, the chief area over which the operations extended. The protagonists on either side were John the fifth Marquis of Winchester and Lord Hopton for the King, Sir William Waller and Oliver Cromwell for the Parliament. Farnham was the Roundhead headquarters, Winchester and Basing were the rallying points for the Royalists.

To follow the action of events in detail is difficult, for the armies were of course operating over a wider area, and passed and repassed repeatedly over the local stage, as the varying fortunes of war brought success to each in turn. Thus between Royalist and Roundhead Hampshire suffered severely.

Winchester particularly so. In April 1643 Waller occupied and held it to ransom (in lieu of sacking it) for £1000. He seized the Castle and garrisoned it, and his troopers wrought sad havoc

in and about the Cathedral. They harried the "sweet cathedralists," as a contemporary writer terms them, they plundered the Cathedral muniment room, and scattered and destroyed its priceless MS. treasures, "divers large parchments being made kytes withall to flie in the aire, to the utter spoyling and destruction of the same muniment and chapter house." But shortly afterwards the Royalists retrieved their position; they surprised the garrison, and held the citadel strongly for the King, and thus Winchester became a permanent Royalist base till close on the end of hostilities.

During the year 1643 the changes of fortune were rapid and kaleidoscopic. The King for some time carried all before him, and the latter part of the year saw Winchester and Basing both strongly held by the Royalists; Waller had attacked Basing and had been driven off, and the Royalists' cause seemed prospering, when in December came a second turn of the tide—the tragedy of Alton fight and the heroic defence of Alton Church by Colonel Boles. This was one of the most stirring episodes of the whole war and deserves to be recorded in some detail. We must leave Basing therefore for the moment, and resume its story later on.

Alton—Aulton, or the Old Town—is a pleasant

country town, having its roots in the distant past. It is mentioned in King Alfred's will, and figured in Norman days when Count Robert of Normandy invaded England to recover the crown of which his brother Henry Beauclerc's succession had deprived him. The forces of the two brothers met at Alton, but a conflict was averted, and Robert consented to surrender his claim on terms agreed upon. In mediæval days it was one of the first boroughs to send burgesses to Parliament. Now it is a quiet country town, straggling practically along one long winding street, in the midst of a pleasant upland country, and the centre of the Hampshire hop district. At the time of Alton fight, December 1643, Waller had retired to Farnham after his reverse at Basing, and had been actively preparing for a movement in force against the Royalists whose lines confronted him on the south, and lay extended over the whole east of the county. Alton was occupied by Lord Crawford and Colonel Boles, and some humorous interchange of civilities had passed between the hostile commanders. Lord Crawford, running short of liquor, had challenged Waller to exchange a fat ox for a cask of wine; he had received the wine, but had not in return sent off the ox which

Waller had bargained for. Accordingly Waller sent him word that he need not trouble to send for he would come and fetch it himself.

The message, jestingly sent and received, was destined to receive quick and literal fulfilment. Waller prepared a surprise: he marched his troops out eastward in the frosty night, as if Basing were his objective, then wheeled sharply round to the south, and threatened Alton from the west. Crawford, caught between two fires, and afraid of having his communications with Winchester cut off, gave the order to retire. His troopers clattered over the stones of Alton Street away to Winchester, leaving Colonel Boles and a small force behind in Alton to hold it till help should arrive. And now for hour after hour Alton was the scene of a furious and heroic fight. Desperate as the odds against him were, Colonel Boles had but one thought—to fight to the end and then if need be die. Bit by bit his small force was forced back, till at length he was driven to bay, first in the churchyard, and finally in the church itself. Fiercely from without the assailants carried on the siege—the massive oak door, the windows, roof, and pillars were torn and shattered by the fierce musket fire and cannonade. At length the door

was forced, but even still Colonel Boles refused to surrender. It was in the very pulpit itself that the Colonel made his final stand, and here he died, and most of his men died with him.

Alton Church is strangely impressive. The thought of this great stern fight dominates all; even if you would forget it you cannot, for there is the great oak door still, splintered and torn by the shot the cannon of the besiegers belched upon it; there, deeply embedded in the stone pillars, are the very bullets which the assailants poured into the church when at length they forced an opening, and the memory of this heroic episode, this grim unfaltering no-compromise, this resistance to the death, is uplifting in a rare degree. Those walls and rafters, which once rang and echoed to such devils' music, the hiss of the bullet, and the dying shriek of the victim, seem now to vibrate back a hallowed note of patriotism and single-minded devotion, and to breathe out still a softened and undying strain. Even the quaint eccentricities of spelling in the small brass memorial tablet to Colonel Boles placed on one of the pillars seem appropriate too, and in their own way deepen the impression. Alton fight was, it is true, but an obscure eddy in the great vortex of civil strife, but Colonel Boles

will be ever memorable in Hampshire, and here in Alton he can never be forgotten.

The wording on the tablet is as follows:

A memoriall
For this Renowned Martialist Richard Boles of y^e^
Right Worſhipfull Family of the Bolſes in
Linck horne Sheire, Colonell of a Ridgment of foot
of 1300, Who, for his Gratious king Charles ye First,
did Wounders att the Battell of Edge Hill. his last
Action, to omitt all Others, was at Alton in this
County of Southampton, was Sirprised by five or
ſix Thousand of the Rebells, which Cauſed him there
Quartered, to fly to the Church with neare Foureſcore
of his men, who there Fought with them ſix or ſeven
Houers, and then the Rebell Breaking in upon him
he Slew with his Sword ſix or ſeven of them and
then was Slayne himſelfe, with ſixty of his men aboute him.

1641.

His Gratious Soveraigne hearing of his death gave
him his high Coñendation in ye pationate expreſsion
Bring me a Moorning Scarffe, i haue Lost
one of the best Coñanders in this Kingdome.

Alton will tell you of that famous Fight
Which ye Man made & bade this World good-Night
His Vertuous Life fear'd not Mortalyty—
His Body muſt, his Vertues cannot Die
Because his Bloud was there so Nobly spent
This is his Tombe that Church his Monument.

Ricardus Boles, Wiltoniensis in Art. Mag.
Composuit Posuitque Dolens
Añ Doñ 1689.

'That Church' is Alton Church, for Colonel Boles is actually buried in Winchester Cathedral, and the brass at Alton is a facsimile of that at Winchester, of which the above is a transcript.

And now we must return to Basing and resume the story of its fortunes. John, the 'Loyal Marquis,' at the very commencement of hostilities, had declared for the King and attempted to fortify Basing; he collected arms for fifteen hundred men but an order of Parliament, dated November 4, 1642, forced him to sell them, leaving him with only six muskets. The Marquis, however, steadily strengthened himself, and though several times attacked, he beat off his assailants. By the end of 1643, Basing House was strongly held by a garrison of some five hundred men, fortifications had been thrown up all round it, and eleven pieces of ordnance were mounted on the walls. In August 1643 the actual systematic investment of Basing began. Sir William Waller hotly attacked, with cannon and storming party, mine and 'sow' alike, the last-named, which figures repeatedly in contemporary accounts, being a kind of portable shield, on wheels, behind which assailants could shelter while advancing towards the walls. The mortars, which threw the shells, were discharged by double

firing; over the powder was placed a wooden board, and earth and turves were rammed in above this; the shell was placed on top, and the gunner then lighted first the fuse of the shell, then that of the mortar, and promptly retired. Three days Waller kept up the assault, merely to encounter heavy loss, and he withdrew discomfited to Farnham, having inflicted practically no loss on the garrison.

The severity of the siege slackened for a time, though Parliament declared the Marquis a traitor and his estates forfeited. Winter drew on, bringing with it discouragement from without—for it was in December 1643 that the tidings of Alton Fight reached the defenders—and hunger and privation within. A weary time it was, the leaguer hot, the garrison undaunted. Then in the spring of 1644 came worse tidings still. Cheriton field had been fought and lost; Sir William Waller—William the Conqueror they were calling him then—seemed everywhere victorious; Cheriton fight "altered all the King's measures"; in Hampshire Basing and Winchester alone held out—all seemed hopeless. Then came a worse foe—a foe within, a traitor within the Marquis's own family circle. "Yea, even mine own familiar friend whom I

trusted, who did also eat of my bread, hath laid great wait for me." Thus, in the words of the Psalmist, might the Marquis well lament, for Lord Edward Paulet, his own brother, joined in a conspiracy to surrender the place to Waller, and had actually opened negotiations with him when the plot was discovered. The conspirators were hanged, all save Lord Edward, 'the Traitor,' and he as punishment was made to act as hangman to his own associates. To this day the name Edward is still 'taboo' in the family.

The summer of 1644 saw the siege renewed more hotly than ever—but the struggle this time was all in favour of the besieged. Desperate sorties were made—on 18th June, Basing Village was set on fire and blazed fiercely throughout the night. It was the besiegers' turn to grow weary and discouraged. Basing House—Loyalty House, as it was called from the Marquis's motto, "*Aimez Loyaulté*"—now became '*Basting House*,' and its defenders rejoiced with many a grim jest at their discomfiture. The Marquis had vowed that "if the King had no more ground in England than Basing House, he would maintain it to the uttermost," and this vow he was evidently determined to carry out literally. Nevertheless the besiegers

could not be shaken off, and now the garrison began to be in sore straits; provisions grew scarce, hunger was rife; in the autumn of 1644 sickness broke out, but desperate sorties were made for supplies, and at last relief came. Colonel Gage by a forced march in September temporarily raised the siege, and brought food and ammunition to the stricken garrison.

On Gage's retirement the blockade was renewed, this time more hotly than ever, but all in vain. Food failed again, and a second time Gage relieved. Then winter settled once more upon them.

Basing House was still holding out bravely, but its fate could have but little material effect now upon the general struggle. Marston Moor in 1644 had relieved the Parliament of the Scottish peril, and in the year following, the Self-Denying Ordinance and the New Model army had brought newer and more determined men upon the scene; Waller and Essex were retired, Fairfax and Cromwell were now in command. Then in the spring of 1645 had come tragedy—religious strife had broken out in the hitherto united garrison. The Protestant defenders, some five hundred in number, had all marched out in May 1645, leaving the Roman Catholics alone behind. Still some months

more passed before the end came. At Naseby in the following June the King's cause was lost; Bristol, the last important Royalist stronghold, fell, and Cromwell marched south, subduing one by one the garrisons which still held out. Winchester was bombarded and surrendered on 5th October to avoid capture by assault, and Cromwell marched immediately on Basing, and invested it with seven thousand men. All hope was at an end.

Still the fight was kept up till the finish. The defenders made a sortie and captured Colonel Hammond, afterwards the King's gaoler at Carisbrooke. Next day witnessed the final assault. The Marquis was taken prisoner, and confined in the Bell Inn at Basingstoke, and in the confusion of capture Basing House caught fire, and many of its valuable treasures — for it was a veritable museum of priceless works of art—perished. As it was, the booty actually captured was valued at £200,000. Among those who had endured the siege was Inigo Jones, the celebrated architect, then seventy-two years of age. It is pleasant to read that he was granted his liberty, though the poor old man was stripped of all his clothes before they released him. The heroic Marquis was com-

OLD BASING BRIDGE

The attractive bridge over the river Loddon, close to Basing.

mitted to the Tower, where the Marchioness was permitted to join him. Later on he was suffered to retire to France.

The fortifications were, by order of Parliament, 'slighted,' *i.e.* razed to the ground, and free permission granted to all who so desired to cart away brick and stone from the ruins. There is little save the actual ramparts, standing above ground to-day.

Nevertheless, what remains of Basing House—and there is still much to see—is full of interest; nor is this interest all engrossed by the great siege. For more than one historic house has been erected on this site, and the actual site, in the centre of an enormous early Celtic ring, is itself remarkable. Lord Bolton—the Boltons are a branch of the Paulet family—the present owner, has excavated the ruins, and religiously preserved everything of interest, and as you wander over them, even though it is difficult to form much idea of the siege details, you learn to appreciate more and more how it was possible for a place with such natural strength to hold out when valiantly defended, and how it chanced that some two thousand men fell in the trenches round it before it succumbed. In front of the gateway there are traces of brickwork later

than the general structure, evidently the demi-lune which we read was built when a petard of the enemy had blown in the gate. In the little museum hard by the minor details of the siege may be studied at leisure. The collection of relics preserved here will fully repay detailed examination. The Basing House of earlier days, too, demands some notice. Beyond the deep trench all round the great earth rampart are the ruins of the house where the first Marquis entertained the Queen, and in a corner of the wall overlooking the road is the well-known Columbarium, or dove-cote, of brick without and chalk within, with five hundred nests, and a curiously interesting revolving ladder by which to reach them, telling of the days when root-feeding for stock was unknown, when few beasts could be kept alive through the winter, and salted meat was the staple winter diet. Hence the manorial dove-cot—for none but the feudal lord might keep pigeons—was a prized possession, with the double advantage of providing birds for the lord's table, while the birds themselves fed freely on the tenants' crops.

Yet these latter, interesting as they may be, are at Basing but minor matters. The important memories are and must ever be those of the great

siege. And from the ramparts we can see other spots too, each of which has its special interest. Right in front, on Cowdray Down, where Basingstoke Workhouse now stands, were the besiegers' headquarters. Slaughter Close, by the canal bridge, tells its own tale. A chalk pit beyond the railway is still called Oliver's Delve. Basing Church, hard by, has still its signs to show of the desperate strife; that Loyalty House was a name with a meaning is everywhere apparent.

Wandering about these ruins, with recollections such as these, and with the thought of the

> Many souls of heroes hurried down to Hades

rising in one's mind, the question suggests itself, *Cui bono?* and that too all the more vividly when the insufficiency of the Stuarts as rulers is contrasted with the unhesitating and passionate loyalty which they aroused in their followers. Yet when the mist and smoke of controversy has passed away, and the turf has long since covered the graves of those on either side who gave their lives so freely for the cause they deemed just, one grand fact emerges. Here were Englishmen who saw their duty clearly, and having once seen that refused to see aught else. Colonel Boles, sword in hand,

resisting to the death in Alton pulpit; John, Marquis of Winchester, three years besieged in Basing House, were heroes, of no common mould. It is a stirring chapter that closes with the fall of Basing House, and it is one that we in Hampshire may tell and retell with pride.

CHAPTER X

GILBERT WHITE'S COUNTRY—THE MEON VALLEY—PORTCHESTER

THE eastern border of the county, where the chalk of Mid Hampshire passes into the outcrop of Lower Cretaceous and Wealden beds, is consecrated for all lovers of natural history by its memories of Gilbert White—White of Selborne. How wide is the circle of those who have never set foot within miles of this little old-world village, to whom the Hanger and the Plestor are as familiar and real almost as if they had dwelt within sight of them all their lives. That Gilbert White, the shy and retiring, should come to figure in after years as an 'immortal,' and Selborne, the secluded and out-of-the-world village, should become classic ground famous the whole world over, were eventualities never dreamed of by the naturalist, as he patiently and methodically noted the trivialities, as perhaps

his neighbours deemed them, of the little world of nature around him.

The interest of Selborne is not, however, all summed up in Gilbert White. It was a royal manor and had a church as early as Saxon times. Saxon Eadgyth, Edward the Confessor's queen, was in her lifetime lady of this manor, and after her it was held by William the Conqueror himself. The present church, old as it is, stands on the site of this still earlier building, and the ancient yew tree in the churchyard may quite well date from early Saxon days. Some have indeed assigned to it an age of something like twelve hundred years.

The surroundings of Selborne cannot be pictured better than in the quaint words of Gilbert White himself:

The high part to the south-west consists of a vast hill of chalk, rising three hundred feet above the village; and is divided into a sheep-down, the high wood, and a long hanging wood called the hanger. The cover of this eminence is altogether beech, the most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rind or bark, its glossy foliage, or graceful pendulous boughs. The down, or sheep-walk, is a pleasing park-like spot, of about one mile by half that space, jutting out on the verge of the hill-country, where it begins to break down into the plains, and commanding a very engaging view, being an assemblage of hill, dale, woodlands, heath and water. The prospect is bounded to the south-east and east by the vast range of mountains called the Sussex

DEER'S HUT INN, WOLMER FOREST

Formerly the red deer were a great feature of Wolmer Forest. The Deer's Hut, an old forest drinking-house, is now an Inn.

Downs; by Guild Down, near Guildford, and by the downs round Dorking and Ryegate in Surrey, to the north-east, which altogether, with the country round Alton and Farnham, form a noble and extensive outline.

Modern readers will smile at the "vast hill of chalk," and "the vast range of mountains," but no one will dispute the noble and extensive outline which the wide view commands.

To the east lies Wolmer Forest—the "*Wulfmæres gemære*" or 'Wolves' Marsh,' a name which preserves the remembrance of the wolves which long continued to linger here. North of it is Alice Holt wood, as it is absurdly called nowadays. Ayles Holt, or Ashes Holt, the grove or 'holt' of ash trees, is its earlier and proper title. Years ago all this was dense continuous woodland, extending right away beyond Alton, Odiham, and Silchester. Like the New Forest, Ayles Holt and Wolmer were royal forests, where King John and Edward I. hunted repeatedly. Lodge Hill, otherwise King John's Hill, at East Worldham, is traditionally pointed out as the site of King John's hunting-lodge, and during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the whole neighbourhood was notorious for its wild and lawless character.

This was peculiarly the case in Henry III.'s reign, when, indeed, no highways in the county were secure, not even those leading to Winchester itself, where the King held his court. The King's own goods even were plundered on the road, and a robbery of some Brabant merchants gave rise to a dramatic scene in the Great Hall of Winchester Castle. The King, hot in wrath as the Brabantines laid their complaint before him, summoned the bailiffs and chief citizens of Winchester and upbraided them bitterly, and then, his anger rising and becoming uncontrollable, fiercely shouted out that the castle gates should be shut and all present detained till the matter was fully sifted. Twelve leading citizens were there and then empanelled as a jury and ordered to make inquest and report upon the robbery. The jury deliberated, but pleaded inability to throw light on the matter. The plea availed them not. "Carry away those artful traitors, tie them and cast them into the dungeons below, and let me have twelve men of the city and neighbourhood who will tell me the truth," roared the King. The second jury, with the fear of death prompting them, had keener insight, and soon a wide and ramifying conspiracy was revealed. The guilty were hanged or

SHEET MILL, NEAR PETERSFIELD

Sheet is a hamlet adjoining Petersfield, on the upper course of the river Rother. The quaint old mill forms a pleasing and attractive picture.

SHEET MILL, NEAR PETERSFIELD

Sheet is a hamlet adjoining Petersfield, on the upper course of the river Rother. The quaint old mill forms a pleasing and attractive picture.

Wilfrid Ball

imprisoned, and the dangers of the highway for a time dispersed. When such things were possible under the very wall of the King's court and castle, freebooters in the eastern forest, which, so late even as Gilbert White's days, was "infamous for roads," levied blackmail on passing merchants at will and laughed royal warrants to scorn.

The festival time for these organised gangs of robbers was the early autumn, the time of the great Fair of St. Giles at Winchester. Everywhere along the high-roads the baggage trains of wealthy merchants, long lines of sumpter beasts laden with merchandise, were to be met with, and these were a goodly spoil for 'clerks of St. Nicholas,' who roamed invisible in the thick woodland. One spot between Alton and Farnham, on the high-road from London, was particularly unsafe. This was the '*Pass of Alton*,' as it was called, the spot close to Bentley and Froyle, where dense woodland fringed the road and skirted it on both sides. This particularly dangerous spot was patrolled during Fair-time by five mounted sergeants-at-arms, employed by the bailiffs of the Fair to keep the roads secure.

The most interesting local figure during this unrestful period was Sir Adam de Gurdon, Bailiff

of Alton, and Lord of the Manor of Selborne. During the miseries of Henry III.'s reign which culminated in the Barons' War, he had been a keen supporter of Simon de Montfort, and when de Montfort was overthrown and slain at Evesham in 1265 he refused to submit, held out tenaciously in the woods, and kept the 'Pass of Alton' against all comers. Finally, Prince Edward, it is said, encountered him in person, and a romantic story is told of how the Prince fought him in single combat, vanquished and then generously pardoned him. We read much of this turbulent person in the local records of the time, such as the records of Selborne Priory. In 1262 he obtains permission to have a domestic chapel at Selborne. Gilbert White relates that he inhabited Temple House, "the house called Temple." He died in 1305.

Long before that time, however, Edward I. had taken effectual measures to keep the highways open. He cleared the woodlands right away from the road, leaving a wide and uninterrupted expanse on either side. The Statute of Westminster of 1285 enjoined that highways leading from market town to market town should be enlarged

> where bushes, woods, or dykes be, so that there be neither dyke, tree, nor bush, whereby a man may lurk to do hurt,

within two hundred feet of the one side, and two hundred feet of the other,

though great trees, and more particularly ash trees, were excepted, as being too valuable to be thus indiscriminately grubbed up.

Selborne Priory, referred to above, had but a brief and inglorious history. Bishop Peter de Rupibus founded it in Henry III.'s reign. It was dissolved in 1484, and its endowments passed into the hands of Magdalen College, Oxford, in whose gift the vicarage of Selborne still remains.

One other item of note of this period is the interesting fact that Thomas Chaucer, eldest son of the poet, was Keeper of Wolmer Forest. He fought at Agincourt and was Sheriff of the county. He died in 1435.

Gilbert White was a native of Selborne, and was born at 'The Wakes' in 1720. He was educated at Basingstoke and at Oriel College, Oxford, of which latter he became Fellow. He was ordained in due course, but his tastes were all for retired observation, and he declined all preferment, preferring the secluded life at Selborne, keeping his diaries, noting with unfailing perseverance and wonderful accuracy of observation the natural history around him. Thus he became

unconsciously the father of that school of careful and methodical observation, the fruit of which we now enjoy in the great modern development of knowledge both of the forms and processes of life. To the men of his age Nature was merely a rough generalisation, a vaguely apprehended background to a picture, pleasing in its general effect, but of no detailed interest and importance. Thus while Goldsmith could write and Johnson could commend a *History of Animated Nature* in which it was gravely and seriously recorded that cows shed their horns annually, White was using his eyes, and recording what he actually saw with them—noting the first appearance of leaves in spring, the arrival and departure of summer and winter migrants, the appearances of sky and land, the variations in the soil. White's imperishable claim to recognition rests upon the fact that he was a pioneer in a field of research which it is not too much to say has added a sixth sense to man—the sense of Nature. A comparison of poets of the eighteenth century with Wordsworth and Tennyson will reveal in perhaps as striking a way as any, what the possession of this added sense implies.

Selborne is a rarely attractive village, with its deep lanes, those lanes worn by continual traffic

HEADLEY

One of the prettiest of Hampshire villages, just east of Wolmer Forest.

far below the level of the adjoining lands, in spring a mass of primroses, in early summer of ferns, wild strawberries, and dog-rose, with the white tower of the church and the steep slopes of the hanger over it. On the walls of the church within are tablets to the White family, and an inscription records the burial in the churchyard without in "the fifth grave from this wall" of the remains of "the Rev. Gilbert White, M.A., fifty years Fellow of Oriel College, in Oxford, and Historian of his native parish." There, outside the church,

> Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap

you will find the fifth grave.

G. W.
26 June
1793

is all that there is upon the stone to mark it. The great yew in the churchyard is there just as it was in White's time; its body, as he tells us, is

> short, squat, and thick, and measures twenty-three feet in the girth, supporting a head of suitable extent to its bulk. This is a male tree which in the spring sheds clouds of dust and fills the atmosphere around with farina.

The Plestor is hard by.

> In the centre of the village and near the church is a square piece of ground surrounded by houses and vulgarly called the Plestor.

This well-known spot was a gift made in 1271 by our old friend Sir Adam de Gurdon to the Priors of Selborne. He released by deed of gift

> to Peter the Prior of Selborne and the convent there in free alms all his right to a place called la Pleystowe in Seleburne to hold there their market which they have by gift of King Henry and to build houses and shops upon it,

subject to certain rights of way, which Adam de Gurdon retained. Adam de Gurdon and Gilbert White are a strange contrast, meeting thus as it were on "la Pleystowe in Seleburne."

The village life of the day in all its phases is brought back to us in White's graphic pages. He describes the great oak which had formerly occupied the Plestor, but which was blown down in the great tempest of 1703. He makes careful calculations as to the cost of the villagers' rushlights. A less pleasing picture—a picture of village superstition and ignorance—is conjured up in his account of the 'shrew ash,' "a very grotesque pollard ash which for ages had been looked on with no small veneration as a shrew ash." The little shrew mouse was regarded as exercising a malign influence on horse, and cow, and sheep, and to counteract this an unfortunate shrew mouse was placed alive in a

BRAMSHOTT

An extensive parish, on the Wey, in the beautiful eastern district of the county. Close to Bramshott are Wakener's Wells—three small lakes along the watercourse known as Cooper's Stream. There is delightful scenery all round the "Wells."

hole bored in the tree, and there imprisoned till it died. The vicar destroyed the tree, as encouraging superstition and cruelty—a courageous action deeply resented by the villagers of the time.

Selborne Hanger is there still, much as it was in White's own day, but Wolmer Forest has changed. Then it was treeless. The Royal Forest of Wolmer consisted entirely "of sand covered with heath and fern, without having one standing tree in the whole extent."

Formerly it had been a great haunt for the red deer. But the deer were a dangerous temptation to poachers and deer-stealers. The 'Waltham blacks' had reduced their numbers so much that some thirty years before, the Duke of Cumberland, warden of the forest, had ordered their removal to Windsor. The deer, in fact, were a source of great demoralisation. It was at this very period, and for this reason, that Bishop Hoadley refused to restock Waltham Chace with deer. "They had done mischief enough already," he said.

Wolmer Pond, or Wolmer Mere, is much diminished since White's time. One looks in vain now for the "vast lake, containing in its whole circumference 2649 yards or very nearly a mile and a half." On this lake secure from fowlers

there used to "lie all day long in the winter season, vast flocks of ducks, teals, and widgeons." White is strangely fond of the word 'vast.' Perhaps the great growth of fir-trees since White's time is responsible for the drying up of the 'Wulfmæres gemære.'

Eastward of Selborne are Bramshott and Liphook, with Frensham and Headley hard by, and Hindhead just beyond the county border. Beautiful country all this is. The most interesting scenery centres round Wakener's Wells—or Waggoner's Wells, as the curious habit of local association prefers to have it. They are three small lakes made by draining the upper reaches of the little river Wey, known locally as Cooper's Stream. The paths round the 'Wells' have become by continued use practically public. An unsuccessful attempt to close them a few years ago evoked much opposition, and some three hundred people assembled one Sunday morning and removed the offending barriers. The history of the manor of Bramshott has been told by Mr Capes, in his *Rural Life in Hampshire.*

Lower down along the Wey is Headley, and near Bramshott also is Hammer, with its ancient ironworks, and remains of its hammer pond.

NEAR LIPHOOK

Liphook lies some two miles south of Bramshott, on the Petersfield road. The country all around is hard to equal anywhere in Hampshire. Near Liphook is Queen Anne's Bank, where Queen Anne sat to witness a drive of some five hundred red deer. "The Anchor" on the Portsmouth road is a famous hostelry.

The name is probably derived from the wooden hammers, formed of tree-trunks, and used to drive by impact the molten metal out of the slag. These hammers were set in motion by falling water, from the head of a large dammed-up pond along the stream. The bed of the pond is now a meadow, though part of the bank remains. All the neighbourhood is rich in iron ore of excellent quality, and these hammer ponds and ironworks were a common feature over this Wealden country in mediæval times, until all the timber was felled and the industry ceased for lack of fuel to smelt the ore.

The great road from Portsmouth to London skirts this district, and recollections of the Old Road form almost a chapter in themselves. Along this road is Liphook, which fifty years ago was but a tiny hamlet. The chief interest of Liphook centres in the 'Anchor Inn,' a famous old-world hostelry which has entertained sovereigns and notable people ever since Stuart times. Mr. Pepys alludes to it in his *Diary*. Among great guests at the 'Anchor' were Queen Anne, Princess Victoria before she became Queen, and Blücher of Waterloo fame. Part of the dinner service which Queen Anne is said to have used is

still treasured by a former landlord of the 'Anchor.' Not far away in Wolmer Forest is 'Queen Anne's Bank.' Here, as Gilbert White tells us, the Queen rested on the bank while a herd of five hundred red deer were driven along the valley for her to see—doubtless a fine sight. In the same district an old forest drinking-house, the Deer's Hut, survives as a public-house. Some seven miles of beautiful country separates Liphook from Petersfield, a pleasant country town, with a statue of William of Orange in the market square. Petersfield has memories of Stuart times—of Mr Pepys and his friends baiting here during his journeys to Portsmouth, and of his companion and himself on one occasion playing here with their wives "at bowles." Petersfield suffered severely from the great plague. Curiously enough, every house on one side of the main street was infected and shut up, while the other side was entirely free.

Petersfield lies surrounded by hop lands and hills—the range of the South Downs, with Butser Hill as the dominating point, passes by it some three miles to the south. These South Down heights form some of the finest scenery in Hampshire—wild, rugged, open and billowy. It is a fine tramp right along the ridge from Sussex by

DROXFORD MILL, ON THE MEON

The river Meon is full of beauty as it flows through Droxford. A short cut from Droxford Station to the village skirts the river as it flows down to the picturesque old wooden mill. Below the mill is the church, ancient and interesting, as all the Meon Valley churches are.

Buriton and Butser on to Old Winchester Hill, dominating the Meon Valley. And here we are on historic soil again, for the Meon Valley—in its way as attractive as any part of the county, its sunny climate, rich soil, its wealth of flowers, and with the delightful little Meon winding down between the hills on either side—has associations almost as old as any part of the land. We have already mentioned the Meon Wara, the Jutish people who settled here, as Bede tells, much about the time that Cerdic and the West Saxons landed and settled along the Itchen Valley. A year or so ago a Jutish burial-ground was actually unearthed during excavations for the railway, near Droxford. The finds, some of them of extreme interest, are for the most part in the British Museum, but a portion of them may be seen in that of Winchester.

A special feature of this Meon land is its series of deeply interesting old churches. Of these Corhampton is perhaps the best known and one of the most interesting. The projecting stone ribs or pilaster strips, so characteristic of Saxon work, and the Saxon chancel and nave are all in excellent preservation. In the chancel is a remarkable stone seat—very possibly a sanctuary seat—and

on the exterior wall a Saxon sun-dial. Outside the church door is a venerable yew.

Warnford Church, standing almost hidden behind the trees in Warnford Park, has associations full as ancient as any church in the county, for, as an inscription above the porch records, its founder was none other than the great St. Wilfrid —Wilfrid, Bishop of York, the stormy petrel of early Saxon Christianity, the vicissitudes of whose eventful life brought him to Sussex, and who evangelised the South Saxons, the Meon Wara, and the Jutes in the Isle of Wight.

The inscription is not quite clear, but amplified appears to read thus:

Fratres, orate,
Prece vestra sanctificate
Templi factores,
Seniores ac juniores.
Wilfrid fundavit,
Bonus Adam renovavit,

which may be freely rendered:

Brethren, chant in pious strain
Benison on founders twain:
First at Wilfrid's hand I grew,
Adam builded me anew.

The Adam referred to is Adam de Port, notable in his day as Lord of Basing.

WICKHAM, MEON VALLEY

A village in picturesque country in the Meon Valley. Its main feature is its broad open square. William of Wykeham, the famous Bishop, "Pious Founder," and Architect of Edward III.'s and Richard II.'s reigns, was born here.

There is another interesting inscription on the other side of the church also.

The de Ports were perhaps the leading Hampshire feudatories in Norman and Plantagenet days, and 'King John's House,' as it is called, the interesting old ruin close to the church, is an amusing and instructive instance of the untrustworthiness of unverified local tradition. The estate passed from the de Ports to the St John family, and ignorant corruption of the latter name has given rise to the quite misleading ascription to King John.

East Meon has a carved black stone font—one of the rare series, of which examples are found at Winchester and St. May Bourne. The story of Adam and Eve forms the subject of the carvings.

There is much to see and much to interest in all this neighbourhood—on the one hand is Bishop's Waltham, with the ruins of its episcopal palace, where William of Wykeham died. On the other hand is Hambledon, with Broad-halfpenny Down, and its memories of the Hambledon Club, the veritable nursery of English cricket.

Hambledon lies some miles south-east of Soberton—Soberton (locally, *Subberton*), whose church tower was built by a butler and a dairy-

maid — and some two miles from it is Broad-halfpenny Down, where the earlier Hambledon matches were played, and where Richard Nyren, the historian of the Club, lived at the little inn still standing where the cross-roads meet, the "Bat and Ball," and where he catered for visitors in the palmy days of Hambledon cricket. No one would contend that cricket was invented at Hambledon, and Nyren himself learnt his cricket in Sussex from Newland, one of the earliest names in cricket annals. But Nyren made Hambledon Club, and it was at Hambledon that cricket developed into the serious, scientific game which alone we should nowadays care to dignify by the name, and it was at Hambledon that it first rose to first-class excellence. Brave days they were, too—when two stumps, not three, made a wicket; when runs were notched and hits run out. Fancy running out a hit for ten on a county ground nowadays, as Noah Mann did in those old Hambledon days, before the boundary hit and the perfect 'marl cured' wicket were invented, and before players and spectactors alike had learned to dread the long-drawn-out agony of the scientific stone-wall innings. Quaint, too, was the figure the players cut, in silk stockings and breeches—for the

HAMBLEDON, THE NURSERY OF ENGLISH CRICKET

Hambledon village is rather difficult of access; it is some eight miles from Havant, Cosham, Fareham, and Bishop's Waltham stations, and five or six from Droxford, on the Meon Valley line. Picturesquely situated in a kind of defile, flanked with patches of fine timber, it is a pleasant village, and has a picturesque old church. Hambledon was the nursery of English cricket. The old Hambledon Club (*circa* 1750 to 1787) usually played on Broad-halfpenny Down, some two miles away. Close to Broad-halfpenny is the old Bat and Ball Inn, where Richard Nyren the great cricketer lived. The Inn does only a very humble trade now, nor does it boast any memorials, or a portrait even, of the famous Nyren. A stone memorial commemorating the palmy days of Hambledon cricket was erected at Broad-halfpenny in 1908.

easy and graceful present garb is comparatively a modern invention. The first recorded match of the Old Hambledon Club dates from 1772 and took place on Broad-halfpenny—later on Stoke (or Wind mill) Down was the scene of these encounters. Then it was that Hambledon could meet all England and beat them handsomely, as they did in 1777, by an innings and 168 runs.

The score of this match is worth recording in full.

ALL ENGLAND

Duke of Dorset *b.* Brett.	0	*c.* Lord Tankerville . .	5
Lumpy *b.* Brett . . .	1	not out	2
Wood *b.* Brett. . . .	1	*b.* Nyren	1
White *c.* Veck	8	run out	10
Miller *c.* Small. . . .	27	*b.* Brett	23
Minchin not out . . .	60	*b.* Taylor	12
Bowra *b.* Brett . . .	2	*b.* Taylor	4
Bullen *b.* Lord Tankerville	13	*b.* Nyren	2
Booker *c.* Brett . . .	8	*b.* Brett	2
Yalden *c.* Small . . .	6	*c.* Nyren	8
Pattenden *b.* Brett . .	38	*c.* Brett	0
Byes	2	Byes	0
Total	166	Total	69

HAMBLEDON

Lord Tankerville *b.* Wood	3
Lear *b.* Wood, ...	7
Veck *b.* Lumpy	16

Small *c.* White	33
Francis *c.* Wood	26
Nyren *b.* Lumpy	37
Sueter *b.* Wood	46
Taylor *c.* Bullen	32
Aburrow *c.* Minchin	22
Aylward *b.* Bullen	167
Brett not out	19
Byes	5
Total	413

A veritable Waterloo for England—18th June was the date of that memorable match. 1908 has seen the great match revived after a lapse of over a century, and on 12th September a great concourse of perhaps five thousand people witnessed this memorable revival, on which occasion a large obelisk of grey Cornish granite was unveiled on Broad-halfpenny as a memorial of this cradle of the English national game. Interesting such a memorial must be to all lovers of cricket, and especially to Hampshire men, yet it is a warning as much as a memorial, for, after all, it was the professional spirit that ruined old Hambledon cricket as it has ruined so much sport elsewhere. Old Hambledon Club was dissolved in 1791.

Near the mouth of the Meon is Titchfield, where once stood the House of White Canons, the

PORTCHESTER

Portchester — the Roman *Portus Magnus* — has been from earliest times a settlement and "war port" at the head of Portsmouth Harbour. The village is dominated by the great square keep, built in Henry I.'s reign, the magnificent outer defences of which, still complete, date from Roman times, and enclose an area of nine acres. Within the castle precincts is Portchester Church, a glorious Norman church, largely untouched, formerly the church of Portchester Priory. As the harbour silted up, docks were constructed on Portsea Island, nearer the harbour mouth, and here the newer town Portsmouth grew, while Portchester was gradually abandoned. In the days of the Napoleonic wars some 6000 French (and Spanish) prisoners of war were immured here in the keep.

Porchester

Premonstratensian Abbey, founded by Peter de Rupibus. It was dissolved in 1537, and became the spoil, as did so many other religious houses, of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, the notorious wrecker of abbeys and 'snapper-up of unconsidered trifles' of church property. Shakespeare's Earl of Southampton, the reputed hero of the Sonnets, lived here, in the house built by Thomas Wriothesley, the first earl, on the Abbey site. It was from Titchfield that Charles I. was taken to Carisbrooke by Colonel Hammond.

Hard by Titchfield is the head of Portsmouth Harbour, with Fareham and old-world Portchester—the *Portus Magnus* of the Romans. The Castle is a noble ruin; the Norman keep dates from Henry I.'s reign, but the outer defences are of much earlier date, and in their rounded towers and thick rough masonry recall the Roman builders who first erected them. Here, besides building the Norman keep, Henry I. founded an Augustinian Priory. Portchester Church was originally the Chapel of this Priory. It has magnificent Norman work, largely untouched, and a fine Norman font.

Portchester, formerly a busy spot, a fortress and a seaport, is now little save a memory of the past. Yet by the wide, sad stretch of inland water,

mud and ooze and flapping water-weed, Portchester ruins still keep solemn watch, like some ghost of bygone ages guarding the scene of former achievements. The upper reaches of the harbour have been steadily becoming silted up, and from Portchester greatness and activity have long passed away; even her last active memory, that of poor French prisoners cooped up in her castle in Napoleonic days, is a memory of pathetic regret. The tide of ocean sweeps out and leaves those great flat reaches bare, forlorn, desolate and abandoned, a type of that even more relentless tide of circumstance which has swept by Portchester and left her here, rarely picturesque indeed, but otherwise all but unnoticed and forgotten.

LANGSTONE HARBOUR

The extensive shallow land-locked water lying behind Portsea and Hayling Islands, at low water a long stretch of bare mud-flats. A fine view over Langstone Harbour can be obtained from Portsdown, just above Cosham.

CHAPTER XI

PORTSMOUTH

To describe Portsmouth adequately would be to write the history of the British Navy. Go where you will in Portsmouth and the Navy confronts you at almost every turn—not merely in the Harbour, the Dockyard, the old *Victory*, the Garrison Church, but even on Southsea Beach among the trippers; and not only so, but in the historical memories also, and in the rich mine of literary association which Portsmouth possesses, it is just the same, it is the Navy first and the Navy always. And this is as it should be. Portsmouth and the Navy are rightly inseparable, even if not interchangeable terms.

At first sight Portsmouth impresses one, however, most vividly with a sense of incompleteness; it seems to be merely an afterthought; there is no plan, no unity. And this is, in point of fact,

what Portsmouth actually is—the outcome of accidental circumstances rather than of any settled plan or purpose.

Since the very earliest times of our history, from the period of the first Roman invaders, and the days of the legendary Port, whom the Chronicle records as landing here in 501—when he slew a young antagonist of high British rank—down to days of Plantagenet and Tudor Kings and right down to our own day, the safe harbourage, the convenient flats and islands dotted within it, have made Portsmouth Harbour a natural centre of naval activity, and bit by bit Portsmouth pieced itself together. Portsmouth in fact was never built; like Topsy, it 'growed.' There is history and plenty in and around these waters--and old, too, very old. But the old history does not belong to Portsmouth. Portchester, on the northern edge of the harbour, has practically all the really old-world associations. Portchester was the original naval base of Roman and Saxon and early Norman days. When those who went down to the sea in ships, from King John's time onward, required vessels of greater draught than the galleys of Aulus Plautius and the 'keels' of Hengist and Horsa, Portchester was gradually abandoned and Portsmouth 'growed.'

FAREHAM TIDAL MILL

Fareham, a busy little town, on the Upper reaches of Portsmouth Harbour. The waterside is interesting, and quite considerable vessels can come right up at high tide. The Mill is a characteristic and attractive feature.

Portsmouth bears this appearance everywhere. You pass along the streets always wondering where Portsmouth proper is going to begin; but it never does—there is no definite beginning, no plan. Portsmouth is an afterthought, and something else also—a compromise, and as such peculiarly British. For just as Portsmouth 'growed,' so also have Portsea, Landport, and Southsea 'growed' as well; so too has Gosport, across the halfpenny ferry. These five towns are in reality one, though Gosport does not rank, as she is in the Administrative County of Southampton merely, and the other four form the County Borough of Portsmouth—though the 'Jews' here have frequent dealings with the 'Samaritans,' with the halfpenny ferry as intermediary.

Portsmouth is usually spoken of as unattractive, and lacking in the picturesque. You might easily gather this impression, even in spite of the magnificent Town Hall, if you arrived at the Town Station, and wandered off at once up Commercial Road to look for Charles Dickens's birthplace, or were whisked off in one of the splendidly equipped trams through the dull narrow streets Eastney way. But that would be because you were hunting for the unattractive, and you would certainly

be as successful in Portsmouth, as in a good many other places, if you were looking for that.

To understand and appreciate Portsmouth it should be approached in quite other fashion—from the sea. A Ryde steamer serves very well for this purpose, but to approach Portsmouth in a sailing-boat from Southampton Water is better still. As you round the point, the town with its towers, spires, and long sea-walls lies spread out before you. The waters are alive with craft, large and small, active vicious-looking tugs, little fussy launches, and 'Pickford' steamers, coasting ketches and brown-sailed smacks, and away beyond the Spit Forts on the right some three or four dull grey ironclads, looming huge and sombre far out in the Channel. On the left, the sea is lip-lipping monotonously on the long flat stone sea-wall in front of Haslar, white-winged gulls are wheeling and circling round in every direction, and the red brick and white stonework of forts, houses, churches, and shore defences lie directly in front. Seen in this way, with sunlight upon it and the sea in front, Portsmouth presents a panorama hard indeed to equal. As you draw nearer, you see on your left, over the Block House Fort, the masts and rigging of the glorious old *Victory*

PORTSMOUTH FROM GOSPORT

Portsmouth Harbour as seen from the Gosport side is full of life and interest. In front of you lies the *Victory*, and Point Battery and the Dockyard lie just opposite. St. Thomas's Church with its domed tower is one of the most characteristic features in all views of the town from the seaward side.

with the St. George's Flag—inspiriting sight—at the main. Beyond this comes the forest of masts in the dockyard and upper harbour reaches, then Point Battery, then St. Thomas's Church with its characteristic square tower and its dome, and then Southsea Common, and behind all and dominating the whole, the fine and lofty clock-tower of the Town Hall. Portsmouth has no apologies to make for her appearance; she can challenge comparison with absolute confidence.

The actual Portsmouth history seems to begin with King John. In Henry VIII.'s reign the town was already established as an important naval centre. Leland, who visited it in this reign, has left a detailed description which is still full of interest. He says (the spelling is modernised):

> The land here, on the east side of Portsmouth Haven, runneth farther by a great way straight into the sea, by south-east from the Haven mouth, than it does at the west point. There is at this point of the Haven, Portsmouth Town and a great round tower, almost double in quantity and strength to that that is on the west side of the Haven right against it; and here is a great chain of iron to draw from tower to tower. About a quarter of a mile above this tower is a great dock for ships, and in this dock lie part of the ribs of the *Henri Grace de Dieu*, one of the biggest ships that has been made *in hominum memoria.*
>
> The town of Portsmouth is measured from the east tower

a furrow length, with a mud wall armed with timber, whereon lie pieces of iron and brass ordnance. There is a gate of timber at the north-east of the town. . . . There is much vacant ground within the town wall. There is one fair street in the town from west to north-east. I learned in the town that the towers in the haven mouth were begun in King Edward the Fourth's time, and set forth in building by Richard III. King Henry the Eighth ended them by procuration of Fox, Bishop of Winchester. King Henry VIII. at his first wars into France erected in the south part of the town seven great brewing-houses, to serve his ships at such time as they should go to the sea in time of war. . . . The town is bare and little occupied in time of peace.

Thus we have much of Portsmouth's earlier history unfolded. In Tudor days it is a naval centre purely and simply, and an active one, too, in time of war. The harbour-mouth is guarded by a strong iron chain by way of boom, and the reference to the seven great brewing-houses reminds us that the British sailor learnt to fight on beer before he learnt to fight upon grog.

Henry VIII.'s reign marks, indeed, an important naval development, of which the whole Hampshire coast, as well as Portsmouth, bears traces still. Calshot Castle, at the mouth of Southampton Water, and Hurst Castle down the Solent were built by Henry VIII. also at this same period, while Netley Castle was 'adapted,' from the

spoils of the Cistercian monasteries at Netley and Beaulieu, and these remain, along with the sea defences of Portsmouth, a living witness of the stirring days Portsmouth then experienced. For those defences were apt to be tested, and that in rude fashion. French vessels made frequent attacks, and twice indeed they burnt the town. Henry VIII.'s reign witnessed a great sea fight at Spithead, where a French fleet made a descent in force and engaged the English fleet. This was the occasion of the loss of the famous *Mary Rose*, the great English flagship, which sank owing to the heedlessness of her crew through leaving her port-holes open. The King himself had recently been aboard her—in fact, he had quitted her decks only a very short time before she sank.

The incident is related graphically in the diary of an eye-witness, Sir Peter Carew :

> The Kinge, being at dynner, willed some one to goe up to the topp and see whether he could see anything at the seas. The word was no sooner spoken than Peter Carew was as forwarde, and fortwith clymyth up to the top of the shippe, and there sitting, the Kinge asked of hyme what news? who told hyme that he had sight of three or foure shippes, but as yet he thought they were merchauntes; but yet he was not longe but he had ascryed a greate number, and then he called out to the Kinge that there was, as he thought, a fleete of men-of-warre.

The King then tooke his boats and rowed to the lande, and every captain went unto his shippe appoynted unto hyme. Sir Gawen Carew then being entered into his shippe, commanded every man to take his place and the sayles to be hoysted, but the same was no sooner done than the *Mary Rose* beganne to heele, that is to leane on the one side. Sir George Carew being then in his own shippe and seeinge the same, called for the master of his shippe and told him thereof, and asked what it should mean; who made answer that if she did heele she was lyke to be caste away. Then the said Sir George, passing by the *Mary Rose*, called out to Sir Gawen, asking hyme howe he did; who answered that he had a sorte of waves whom he could not rule. And it was not longe after that the sayde *Mary Rose* thus heelinge more and more was drowned with seven hundred men.

This sinking of the *Mary Rose* is used effectively by Kingsley in *Westward Ho!* where old Martin Cockrem describes the incident to Amyas. He had seen Bluff King Hal, and that, too, under unusual circumstances.

"And I've seed mun do what few has; I've seed mun christle like any child. . . .

"I seed mun christle . . . and the cry of mun, and the screech of mun! Oh, sir, up to the very heavens! And the king he screeched out like any maid, 'Oh my gentlemen, oh my gallant men!' and as she lay on her beam-ends, sir, and just a-settling, the very last souls I seen was that man's father [*Sir George Carew's*], and that man's [*Sir Richard Grenvile's*] . . . (pointing to them as he spoke).

"Iss! Iss! Drowned like rattens. Drowned like rattens!"

Apart from the tragedy of the *Mary Rose*,

the sea fight, though it lasted two days, was not specially distinguished on either side. One large Frenchman stranded, and was beached at Brading, and so became English spoil. The French finally drew off, having effected nothing.

Two hundred years later these waters were to witness an almost identical tragedy, the loss of the *Royal George*. She heeled over with the weight of her guns, her port-holes being open, and she sank almost on the very same spot with Admiral Kempenfeldt and twice four hundred men. It is impossible to recall these tragedies without a thought of great disasters in quite recent times—of the *Eurydice*, off Sandown; of *Submarine A*, off the Warner; and of the *Tiger* and the *Gladiator* so recently as 1908, not indeed on the same spot, but only a comparatively few miles from where the *Mary Rose* and the *Royal George* met their fate.

In Stuart times Portsmouth comes much into notice. We have memories of Charles I. and of the great Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, we have the Civil War, and the reign of the Merrie Monarch all contributing their quota to the already rich treasure-shrine of Portsmouth history.

It was at Portsmouth that Prince Charles and

Villiers, "Baby Charles and Dog Steenie" as the doting James I. loved to call them, landed in 1623 after their ignominious visit to Spain, whither Baby Charles had gone 'a-wooing,' as a medallion at the end of High Street records; but more important is the memory of the tragedy of the ill-fated expedition for the relief of La Rochelle and the assassination of Buckingham. Buckingham's murderer was John Felton, lieutenant of foot, whose pay was in arrears, and who had been disappointed at not gaining promotion. The house where the murder took place is now No. 10 High Street. Buckingham was standing in the hall when Felton stabbed him with a knife. The wound was mortal. Felton made no attempt to escape, but avowed the deed. He was hanged at Tyburn and gibbeted at Southsea Common, as an obelisk erected on the spot records.

The motive of the murderer does not seem to have been merely revenge. Felton was a fanatic, soured indeed by disappointment, but he had persuaded himself that Buckingham's removal was a public duty. Dumas, taking unpardonable liberties with history, has used the incident with great effect and skill in his *Three Musketeers*. A medallion over Buckingham House—as the scene

of the murder is now called—records alike the tragedy and the spot where it occurred.

During the Civil War, Portsmouth sustained a notable siege, notable for its results rather than for its duration. For it was here, as we have seen, that hostilities first commenced. Before any other overt act had been committed, in fact before the King's plans had been matured, Colonel Goring, a man of dubious repute, seized Portsmouth for the King. The place was at once invested by Sir William Waller, and soon afterwards surrendered. Honourable conditions were accorded to the garrison, as Goring had threatened otherwise to blow up the town with 1400 barrels of gunpowder which he had in the magazine. This action of Goring's at Portsmouth precipitated the King's plans, and made it necessary for him largely to reconsider them. The capture of Portsmouth, Clarendon informs us, "struck the King to the very heart."

During the Merrie Monarch's reign, Mr. Pepys, fussy, garrulous, and complacent, is our chief source of information. He is much in evidence, travelling hither on Admiralty business, with an eye to himself, however, and much quaint and characteristic comment. He inspects the scene of Buckingham's

murder with great interest. In April 1662 he travels here—he "lays at Wiard's the chirurgeon's in Portsmouth; his wife a very pretty woman." He drinks so many healths that he is troubled in his eyes, but it is a festival time, for the loyal town is awaiting the arrival of the King's bride, Catherine of Braganza. He forms one "in the crowde of gallants to inspect the lodgings prepared for the Queen." He visits the Mayor, who "showed us the present they have for the Queen, which is a salt-cellar of silver, the walls christall, with four eagles and four greyhounds standing at the top to bear up a dish—one of the neatest pieces of plate that ever I saw." Charles II.'s marriage with Catherine of Braganza was solemnised at the Garrison Church on May 21, 1662. It is a pity that Mr. Pepys was not at Portsmouth then, he would have given us interesting details. He left unfortunately before the Queen's vessel arrived, but before doing so he was admitted to the burgess roll, which cost him "a piece in gold to the Town Clerke, and ten shillings to the Bayliffes," and he spent five shillings also drinking more healths.

It was an incident at Portsmouth which gave rise to the saying, "Queen Anne is dead," a saying which every one knows, but few know the

origin of. Towards the end of Queen Anne's reign the governor of Portsmouth was Sir John Gibson, outwardly loyal but strongly suspected of pronounced Jacobite leanings. The period of the Queen's last illness was one of plot and intrigue, and the hopes of the Jacobites rose high, as every reader of Thackeray's *Esmond* will remember. It was during these days of unrest and nervous tension that a young Londoner, Carter by name, had determined to seek his fortune in Portsmouth, and he left London on foot just as the Queen's death had been announced, amid the tolling of bells and with the proclamation of the new King, George I., ringing in his ears. Out of London all was uncertainty, and the public mind was disturbed and uneasy. When, therefore, the stranger arrived at Portsmouth and was questioned by the sentinels guarding the drawbridge, his story aroused suspicion. The governor was furious at what he believed to be a seditious report, and by his orders Carter was arrested. But the matter could not remain long in doubt; an official messenger arrived soon after, riding hard, and the governor was forced both to release the prisoner and to acquiesce with what grace he could in what had now become *un fait accompli.*

The story of Carter's arrest and of the governor's chagrin soon spread abroad. Gibson was very unpopular, and the citizens, shrewdly suspecting that the governor's hopes and plans had been entirely frustrated, revenged themselves on him by asking one another ostentatiously, and in his presence, "Pray can you tell me if Queen Anne is dead?"

The next reign saw the pitiful tragedy of Admiral Byng, brought to Portsmouth and condemned to death for what at its very worst was but an error of judgment. Byng was a brave man, who in surrendering Minorca had but done, as he conceived, his duty. But public fury was aroused, he was tried for cowardice by court-martial, sentenced to death, and shot on March 14, 1757—'*pour encourager les autres*,' in Voltaire's phrase, now historic.

All round Point, and Broad Street, and High Street interest centres thickly. At Point is the Star and Garter, a little farther on is the Blue Posts, and in High Street the George. These are famous spots, redolent to a rare degree of history and of literary tradition alike. What shades of Marryat, of Peter Simple and Frank Mildmay, of captains, admirals, and middies are

conjured up here! The Blue Posts was the favourite haunt of the middies; the original was burnt down years ago, and the present Blue Posts is merely the successor of Marryat's historic house. Who does not remember Peter Simple and the rhyme—

> This is the Blue Postesses,
> Where midshipmen leave their chestesses,
> Call for tea and toastesses,
> And forget to pay for their breakfastesses;

or, again, Frank Mildmay's captain, Captain G——, who was so soft-spoken and who proved such a tartar? He was too mean to meet his brother captains at mess or stay where they did. Accordingly, "he did not live at the George, nor did he mess at the Crown; he was not at the Fountain, nor the Parade Coffee-house; and the Blue Posts ignored him; but he was to be heard of at the Star and Garter on the top of Portsmouth Point." Here, while the other captains were sipping their claret sociably at the George or the Crown, he sat and drank his glass of grog alone. The George was the resort of all the naval aristocracy; here Nelson spent his last few hours ashore before embarking for the Trafalgar expedition, September 14, 1805. Yet the Star and Garter

has unequalled memories too, besides those of Captain G——. Here a distinguished company of admirals have been entertained—Nelson, Howe, Keppel, and others; the table at which these heroes have sat is still shown and treasured here. And others too have left memories at the Star and Garter—Sir John Franklin, Louis Philippe, Dickens, and Thackeray. There is a Nelson room, too, in which Nelson slept. The Star and Garter and Point are in very deed historic spots.

Not far away is the Sally Port. Its story is recorded in the inscription upon it:

THE OLD SALLY PORT.
FROM THIS PLACE NAVAL
HEROES INNUMERABLE
HAVE EMBARKED TO FIGHT
THEIR COUNTRY'S BATTLES.
NEAR THIS SPOT
CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA
LANDED IN STATE, MAY 14, 1662,
PREVIOUS TO HER MARRIAGE WITH
CHARLES II. AT THE DOMUS DEI
A WEEK LATER.

Nelson did not embark for his last expedition from the Sally Port, as is popularly supposed. He took boat for the *Victory* from Southsea Beach, near the spot where the *Victory's* anchor now stands.

The scene was a memorable one; the people thronged him as he passed along, down Penny Street, and then by Southsea Common. They pressed upon him to shake his hand—he had but one. "I wish I had two hands," he cried, "then I could accommodate more of you." At Southsea Beach he embarked, followed even into the water by his admirers, so warm were their hearts who pressed upon him. A bare six weeks elapsed and that brave heart beat no more, and it was Nelson's body only that returned to Portsmouth, for burial in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Nelson's memory remains, however, to hallow Portsmouth for all time, as does also Nelson's flagship, the *Victory*. Right out in the harbour, opposite the dockyard, she lies. Beside her till lately stood the *St. Vincent* training-ship; she was a picturesque sight too, and added to the interest of the *Victory*. Now the *Victory* stands alone. Times have changed upon the seas since she was first settled at her moorings. What a contrast between the *Indomitable*, which recently was here, lying off the quayside, and the great wooden castle of the *Victory*, with its tall masts, its triple row of portholes, its picturesque stern. And what would one give to be able to have

beside her the *Mary Rose*, or the *Henrie Grace de Dieu* of earlier days still. We cannot look at the *Victory* unmoved. "Here Nelson died," is the inscription in the dark little cockpit where he breathed his last.

From the *Victory* to the gun wharf is a natural transition; and what a rare place the gun wharf is—it too is a history in itself. Here for instance is a gun from the *Mary Rose*, there one from the *Royal George*. There is a "Shakespeare's Head" in Bishop's Street, not far from the Town Station. This preserves the memory, not of the poet, but of the builder of the old gun wharf. Arms and accoutrements of every kind bestrew the wharf. Anywhere but in Portsmouth it would be attraction sufficient in itself, here it is but a mere incident.

We cannot linger over the Museum, but it is a place to linger in. Portsmouth memories here crowd upon us—of charters and of French raids, of French prisoners of war, of desperadoes, and of pirates. Among curious relics here is a tobacco-stopper made from a pirate's finger. Portsmouth Museum should certainly be visited.

The Garrison Church, not far off, was formerly the Domus Dei founded by Peter de Rupibus,

"the Hospital of St. Nicolas of Portsmouth, vulgarly called Goddes hous." Suppressed at the time of the Dissolution, the present Garrison Church is practically now all that remains. Here, as already mentioned, the marriage of Charles II. with Catherine of Braganza was celebrated. Many heroes are buried in it, and those whose names are preserved within it are again a history in themselves—but in Portsmouth it is unsafe to linger.

The Hard, too, is classic ground. It is not particularly picturesque, it is certainly smelly. The mudlarks flourish here, as Marryat tells us they did at Greenwich in the days of Poor Jack, grubbing for pence in the foul black mud. Shakespeare the dramatist characterised gathering samphire as a 'dreadful trade.' Had he been able to consult Shakespeare the gun wharf contractor, who was almost a contemporary of his, he might have included the mudlark's occupation in the same category. The hideous railway bridge deprives the Hard of any romantic appearance which it might otherwise possess. In the days when Marryat's Vanslyperken was obliged to act as involuntary host to Moggy Salisbury and a select group of Portsmouth "ladies" in a small public on

the "Hard," its aspect might have been romantic enough, though possibly it was even more unprepossessing then than it is now.

These literary associations of Portsmouth are in fact a chapter in themselves; they make Portsmouth 'live' even more vividly than the actual Portsmouth history itself. Here it is Marryat, there Jane Austen, then again Dickens or Besant. At Portsmouth was the parental home of Fanny Price; here "William" embarked for his first cruise in the *Thrush*, the admiration of Mr. Price, Fanny's vulgar and hectoring father. "If ever there was a perfect beauty afloat, she is one; you lost a fine sight by not being here in the morning to see the *Thrush* go out of harbour!" Here on the ramparts Mrs. Price took her weekly promenade of a Sunday, placid and proud of her children, enjoying a little respite from her weekly cares, and only discomposed if she saw Rebekah pass by flaunting a new flower in her hat!

Marryat's characters we have already referred to. How full of life they all are here—middies, commanders, and the lasses at the Point. They were roaring days, too, albeit not always seemly. Then we have Dickens, with Nicholas Nickleby, and poor Smike, trudging along the Portsmouth

Road till they meet—fortunately for them—with Mr. Vincent Crummles and his unmatchable pony. Mr. Crummles is not fiction, he is real. How else could he have lodged in St. Thomas's Street, near St. Thomas's Church, that splendid old Portsmouth church where the Buckingham monument may still be seen? How else could he have brought out his matchless productions at Old Portsmouth Theatre —the theatre which witnessed the triumphs of the *ci-devant* Nicholas, now "Mr. Johnson," both as actor and author; where the phenomenon performed to the disgust of poor Mr. Folair, who had to act as a continual foil; where the "thrice-gifted Miss Snevellicci" brought down such a house as there was, and Miss Henrietta Petowker attracted unrivalled applause from a stout and elderly gentleman in the audience armed with an umbrella? Old Portsmouth Theatre, where Kemble and Charles Kean used to act, has disappeared long ago, and Cambridge Barracks now covers the site on which it stood; but the theatre where Vincent Crummles and "Mr. Johnson" gained their well-merited honours will live as long as Portsmouth does, for they are the real existences, and Kean and Kemble are, in comparison, but phantoms merely. We cannot separate Portsmouth streets

and Portsmouth memories from these forms of things unknown and airy nothings; here they have their local habitation, in far more vital sense than many of those who actually lived and spoke and walked these scenes in the flesh. Who will not endorse, for instance, the dictum of the host of the White Horse at Ipswich, who, on being asked if Mr. Pickwick was not said to have occupied a particular room, replied with some heat, "Said to have slept here; I say he did sleep here!" And in Portsmouth Mr. Vincent Crummles can never be a memory merely.

Dickens was a native of Portsmouth, but it is only in *Nicholas Nickleby* that he ventures home again. Dickens's father's house, No. 393 Commercial Road, formerly No. 387, is now a Dickens Museum and belongs to the County Borough Council. It is sad that utilitarian necessity has muddled up the numbers. To visit Portsmouth and leave this spot out would be a crime.

Sir Walter Besant is our last great literary possession. He loved Portsmouth, particularly the Ramparts, and the secluded spots, the swamps, and marshy flats behind the town. *By Celia's Arbour* reflects the love Besant had for it. It is a

book to read if one would unlock the secret of the charm of the old town.

Portsmouth is indeed inexhaustible. Like the enchanted spot in the *Arabian Nights*, it arrests as if congealed to stone those who dare to linger and turn round within its enchanted circle. Only those who stop their ears and are deaf to its magic music can pass safely through unchecked. And Portsmouth is an enigma as well. We described it at first as an afterthought, but Portsmouth is as full of enigmas as it is of afterthoughts. Where, save in Portsmouth, would an island, firm, immovable, and unshaken, be considered as a gunboat? Yet such is here the case. Whale Island with its Gunnery School is entered in the Navy List as H.M.S. *Excellent*. You will meet with the legend H.M.S. *Excellent* continually, perhaps most frequently upon the service-caps of those who form its 'crew.' But it is only a solemn Admiralty joke. Her mariners do not go down to the sea in ships, nor do they occupy their business in great waters—at least during such time as they are rated upon her books; and not till their cruise upon her is over do they venture away from land!

But our Portsmouth cruise is over. We have

FORTON, NEAR LONGPARISH

Delightful old thatched houses, the thatch descending almost to the ground covering a small lean-to or outhouse—a characteristic feature of Hampshire thatched cottages. Forton lies between the river and Harewood Forest, midway between Longparish and Wherwell.

CHAPTER XII

THE TEST VALLEY

THERE is a charm about the Test. As you follow it down it grows upon you, this quiet, peaceful stream, winding in and out amid meadows and marshy flats, where sallow and willow herb, mimulus and yellow flag luxuriate, and cattle graze, half-hidden by the deep growth along the river bank. Villages with old churches set harmoniously in the trees: churches possessing for the most part the same leading characteristics, viz. square towers and small spires; charming little bridges crossing the stream, and cottages, quaintly thatched and pleasingly grouped, richly festooned with flowers, and with deep hedges and yew bushes in front, curiously clipped and tortured into every imaginable shape: cottages where the thatch, descending almost to the ground on one side, covers a little lean-to outhouse, like a mother's apron covering

one of her bashful offspring; — these, and the glorious gardens and fields of flowers everywhere, are your companions as you follow the windings of the stream. Now you are in a broad expanse of open country, now again the valley lies shut in by picturesque and striking hills, and if you leave the stream to climb the latter, you are rewarded by rich and attractive views over cornland, wood, and down. Nowhere can the peculiar charm of Hampshire be better felt than along the valley of the Test.

The headwaters of the Test are at Overton, well known for its Sheep Fair, and the river speedily broadens out into a respectable stream, with Laverstoke and Freefolk a few miles below. Laverstoke House is the residence of Sir William Portal, and at Laverstoke is also the famous mill established by Henri Portal, the founder of the family in England, in 1719. Henri Portal was a French Huguenot refugee, who had been forced to flee from France at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. After a period of struggle he established himself as a manufacturer of paper, and obtained the right to manufacture the Bank notepaper for the Bank of England. This manufacture, the secret of which is jealously guarded,

WHITCHURCH

Whitchurch, on the Test, a little town with attractive red-brick houses. Whitchurch has a Mayor, and a Town Hall, but no corporation.

has been carried on here ever since. No family has been more conspicuous in modern times in Hampshire history than the Portal family, and none is more honoured at the present day. The beautiful Portal memorial in Winchester Cathedral, to the two brothers, Gerald and Raymond Portal, of Uganda fame, records two notable but short careers, devoted to the service of the Empire.

Freefolk almost joins on to Laverstoke; it is a very ancient village, and is mentioned in Domesday. Freefolk means the *Folk of Freja*, the Scandinavian *Venus*, whose name we still preserve in our word 'Friday,' and it is therefore a very ancient historic landmark. Near Freefolk is Freefolk Chapel, for the erection of which the builder, one William de Chabegrave, had first to obtain the papal sanction, which was given by a special bull of date 1265, and was granted to enable him to enjoy the privileges of divine worship, as frequent floods in the river valley made it impossible for him—so the petition tells us—to get to the parish church.

Whitchurch, two miles lower down, is a pleasant little town, and like all these spots is ancient too. Its church contains the tombstone of one Frithburga, a nun, as it is supposed, at Wher-

well, in Saxon days. Formerly Whitchurch returned two members to Parliament. Sir Harry Vane represented it in the troubled days of Stuart rule.

Kingsley had a great fondness for Whitchurch, and the White Hart here cherishes memories of him and of his love for the Test. Whitchurch figures in his *Two Years Ago*, under the name of "Whitbury." It is easy to recognise in the details of the church, the yew trees, the stream, the bridge, the characteristic features of Whitchurch and the villages near it. The "Angler's Rest," too, with its Angler's Club, so feelingly described, is evidently no mere figment of the brain. The White Hart at Whitchurch, and very probably the Grosvenor Hotel at Stockbridge, have sat for some part of the portrait. The general effect of Whitchurch is admirably summed up in the alluring picture of Whitbury in *Two Years Ago*.

The whole country through which this part of the river flows is interesting, attractive, and historic. Some few miles south of Whitchurch is Tidbury Ring, an almost circular early British earthwork, lying on the top of the ridge, and commanding a fine view northwards. In the valley south of

GAVEL ACRE, ON THE TEST

A charming old house, set in delightful grounds, opposite Bransbury Common, formerly a farmhouse. Tennyson stayed here during the eighties. "Gavel," of Saxon origin, denotes a form of land tenure by which property was divided, on the death of the owner, equally among the sons.

Tidbury flows the beautiful little Bullington. For quiet beauty it is impossible to surpass this delightful little stream, as it gurgles along, beloved of ducks and miscellaneous water fowl, among the tussocks and reed swamps which fringe its banks. Watercress, water-lily, giant musk, and every kind of water-weed, lend interest and beauty to it. Its source is near Mitcheldever—the suffix "*dever*" is an old Celtic word meaning 'water'—and it winds down a little valley by Stoke Charity and Wonston (*Woden's Stone*, that is), whose church recently gutted by fire wears at present a forlorn and sorrowful appearance, and then by Sutton Scotney and Bullington village till it meets the Test just above Wherwell. Half a mile south of the stream is Barton Stacey village, notable chiefly for its grand Transition Norman Church. The gems of the building are the noble, well-proportioned, square grey tower—a tower unequalled for effect in the whole county—and the graceful disposition of the arches of chancel and transept, arranged so that from the columns on either side of the chancel no less than four arches spring, giving an unusual effect of lightness and of grace. A little beyond Barton Stacey the stream half loses itself in Bransbury Common, a broad marshy

area, beloved of plants and the wilder and less common forms of bird-life. Such interesting plants as buckbean and butter-bur, butter-wort, and many varieties of orchids and marsh flowers luxuriate here. Uninteresting as it looks to outward appearance Bransbury Common is a land of treasure to lovers of wild nature. Fortunately Bransbury Common is not the only spot in Hampshire where these less common types of plant-life abound. If those who love to seek for them would but content themselves with seeking, and would limit themselves to, say, one specimen when they have made a 'find,' the country-side would be all the richer in interest. One unfortunate result of the present stimulated interest in nature is the threatened destruction of such rarer forms as still remain. Formerly the old Roman Road from Winchester to Cirencester passed right over Bransbury Common. The track is traceable up to the edge of the Common and there gets lost. Beyond the water it reappears again.

Between Whitchurch and Wherwell there is much of interest. The road leads you past Hurstbourne Park, Lord Portsmouth's seat, with its fine timber, and over the little Bourne at Hurstbourne

LONGPARISH

One of the most picturesque villages in Hampshire, on the upper part of the Test, which is here an extremely attractive stream.

Dead Man's Plack, in Harewood Forest, a monument commemorating the murder of Earl Æthelwold by King Edgar, is in the parish. There is also some part of the village stocks still standing. The neighbourhood all round is a naturalist's delight.

Priors, and on through Longparish, one of the prettiest of the Test villages. Wonderfully pretty the river is all by Longparish. Among interesting spots on its banks is the charming Gavel Acre, close to the station, at one time a farm-house, and possessing a delightful garden. Colonel Hawker, the famous sportsman, used to live at Longparish. An hour-glass placed in a niche in the pulpit of the church is a reminder of earlier days. To the back of Longparish, on the right, is Harewood Forest, and farther on the road leads you through Forton with its quaintly thatched cottages, and on to the little village of Wherwell, locally pronounced '*Orrell.*' The names 'Harewood' and 'Wherwell' bring us back to early Saxon days, when the woodland was much more extensive than it is now, and when all this region right away to Chute on the Wiltshire border was practically one unbroken forest, of which Harewood Forest and Doles Wood some miles north are the chief remaining portions. Here in the woodland at 'Andever' the Saxon kings, attracted by the hunting facilities of the district, had a 'vill' or residence; here Edgar and Æthelred the Redeless made their home, and here they held their Court and assembled their Witans or Councils. It was in Edgar's reign that

the tragedy of Harewood lent such tragic interest and importance to the spot. Young as he was—thirty-one years merely—by the time he died, Edgar had managed to get married three times, and his third wife was Ælfrida, daughter of Ordgar, Earldorman of Devonshire. She was reputed to be of remarkable beauty, and Edgar sent Æthelwold, Earldorman of Hampshire, as in more recent days Miles Standish sent John Alden, to inspect the lady's charms and offer her his hand. But Æthelwold was no John Alden; he proved false, and asked and obtained her hand for himself, giving the King to understand that her charms were overrated and that she was quite unworthy of a royal husband. But some little time after, King Edgar determined to visit her and judge for himself, and the wretched Æthelwold thereupon begged his wife to disguise her beauty and attire herself meanly; but if Æthelwold was no John Alden, Ælfrida was no Priscilla either, and his appeal to her was in vain. The King, smitten by her charms, and enraged at the Earldorman's duplicity, seized an opportunity when hunting in Harewood Forest to stab Æthelwold in the back, and shortly after the widowed Ælfrida became his queen.

The memory of this act of mutual treachery and

violent revenge is preserved by a lofty grey stone cross, known as Dead Man's Plack, which was set up some years ago in the heart of the woodland by Colonel Iremonger, a former owner of the Wherwell estate. To reach it you turn to the right after leaving Longparish, and follow along the road to Andover, between the two detached halves of Harewood Forest, with the beautiful beech hanger on your left sloping down almost on to the road. You pass an inn, and about a mile beyond it on the right-hand side is an avenue of beech trees leading into the woodland. Following through the thick undergrowth, along a somewhat rough and broken way, for about 300 yards, you come to the monument. The inscription on it is barely decipherable, and runs as follows:

About the year of our Lord, 965, Edgar surnamed the Peaceable, in the ardour of youth, love, and indignation, slew with his own hand Earl Ethelwold, in resentment of the Earl's having basely betrayed his Royal Confidence and perfidiously married his intended bride, the beauteous Elfrida, daughter of Ordgar, Earl of Devonshire, afterwards wife of King Edgar, and by him mother of King Ethelred II., which Queen Elfrida after Edgar's death murdered his eldest son, Edward the Martyr, and founded the Nunnery of Wherwell.

It is a sordid story. Wronged though he was, King Edgar's moral plane was itself but a lowly

one, and he hardly deserved the extenuating plea of "youth, love, and indignation," though Æthelwold doubtless fully deserved his fate. It would be difficult to find a group of less savoury historical memories than those commemorated at Dead Man's Plack.

It was Ælfrida's subsequent career of violence that brought Wherwell Abbey into being. Left a widow with a son, Æthelred, and a stepson, Edward, she stabbed the latter at Corfe Castle with her own hand, under pretence of offering him a stirrup cup, and so made Æthelred king. But, like Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth, the memory of her crimes haunted and maddened her; she strove to expiate them by erecting a religious house, the Nunnery, at Wherwell. To Wherwell she retired and here remained till her death, giving herself up to penance and self-mortification as rigorous and unrestrained as her crimes of earlier days had been.

The Abbey she founded had a long and important career. It was much affected as a 'rest cure' by Saxon ladies of high degree. Cnut's queen, Queen Ælfgyfu Emma, the 'Old Lady' of Saxon parlance, sheltered here when under her son Edward the Confessor's displeasure,

WHERWELL

A picturesque old-world village some four miles from Andover, lying amidst thick trees, at the foot of a steep hill, along the Test Valley. Here was formerly Wherwell Abbey, built by Ælfrida, widow of King Edgar, in expiation of a life of violence and crime. Curious old traditions linger here, as of the toad which sat on a duck's egg, and hatched out a cockatrice—a tradition reflected in the cockatrice weather-vane at one time over the church. The old-world pronunciation "Orrel" tends to be replaced now by "Wher-well," pronounced according to the spelling.

and it was from Wherwell that she proceeded, according to the picturesque old monastic legend, to Winchester, to clear herself from calumny by the self-invoked ordeal of the red-hot ploughshares. Here, too, Edward the Confessor kept his own queen, Earl Godwin's daughter Eadgyth, 'the Young Lady,' in undeserved State retirement, or rather semi-disgrace; and here, later on, during the troubles of Stephen and Matilda, a wild scene was enacted. Matilda's forces, in tumultuous flight from Winchester, poured in mad rush through Wherwell on their way towards Devizes, hotly pursued by King Stephen's men. In the violent scenes that ensued the Abbey was set on fire, and the poor nuns, shrieking and terror-stricken, had to flee for safety and shelter where they could.

Of abbesses of Wherwell, Abbess Euphemia was the most entitled to fame. The Abbey buildings, placed on a low marshy site, had defective foundations; the bell tower collapsed; the whole Abbey was in dangerous condition. But Abbess Euphemia was equal to the emergency: she acted with boldness and vigour, rebuilding the defective parts, and with her own hands laying the first stone of a new and better foundation. Wherwell Abbey thus affords, in the past history

of its fabric, a curious and suggestive parallel with Winchester Cathedral of the present day.

The Abbey was surrendered at the Dissolution, and now practically no trace of it remains. But Wherwell is a place of legends still; legends of Ælfrida, of abbesses and nuns, linger, and other curious traditions survive. The cockatrice on the old vane of the church, now no longer on the church but on a house in the village, recalls that of the toad which sat on a duck's egg and hatched out a cockatrice; from which circumstance a prejudice formerly existed here against eating duck's eggs. But old-day Wherwell, with its traditions and its characteristic pronunciation '*Orrell*' or '*Urrell*,' is now disappearing. The rising generation tends more and more to pronounce local names according to the spelling, and if 'Orrell' villagers are ever found now to abstain from eating duck's eggs it is doubtless from motives of profit, or of scarcity, and not from fear of the possible cockatrice lying *perdu* beneath the shell.

On the northern side of the Test Valley are three tributary streams—the Bourne, the Anton, and the Anna. We have already mentioned Hurstbourne Priors and Hurstbourne Park. Hurstbourne is considered to be a composite name, partly Celtic,

partly Saxon. Its earlier form *Hussebourne* ('*Ussebourn*' it is locally pronounced) preserves a form of the Celtic '*Ouse*,' which appears elsewhere in Hampshire as Owlesbury (pronounced locally '*Usselbury*'), and the Saxon '*Bourn*.' Both mean river or water. The little Bourne is a beautiful stream, and the villages along its valley, Hurstbourne Tarrant, St. Mary Bourne, and Hurstbourne Priors, are all picturesque and full of charm. Hurstbourne Tarrant lies at the junction of the Bourne Valley with the beautiful Netherton Valley, with Netherton and Faccombe at its head some three or four miles away. The bed of the Bourne is normally dry here in summer, a circumstance suggestive of thirst, to judge from the alehouses in the village. The George and Dragon is a striking-looking hostelry—one of the kind that Dickens would have delighted in. There is a George and Dragon at Faccombe also, and a reminiscence very possibly of Sir Edward Dymoke, Champion to no less than three sovereigns—Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth—in Tudor days, whose armour is said to have been preserved in Netherton Church, before the latter was destroyed. Hurstbourne Tarrant Church is a grand old building. It has a quaint shingle-covered

little tower and fine old porch, but otherwise the exterior is so poor and ordinary that one starts almost in surprise at finding within so splendid and noble an interior. The grand massive columns, of late Norman or Transitional work, the characteristic font, and early frescoes are all features of absorbing interest. Overhanging the village is Hurstbourne Hill, with Doles Wood spread out over the slope, and sending down its outliers almost to the village itself. Doles Wood is one of the last surviving sanctuaries of wild nature in the country. Its interesting features have been dealt with, with characteristic charm and lucidity, in Dewar's *Wild Life in Hampshire Highlands*, and in his recently published *Life and Sport in Hampshire*.

From the road over the hill Doles Wood, with its "green-embroidered paths," looks alluring and tempting as you pass by. One almost wonders whether Kingsley, who knew and loved all this country so much, had not Doles Wood in mind when he tells how poor Alton Locke, trudging footsore along the road, came to

> A wood—the first real wood I had ever seen; not a mere party of stately park trees growing out of smooth turf, but a real wild copse; tangled branches and grey stems fallen

across each other; deep, ragged underwood of shrubs, and great ferns like princes' feathers, and gay beds of flowers, blue and pink and yellow, with butterflies flitting about them, and trailers that climbed and dangled from bough to bough—to me a fairy wilderness of beautiful forms, and shadows, teeming with manifold life.

Such at any rate is Doles Wood.

Four miles below Hurstbourne Tarrant is St. Mary Bourne, another characteristic village, rich in the charms of prehistoric as well as of historic interest, of archæology, and of nature all combined. The little Bourne swirling along and winding down the valley, amid its dark green watercresses and between glorious yellow clumps of giant musk on either side, has witnessed a rare series of visitors pass along its borders. Prehistoric dwellers in pits, whose curious underground dwellings were discovered by Dr. Stevens, and described by him in his *History of St. Mary Bourne*—dog-holes of circular form rather than human dwellings, with passages leading to them underground, something like the underground entrances of a modern Eskimo 'mansion': then Roman legionaries, who tramped along the great Roman Road, the *Via Porta* or *Port Way*, on their way direct through St. Mary Bourne village from London and Silchester to Old Sarum; and, later on, crusading knights

and mediæval priests,—all have left their memories behind them here. In the rarely interesting church is a wonderful old black font, the largest of a series, of which four exist in this county and only three others in the whole kingdom; also a crusader's tomb, and a reading-desk with chains attached. The yew tree in the churchyard is one of the finest and most venerable yews in all Hampshire. Dr. Stevens has told the history of St. Mary Bourne in all its phases: its buildings, its history, its associations, traditions, and old customs. Few places of its size have so much worthy of permanent record as St. Mary Bourne. The Roman *Via Porta* can be followed westward from a point near St. Mary Bourne, with breaks here and there, for quite a number of miles, with Doles Wood to the north and Harewood to the south; and some six miles away it crosses the valley of the little Anton between Andover and Weyhill.

Andover nowadays bears little trace of antiquity, but few places even in Hampshire have older associations. The earlier form of its name, *Andever*, includes two Celtic places, names of frequent recurrence in the locality, *An* and *Dever* —one meaning spring, the other water. Andover,

Abbot's Ann, St. Mary Amport, the Marquis of Winchester's seat, and the streams of Anton and Anna preserve the former; Mitcheldever and the three Candovers lying east of it, the latter.

In Roman days a second important Roman road crossed the *Via Porta* close to Andover, and though no town is definitely known to have existed at the junction, unless possibly the Roman *Vindomis*—an outstanding antiquarian puzzle—Roman villas were scattered freely all over the district. At Finkley, Abbot's Ann, Fullerton, and many other spots in the neighbourhood, Roman pavements or other finds have been repeatedly unearthed. At Andover, as already mentioned, King Edgar and King Æthelred kept their Courts and assembled their Witans, and we read of the

vicus regis in Andeveram,

the king's 'vill' or residence at Andover. But of these early times present-day Andover bears no outward trace. Even the church is modern; the only part of the old Norman church still remaining is a beautiful Norman doorway standing by itself, and only a few of the houses bear signs of real age. It is a bright and sunshiny town, however, with the Anton flowing picturesquely through it, and

some of its antiquities are to be seen in the Public Library, among them an interesting Nelson relic, Admiral Hardy's cloak, in which Lord Nelson was wrapped when he was wounded, and which covered him when dead.

About four miles from Andover is the village of Weyhill, where for centuries, on the broad open green, the famous Weyhill Fair, formerly one of the most famous fairs in the south of England, has been held. In mediæval days Weyhill Fair was an event, ranking in importance even with the great St. Giles's Fair at Winchester. Langland in his *Vision of Piers Plowman* makes one of his characters tell us how

> At Wye and Winchestre I went to the Faire.

The glories of Weyhill Fair have all departed. Formerly it was a great mart for all the country round, where people flocked for the annual hiring, and practically for all the annual buying and selling of stores, when cloth, cheese, and other necessaries were purchased in supplies sufficient for one year's use. Nowadays, though the fair still lasts three days, it is only important as a sheep fair. A generation ago an extensive hop fair was also held. The sheds used to store the

hops are still standing, but the hop sale is practically a thing of the past. But in mediæval times when the greater part of buying and selling was done at fairs, the privilege of holding a fair was a valuable one. Weyhill Fair belonged to the Mayor and Corporation of Andover, and the Mayor of Andover exercised summary jurisdiction or 'dusty-foot justice' here in his 'pie powder' Court, *i.e. cour aux pieds poudreux*, just as did the Bishop's bailiffs at St. Giles's Fair in Winchester. Weyhill Church, though modern in exterior, contains interesting traces of Norman work within.

The little Anna stream rises some mile or so from Weyhill, and along its course are several villages—Fyfield, Thruxton, Monxton, Amport, and Abbot's Ann. At Fyfield lived Gilbert White's brother, formerly rector, and here he is buried. Monxton and Abbot's Ann, both ecclesiastical in name, are pretty villages. Abbot's Ann is particularly interesting. The present church of red brick dates from the eighteenth century, and with its flat roof, dark pews, and its inevitable gallery is a characteristic example of that period. It was built by General Pitt, the 'importer' of the famous Pitt diamond, from the sale of the fragments removed from it in cutting the gem. But the

chief interest of Abbot's Ann is the beautiful old funeral custom, which has died out elsewhere, but still lingers here. When a young girl who has worn

the white flower of a blameless life

dies unmarried, her companions accompany her to the grave, carrying a chaplet, or 'virginal crown,' and a pair of large white gloves, borne on a wand over her coffin. After burial these 'virginal crowns' are preserved in the church, and along the cornice of the ceiling they hang, perhaps some thirty or forty in number. The last was placed there only a few years ago. The custom, now peculiar to Abbot's Ann, was formerly not uncommon. Gilbert White mentions it as having existed in his day both at Selborne and at the adjoining village of Farringdon.

Overlooking the little Anna Valley, and close to where it merges in the Anton, is Bury Hill—a bold hill crowned with a big early British earthwork, and well worth a visit for the sake of the view it commands. Bury Hill is unusual in possessing traces of a well, which scarcely any of these early camps do, for, as a rule, the occupants relied upon dew ponds. The Iron Works at the foot of the hill give an appearance

to the valley quite unusual in Hampshire, and a little below them is Upper Clatford. There is a specially attractive air about the stream here, with its placid tranquillity, as it flows peacefully beneath the picturesque little bridge, and down through the meadows and past the church. And the old church, with ivy-clad porch and venerable yew tree, harmonizes perfectly with the surroundings. A mile or so below is Goodworth Clatford Church, interesting and attractive too, as all these Norman churches in this country are. Then on a few miles more, and the Anton flows into the Test at Fullerton, a little below the village of Wherwell.

From Fullerton onwards the valley continuously broadens out, and the stream separates into a number of channels, between sallows and osiers, patches of meadow-sweet, willow-herb, and yellow iris. Village succeeds village, Norman church to Norman church; all are separately interesting and attractive. Leckford, with its curious little church-tower and sun-dial, lies next to Fullerton. Danebury Hill rises boldly before you on the right, Woolbury Down on the left, and ever the river valley broadens out between the hills on either side. Between Leckford and Stockbridge is the

finest part of the valley, and the view of the valley obtained from the high ground just above Longstock is delightful. Stockbridge, almost one long street, with its fishing associations, its suggestions of trout and of eels, is passed. At Horsebridge, some four miles below it, the old Roman Road from Winchester to Sarum formerly crossed the stream. Then on the river flows, widening continually, past Mottisfont, where once stood Mottisfont Abbey, an early Augustinian house, and Stanbridge, with its memories of Saxon kings, and so on to Romsey—Romsey with its mills, its bridges, its memories of Rufus and of Charles I., and, above all, of its wonderful Abbey, whose history we must leave to the succeeding chapter.

GREAT BRIDGE, ROMSEY

The Test is a considerable stream at Romsey, and the river all along its valley is full of attractiveness.

CHAPTER XIII

ROMSEY AND THE LOWER TEST

Romsey in the mud,
Southampton on the stones,
Winchester eats the meat,
Andover picks the bones.

"GIVE a dog a bad name and hang him." Romsey of to-day certainly hardly merits the mud thus flung at her, but whatever Romsey itself may be, Romsey Abbey is, in its way, unequalled; this splendid Norman convent church, practically perfect, with its memories of times more ancient still. You can never get away from antiquity in Hampshire, and this wonderful Abbey, which two years ago celebrated its millenary, has traces of a past long anterior to that.

Viewed from a little distance away the exterior of the Abbey is disappointing; the short tower with its squat belfry seems dwarfed and incomplete, and gives a hunched-up appearance to

the pile. Seen nearer at hand this impression disappears; the old stone walls and buttresses are plain, but full of dignity, and you begin to forget the impression left by the small unworthy buildings huddled up round the east end. Once inside, you are in a new world, a world of solemn and impressive dignity—dignity lightened by grace, and severity softened by the subdued colour of the old grey stone-work. It is the world of the Norman architect and of Norman work at its very best.

There are, of course, later additions, *e.g.* the west end of the Nave, and some windows and other work at the east end; otherwise it is all Norman—triforium and clerestory, chancel and transept. The gallery along the clerestory is called the Nuns' Walk. Who the builder was—whether Bishop Henry of Blois, as seems not unlikely, or some other hand—we know not, but at all events this is not the original abbey church, and traces of earlier buildings are unmistakable. Near the pulpit the verger will show you under the flooring of the aisle the foundations of the eastern apse of an earlier church, probably the Saxon building of Edgar's time; but Edgar did not found Romsey, though he rebuilt it and enriched it. And there are traces of

work earlier still. Roman remains exist under the nave itself, and foundations of a very early building were found in the south aisle, near the Abbess's door. Underneath this again was found a leaden coffin, lying north and south, and not east and west, pointing to burial earlier than Christian days. In it was found a female skeleton, which crumbled away immediately on exposure to air, leaving a long plait of bright auburn hair. This long plait still looks as fresh and perfect as in the days when its owner lived to wear it. It is preserved in a small wooden case, kept at the east end of the ambulatory, along with a small block of wood which served to support the head within the coffin. How startlingly this gruesome relic recalls that distant and mysterious past! Who was it that ages ago owned those long and beautiful tresses?

Among other traces of the præ-Norman church are two remarkable roods or crucifixes. In the south chancel aisle is a crucifix which was found built face inwards into the walls. It is supposed to date from Cnut's reign. And on the south transept wall, outside the church, near the Abbess's door, is a stone rood of deeper interest still. The date is unknown, but it is certainly Saxon, and is in a wonderful state of preservation. The

conception seems to reflect the influence of Eastern or Græco-Christian art, and has in it nothing suggestive of death or suffering. The wounds appear, but no nails; the hands are outspread, not in agony or death, but in blessing and protection. It is the Christ, crucified indeed, but living, reigning, triumphant. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me," is the spirit it breathes. Round the Saviour's head is a large, flat nimbus, and above are the symbols of the Trinity, the hand and the dove. As already mentioned, other Saxon roods, similar in character but only very imperfectly preserved, exist in Hampshire, at Headbourne Worthy and Breamore churches. These, it is interesting to note, were placed also on the exterior of the church walls.

The first definite history of the neighbourhood takes us back to early Saxon days. At Stanbridge, two miles away, was a residence of early Saxon kings, and Æthelwulf, father of Alfred, died there in 855. The Abbey history commences in 907, when Edward the Elder, Alfred's successor, built the first abbey, and Æthelflæda, his daughter, then a nun, was the first abbess. Founded by a king, and with a king's daughter at its head, it became a favourite retreat and school for

high-born Saxon ladies and their daughters. The church and convent buildings were rebuilt on a far more sumptuous scale by King Edgar. The new buildings were dedicated with great pomp and solemnity by Bishop Æthelwold, in the presence of King Edgar and his nobles, on Christmas Day 974. But the days of prosperity for Romsey were to be but short. Some thirty years later came the furious Danish reprisals for the massacre of St. Brice's Day. Swen, King of Denmark, laid waste the whole region, and in a raid up the Test Valley Romsey Abbey was burnt down and destroyed. Cnut's reign saw it rebuilt, for his queen Ælfgyfu Emma is recorded to have made rich gifts to it.

The Abbey now resumed its prosperity. Its reputation as a place of training for Saxon ladies increased, and what convent life within its walls was like we can learn from the story of the pious Æthelflæda, Abbess and afterwards Saint, the daughter of Earldorman Æthelwold, the Æthelwold whom Edgar murdered in Harewood Forest, related in the deeply interesting pages of Mr. Liveing's *Records of Romsey*. In William the Red's time we have what is almost a historic idyll, the romance of Eadgyth or Matilda, afterwards Henry I.'s "good Queen Molde." Malcolm Canmore,

King of Scots, who had married Margaret, daughter of Edmund Ironside, had two daughters, Eadgyth and Mary, and his wife's sister Christina was a nun at Romsey—very possibly Abbess, but the latter fact is uncertain. These two Princesses, as being granddaughters of Edmund Ironside, and the last descendants in direct line of the House of Cerdic, were persons of no mean distinction, and their upbringing was a matter of concern and responsibility. They were placed with their Aunt Christina at Romsey, and the Abbey derived enhanced dignity from their presence. Eadgyth is a source of concern and anxiety. She has not taken the veil, she is free to be given in marriage; she is therefore a rich prize for whoever can carry her off. The King is wild and unrestrained, and, moreover, unmarried, and Abbess Christina is full of cares for her safe-keeping. She therefore urges her niece to take the veil, and when she refuses, as she does continually and passionately, she strives by harsh treatment to crush her will—such is the spirit of the time—but in vain. One day comes a summons: the Red King with his boon companions is at the convent door, and would have speech with the Princess—perhaps it is to woo her, perhaps to seize her and bear her off. The Abbess is in

alarm, and while they parley with the King at the gate, she robes her niece like a nun, and when the King is admitted he is told she is at her devotions. The Abbess is in her garden, among her roses, and the rough King, subdued it may be by the peace and serenity of the rose-garden, and a little awed as the procession of black-robed nuns files by, passes on his way. Seven years later he is at Romsey again, but in other fashion. A silent, sad procession passes by the Abbey walls. It is as a dead king, lying on a rude cart, that he is carried by with none to weep or lament him. Then some months after comes another wooing. Henry Beauclerc is King now, and it is he that comes this time to woo—and with different result. It may be the Princess has already lost her heart to him; it may be she chiefly values the opportunity of release from convent walls; it may be that she is merely dutifully complacent; it may even be, as Matthew Paris relates, that she listens to his suit only after earnest entreaty to save the land from the horrors of strife and faction,—the result is the same, and Henry becomes her accepted suitor. But there is another obstacle—she has worn the veil. But Archbishop Anselm is not inexorable; the case is heard before a Council at

they have no parish church to worship in. The town has grown up round the Abbey, and for some 200 years the nuns have given them a grudging and limited access to it. So the King sells it to them for one hundred pounds. It is sad to realise how little kingly a ruler can show himself on occasion, but so it is, and the erstwhile Abbey church becomes the Parish Church of Romsey—the property by deed of purchase of the parishioners. The deed is still preserved, and is exhibited within the Abbey walls.

Such in outline is the story of this splendid church; and yet some few centuries ago there was but one hundred pounds standing between it and destruction. The story of the Dissolution is one of sadness and shame; but in Romsey we may, at any rate, rejoice, for Romsey Abbey, at least, is a brand plucked from the burning.

But Romsey's memories are not all those of the Abbey, and in Stuart times we hear of it again. James I. was entertained here, and presented a charter of incorporation to the borough. In the Civil War it was the scene of more than one conflict. In 1643 the King's forces were routed here. The Parish registers tell how some disorderly soldiers were hanged

ROMSEY

Romsey is full of interest; its delightful market-square, with the historic old abbey dominating it, its memories of the Great Civil War, and of Lord Palmerston, are the chief features. On the "syne post" of what was once the Swan (now the Conservative Club), some riotous soldiers were hanged by Lord Fairfax. A statue of Palmerston stands in the market-square.

here—one on the "Swan syne post" . . . "when General Fairfax was in ye toune." The "Swan" is now the Conservative Club, and the "syne post" still remains. Then in 1648 a sad cavalcade passed through. Charles I., who had been brought as a captive from Carisbrooke to Hurst Castle, rode through Romsey, under strict escort, on his way to trial at Westminster.

The later life of Romsey is connected with Lord Palmerston, the great Minister, 'Pam,' of early Victorian days. He lived at Broadlands Park, on the southern side of the town—the park where Romsey, in 1907, celebrated the millenary of its Abbey by a pageant fully worthy of the occasion. Lord Palmerston was born here. A statue of him stands in Romsey market square, and the stained glass in the east windows of the Abbey was placed there in memory of him.

Romsey is a pleasant town, of no special interest apart from the memories already referred to. Formerly it was noted for its paper mills. The river passes to the west of the town, and flows under Romsey Bridge into Broadlands. It is a beautiful stream here, and standing on the bridge you may very possibly catch sight of a big salmon lying in a pool in the swirling stream below. The

lower reaches of the river from Romsey to Redbridge afford, in fact, splendid salmon, and the fishing is highly prized—and priced.

At North Baddesley, some few miles to the south-east of Romsey, there are a number of features of interest. Here there was once a preceptory of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, the Knights Hospitallers, as they are generally spoken of, a semi-monastic order who watched over the interests of pilgrims going to Jerusalem and the Holy Land. The chief interest centres in the ancient church, a church which Sir Gilbert Scott described as a sort of epitome in stone of the history of England, and in which he believed he had detected signs of having been in turn a heathen Roman temple and an early Saxon Christian church. It is, at all events, very ancient; the Knights of St. John did not build it, but took possession of it and made it the church of their preceptory.

It was in 1180 that the Knights of St. John settled here; they had already at that time another preceptory in Hampshire, at Godsfield, near Alresford, where some ruins still stand, and the Hospital of St. Cross at Winchester was under their protection. In the church there is a

carved stone tomb of one of the Knights Hospitallers; one of the shields upon it bears the eight-pointed cross of the Order. Knight Wood and Zion Hill, not far away, seem to preserve an echo of these same Knights of Jerusalem. The Order was suppressed at the Dissolution.

Apart from the Hospitallers, North Baddesley, small as it is, has other points of interest. In the church is an early Bible, still chained to the desk, reminding us of the times when Bibles were placed in churches in Cranmer's day so that all could read them who so desired, and were secured by a chain against removal. The Bible here is not so old as Cranmer's time, but is an early copy of the Authorised Version, dating therefore from King James I.'s reign.

One last memory of North Baddesley is of a different order, that of Charles Smith, the poacher, who "suffered at Winchester" for poaching, as the inscription on his tombstone records. Smith was a notorious poacher who had wounded a gamekeeper on Lord Palmerston's estate, and was 'justified,' as the Scotch would say, for the offence. Lord Palmerston exercised all his influence to secure a mitigation of the death penalty, but in vain. There is a defiant tone in the

wording of the inscription on the poacher's tombstone strangely out of keeping with the peacefulness of God's Acre, and the implications it makes are entirely unfair to Lord Palmerston's memory. The keeper, who was wounded, died only a very short while ago.

There is much beautiful country all round Romsey—deep lanes, patches of woodland, alternating with river, valley, and open down. Spring has a peculiar charm here—the woods and copses are then literally a delight, richly carpeted with primroses, dog violets, anemones, periwinkles, and blue bells. From Romsey all along to Hursley, and Chandlersford, the primrose seems particularly to revel. Even Selborne and the beautiful district round it can hardly excel the woodland copses here

When April's hands are wet with flowers,

and when the glory of spring is upon them.

Below Romsey on the river is Nursling, with memories also of a rich and varied past. The road to it skirts Broadlands Park, and gives a good view of the house and of the fine cedars in front. Here, as early ago as the seventh century, was a Christian monastery—Nutshalling Monastery, the monastery, that is, in the nut grove by the water meadows—

one of the first in Hampshire, carrying us back almost to the days of Bierinus himself. Nursling is the modern form of the name. There are no remains of the monastery now, for in one of the Danish inroads of Alfred's time it was burnt by them and never rebuilt. Yet Nutshalling had a reputation in its day, and from its walls Winfrid, better known as St. Boniface, who had been educated here under Abbot Wimbercht, went forth in A.D. 718 to carry the Gospel almost single-handed to heathen Germany. How he laboured and prospered in his task, and how he met a martyr's death, are beyond our scope to relate. An inscription in the porch of the church records the career of Winfrid, the great missionary monk of Nursling.

The Test is tidal at Nursling, and a few miles below it joins the Southampton Water close to Redbridge—*Reedbridge* or *Reodford* is the real meaning of the name. It occurs as *Vadum Harundinis*, the '*ford of the reeds*,' in Bede. Bede relates a curious story about it, all the more interesting as it brings us in contact with Wilfrid of York, whom we have already met with in the story of the Meon Valley, whose strange, stormy, kaleidoscopic career brought him from York to Wessex,

Sussex, the Isle of Wight, and York again, all in turn. In 686 Cædwalla, who had usurped the Wessex throne, conquered the Jutes in the Isle of Wight, and from the massacre which followed, two youths of royal blood managed to escape and to make their way to the mainland, hoping to find refuge among the Meon wara, the Jutish folk in the Meon Valley. But at Stoneham (Bede's *Ad Lapidem*), near Southampton, they were betrayed and taken to the King, who was then resting at Reodford while the wounds received in his Isle of Wight campaign were healing. They were condemned to death, but Abbot Cynebert, from the neighbouring monastery, pleaded for them. Unable to obtain their release, he begged permission for the truths of the Christian faith to be opened to them before they died; and this being granted, Bishop Wilfrid himself taught them, and that so earnestly, that they were converted and baptized by him, and so passed on joyfully to their death, in earnest expectation of a brighter world beyond. It is a pathetic story, showing how Christianity could illumine the way, and gladden souls with hope, and alleviate even though it could not check the black deeds of so violent an age.

Redbridge or Reedbridge, at the head of Southampton Water, still deserves its name. The Test Valley here forms a wide reedy swamp, skirting the stout bridge which now renders the passage across safer and easier than in days of Bishop Wilfrid and Abbot Cynebert. At high tide and with the sun upon it you look from here over a beautiful attractive scene. A great expanse of waters, blue and sparkling, meets your eye. Southampton with its houses, its churches, its chimneys lies before you on the left. In the open water are craft of all kinds. Cargo vessels bring their freight right up to the very head of the estuary; they lie-to at the quay side loading or unloading, their rich red brown sails flapping lazily, with their yards half lowered. Dancing on the water are hundreds of small boats, and lower down still the larger yachts, bare of all but masts and cordage, at their moorings. Beyond, again, are the great ocean craft putting in and out of the docks at Southampton. But at low tide it is a different picture—a waste of mud flats and sea-weed, slimy, dripping, and malodorous. "*Eheu fugaces*" seems the motto of the departing tide; *eheu fugaces* as the waters of time seem to ebb away and leave the old historic or legendary Hampshire deserted and far

behind; and the harsh cries of gulls and water fowl seem to emphasise the lesson. But the waters of Test are not lost—they are merely undistinguished in the greater ocean whose volume they are now about to swell; even so the Reodford of old is now being absorbed in the wider life of the Southampton of to-day, and the ancient Hampshire history still endures, a sensible but often unseen influence, permeating, colouring, and lending interest to our own.

CHAPTER XIV

SOUTHAMPTON

SOUTHAMPTON owes its prosperity to its unique position; placed at the head of the Southampton Water on the spit of land between the openings of the Itchen and Test, it has facilities such as no other spot along the south coast possesses for communication between the sea on the one hand and the 'hinterland' behind. We have already seen how this position marked it out as the natural southern base for penetration within the interior of England in early Celtic, Roman, and Saxon times, and the part played by Southampton in the history of England has naturally been an important one. But Southampton has other advantages too. Not only are its waters safe, sheltered, and easy of access; not only is it placed right in the middle of the south coast and directly opposite the Seine mouth, the great artery of natural communication

of Northern France; but for ease of access Southampton is unequalled.

The Isle of Wight, which lies athwart the entrance to the water, not only acts as a barrier and a buffer against hostile forces, whether of tempest or of foreign foe, but by diverting the course of the great tidal wave as it swells against the coast, produces an effect of prolonged high water, the so-called 'double-tides' for which Southampton is famous. This phenomenon was noted so long ago as in the days of Bede, for he tells us:

> In this narrow sea, the two tides of ocean, which flow round Britain from the immense northern ocean, daily meet and oppose one another beyond the mouth of the river Homelea (*Hamble*), which runs into that narrower sea, from the lands of the Jutes, which belong to the country of the Gewissas. After this meeting and struggling together of the two seas, they return into ocean from whence they came.

The tide wave passing up Spithead checks the ebb of the tide wave that passed up from the Solent, thus prolonging high water for two hours, and rendering Southampton practically independent of tidal conditions.

We have already told the story of Clausentum, and referred to the part played by Southampton in Saxon days. It was in early Saxon days that

Hampton, the *Hame-tun*, became a Saxon base, and gave its name to the land around it; in later days of Saxon ascendancy it became *South-ham-tune*. Danish invaders repeatedly used Southampton Water as an avenue of attack, and history tells of many a grim fight by sea and land in its neighbourhood. The Danes who harried England in the days of Æthelred the Redeless regularly wintered in the reaches of Southampton and Isle of Wight harbours. When Æthelred fled, the Witan met at Southampton to offer the English Crown to Cnut. Of his reign we have the well-known picturesque tradition, how Cnut rebuked the foolish flattery of his courtiers by placing his throne by the seashore, and commanding the waves to retire. The scene of this event is placed on the seashore by Southampton, and the shore near the Docks is traditionally pointed out as the actual spot where the incident occurred.

The Norman Conquest gave Southampton increased importance; it became the port of entry and departure for the continuous traffic between southern England and the Norman domains. Such traffic had existed for a long time. We read in the *English Chronicle* of the route between

Southampton Water and the Seine mouth as an important route; now in Norman days that importance became greatly intensified. It is to the Norman times that Southampton owes the picturesque mediæval walls, so many interesting remains of which still exist. Whatever defences the town had had before, it was now more strongly fortified, and the present wall, though the early Norman work persists only here and there, as for instance in the inner parts of the Bargate, doubtless preserves for us the line and much of the general character of the original Norman ramparts. To command the town, a strong castle was erected on the seaward side, in the north-west angle of the area within the walls. A large palace or king's house was erected, though at what exact date is uncertain, at the south-west corner. Henry I. later on founded a priory here, that of St. Denys; practically the only memory of this priory now remaining is the name St. Denys, by which this quarter of the town is still known. Henry II. and his successors gave numerous charters to Hampton, and the Merchant Guild, which had been steadily growing in influence and cohesion for many years, developed into an important body, with corporate rights, until in full time came the Mayor and

Corporation. Southampton is now a County Borough.

Foremost among the Norman and Angevin kings who had points of contact with Southampton was King John. King John's Palace is the name still popularly given to the Norman building, the King's House, south-west of the town, but no special authority for the name appears to exist. John was frequently here for pleasure, and had a hunting-seat at Freemantle, just outside the town. John's reign is important for the loss of the French provinces, which boded at first ruin to the seaport trade; but, curiously enough, Southampton rather gained than lost in the long run, as continuous wars with France kept matters lively in the Channel, and the riverside reaches of Southampton were busy with the building and launching of vessels of war. The fortunes of Southampton ebbed and flowed till, in 1338, came the most dramatic event probably in all Southampton history—the attack and practical sack of a large part of the town. A large foreign fleet, no less than fifty galleys—Normans, Genoese, and Spanish—sailed up the Southampton Water and surprised the town. The people fled and left the invaders in undisturbed occupation, to burn,

plunder, and destroy as they pleased. But the next day, having rallied and organised a stout resistance, they attacked the foreigners in turn, and that, too, to such excellent purpose, that the foes fled to their ships, having in twenty-four hours committed widespread devastation, from which Southampton did not fully recover for many years. The following contemporary verses, by Laurence Minot, commemorate this incident. The ballad-monger is evidently a patriot, and strives to minimise the extent of the disaster.

At Hamton, als I understand,
Came the galayes unto land,
And ful fast thai slogh and brend,
But noght so makill als sum men wend.
For or thai wened war thai mett
With men that sone there laykes lett.
Sum was knokked on the hevyd
That the body thare bilevid.
Sum lay stareand on the sternes,
And sum lay knoked out thaire hernes.[1]
The galay men the suth to say
Most nedes turn another way.

This unequalled disaster caused the defences of the town to be rebuilt and strengthened. Those portions of the walls which still stand—the beautiful Arcades, for instance—probably date

[1] Brains.

from this period, and enable us to gather what the walls generally were like; certainly Southampton was never caught napping again. Indeed, in a few years' time, the men of Hampton were returning the compliment. The Crecy expedition (1346) was fitted out here, and sailed from this port. In 1377 the French, by way of reprisal, attacked the town again, but this time made no impression on her defences. "Once bit, twice shy." Yet Southampton had other foes besides the French and Genoese; successive visitations of the Black Death decimated the town. The whole period from Edward III.'s to Henry V.'s reign was one of struggle and difficulty, and at no time was Southampton safe from attack from the foreign marauding and piratical craft which infested the Channel.

Henry V.'s reign saw a return to prosperity and witnessed a historical drama of absorbing interest. Ship-building was actively pushed on. Henry's great ships, the *Grace Dieu* and the *Holy Ghost*, were fitted here; here he collected his forces for the Agincourt expedition; and here, just as he was preparing to sail, the famous plot, the subject of the great scene at 'Hampton,' in Shakespeare's *Henry V.*, was brought to light. Henry had been pushing on his preparations and had moved his

Court from place to place. He had received the French King's envoys, who came desirous of forestalling the expedition, at Winchester; thence he journeyed to Southampton, and there, as his preparations were being completed, the plot was disclosed. Richard, Earl of Cambridge, the King's cousin, Lord Scrope of Masham, and Sir Thomas Grey were the conspirators. Sir Thomas Grey, as a commoner, was condemned by a jury and at once executed; the others were tried before a council of peers and condemned also. The Earl of Cambridge, in consideration of his royal blood, was permitted to walk to the place of execution—a spot outside the Bargate, where Grey had just previously been executed. Lord Scrope was dragged there on a hurdle. A few days later Henry embarked his forces; he besieged Harfleur, and won the great battle of Agincourt, 1415. The embarkation and success of his forces are recorded in an inscription placed over the West Gate, through which his troops marched to their ships. The rose in the County Arms has been stated to be the Rose of Lancaster, conferred on Hampshire as a recognition of the prowess of the Hampshire Bands, who formed a large proportion of the Agincourt force; but how far this statement is correct it is difficult to say.

WEST GATE, SOUTHAMPTON

One of the old-world gateways, along the mediæval defences of Southampton. Southampton was originally defended most strongly on the landward side, till in a French descent in 1338, the town was burnt and the seaward defences were then strengthened. Much of the still-existing fortifications on the west side, including the delightful arcades, was erected then. Through the West Gate Edward III.'s soldiers and Henry V.'s troops, for the Crecy and Agincourt expeditions respectively, are traditionally reported to have marched on their way to embarkation.

Two years later Henry embarked again from Hampton with great pomp—his sails were of purple, and emblazoned with the royal arms—for a second French expedition. In 1422, just before he died, his Queen Katherine in turn embarked here to join her husband in France.

During all these years Portsmouth and Southampton had been rival centres of naval activity. By Henry VIII.'s reign Portsmouth had established an unchallenged position as the premier naval arsenal; but at Southampton there are striking Tudor memories too. Henry VIII.'s reign saw the great Emperor, Charles V., the second Charlemagne, embark here after his State visit to Henry VIII. More memorable even was the landing of Charles's son, Philip, afterwards King of Spain, of Armada memory, to wed his cousin, Mary, Queen of England. Philip arrived here on July 20, 1554, escorted by a fleet of 160 sail, partly English, partly Spanish. He landed on the beach by the Town Quay, near the Water Gate, and was received with great ceremony and respect by the townspeople and assembled courtiers. The Mayor, on bended knee, humbly presented him with the keys of the town. Then, accompanied by a cortege of great splendour, of English nobles and Spanish

grandees, he passed up through the Water Gate and High Street to Holy Rood Church, where mass was solemnly celebrated in token of thanks for his safe arrival. For three days he was entertained in Southampton, and then rode on to Winchester, similarly escorted, and here Mary received him. He was lodged at the Deanery, and two days after the marriage was solemnised at the Cathedral—an ill-omened marriage, destined to bring disappointment and all but despair to the poor Queen. The recent Spanish marriage, made under different auspices, by an English Princess, forms a significant contrast to this Spanish union.

During all these years, from Henry III.'s reign onward, the trade of the port had been steadily developing. In Edward III.'s reign Winchester became one of the ten wool-staple towns—towns, that is, where the legal markets for wool were maintained, where wool was weighed and sold—and Southampton, as the port of export, benefited largely for some years, till later on the same King transferred the wool-staple to Calais, and the trade declined.

But the rise of Venice brought a return of prosperity. The Venetians held the whole of the great Eastern trade, and Southampton in 1378

granted them freedom of entry for their "gallies and caracks." Up the Southampton Water came the picturesque Venetian craft, laden with spices from Arabia and silks from the far East, to barter away in exchange for English hides and woollens. From this period to Tudor times trade flourished and Southampton with it.

A curious and interesting memento of these Venetian traders exists in North Stoneham Church, a little to the north of Southampton. The Venetian and Adriatic sailor-folk were very clannish, and formed themselves into *scuolas*, schools or guilds, such as flourish vigorously in Chiozza or Venice nowadays, and some members of a guild or *scuola* of Dalmatian sailors are buried here in a common grave. The tombstone above has the inscription: "Sepultura de la schola de Sclavoni, Año Dñi MCCCLXXXXI." Presumably they died in the port, perhaps of some common malady, and it may be that they were buried here, as the Church of North Stoneham is dedicated to St. Nicolas, the patron saint of sailors and wandering men.

Curiously enough, the great accession of trade which came to England with the epoch of discovery, opened out by the great world-voyages of Vasco da Gama and Columbus, brought decline to South-

ampton. Venice was ruined commercially, Plymouth, Bristol, and the western ports gained the American trade, and Southampton dwindled. As early as 1531, indeed, we learn from an Act of Henry VIII. that the trade had "lamentably fallen off." At the time of the Armada the port was called upon to supply two ships and a pinnace, but the Mayor lamented that this was beyond its capabilities—partly because of the decay of trade, and partly because of the exactions of the royal press, which had lately seized upon and impressed 110 mariners from the port, for the fleet. Southampton had fallen on evil days.

In James I.'s reign we have the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. In 1620 the little band having collected at Holland put in at Southampton for their last embarkation, and their two vessels, the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell*, set sail finally from here. They touched at Plymouth, where the *Speedwell*, not being sufficiently well found for such a voyage, was left behind, and the *Mayflower* went on alone. Southampton will always cherish this memory. For years Southampton trade was at a low ebb. Not indeed till recent years has the port really begun to recover its commercial prosperity. Now with the numerous liners, South African,

West Indian, American, and the great German Lloyds bound to the far East, all of which make Southampton a port either of departure or of call, a new era of prosperity has commenced. To-day Southampton Water is alive with vessels of every type and build, and few, if any, of our ports can show the same interest, diversity, and continual activity that Southampton Water appears instinct with. The time seems not far distant when Southampton will resume the position she held years ago, and become again, not merely a great port, but one of the greatest in the land.

Of old-world Southampton we have, fortunately, many relics still existing; prominent among these are the old walls and fortifications. These originally were pierced by several gates, of which the North Gate, the West Gate, and Blue Anchor Postern still remain. The North Gate, or Bargate, is a splendid relic of antiquity, bestriding the High Street, not like a Colossus, but rather seeming to be about to sit down upon it and effectually block the already obstructed passage. This, the most prominent of the mediæval defences of the town, was placed on the landward, not, as we should expect it, on the seaward side, a fact curiously illustrative of the difference between mediæval

and modern conditions. Utilitarian vandalism only a few years ago desired to remove it, to make way for the Corporation trams! and so recently as 1908 a local town-councillor actually advocated its removal and the sale of its building material—to widen the roadway, forsooth! But the Bargate has survived the danger, as one trusts it always will do, and the trams have respectfully to halt, as if by way of homage, or perchance of apology, before they pass beneath. Original Norman work is found in the inner portions; the exterior parts are later Norman and Plantagenet in date. Above is the old Guildhall, with much wealth of heraldic and figurative imagery. The exterior of the Bargate has seen many transformations. Formerly on the northern side was displayed a portrait of Queen Elizabeth, and on the southern side one of Queen Anne. Ungallant Southampton has deposed them both, and makes sorry amends with George III., masquerading as a Roman Emperor!

Mr. Pepys visited the Bargate, when he was entertained at Southampton by the Mayor and citizens, "with sturgeon of their own catching," and "caveare," of which he was unable to procure any for his own use, as "they had not given salt enough." Mr. Pepys also mentions "Bevis's

picture on one of the gates." This is the great legendary hero of Hampton lore, "Sir Bevys of Hampshire," who with his lady, the good Josyan, and his squire, the giant Ascapart, figures prominently in the mediaeval ballad literature. Sir Bevys is the son of Sir Guy, and of the wicked and seductive lady his wife. His youth is stormy, and his mother drives him forth; he encounters many misfortunes, and becomes a slave in Heathenésse. But a good angel watches over him—a Saracen princess, Josyan the good—and she effects his rescue; and so his adventures begin anew. He slays two lions—are they the lions on the Bargate?—and then encounters Ascapart. Ascapart was a rarely unattractive

> geaunt,
> With a lotheliche semblaunt.
> He was wonderliche strong,
> Some thrette fote long.
> His berd was bot gret and rowe;
> A space of a fot betweene is browe.

And so forth. Bevys vanquishes Ascapart and makes him his squire. But his adventures are not over. Fate takes him to London, where Bevis Marks still retains his memory. London might well remember him, for there were dreadful deeds performed, among other things a terrible fight:

So many men was ded
That Cheapsyde was blode red.

Fortunately in due course they all died—Bevys and the good Josyan—and were buried together, and the world lived happily ever after. Tradition connects their burial with Bevois Mount, and by way of confirming the truth of the tale, it is said that excavations on Bevois Mount brought to light the bones of a human skeleton of gigantic proportions—doubtless, again, Ascapart.

Bevois Mount has other memories, less shadowy and less ancient than those of Bevys and Josyan. In Georgian days it was the residence of that remarkable historical figure the Earl of Peterborough, the hero of a romantic campaign in Spain —the friend of Pope. Here Peterborough assembled the wits and *dilettanti* of the eighteenth century—Pope, and Gay, Voltaire, and Elizabeth Montague, the famous 'Blue Stocking.' Bevois Mount, with its recollections of these vivacious folk, is one of the few spots in Southampton with literary associations, though none of the brilliant guests who assembled there were natives of Southampton. Few indeed among the sons of Southampton have been eminent in literature. Charles Dibdin, the sailor-poet, and Isaac Watts,

the Baptist divine and hymnologist, she can lay claim to. Southampton's other literary figures have been importations.

High Street is a fine street, both Above Bar and Below Bar. In Henry VIII.'s reign Leland describes it as "one of the fairest streets that is in any toune in England," and Pepys remarks that "the toune (Southampton) is one most gallant street." On the left side, as you look down from the Bargate, is Holy Rood Church, where King Philip went in state to hear mass. Originally it was placed in the centre of the roadway, like St. Clement Danes in the Strand. Almost opposite stands St. Michael's, with its strangely disproportionate spire, a little off the High Street—the most interesting, architecturally, of Southampton churches. Some part of it is Norman. It suffered in the great French raid in 1338, when much of it was burnt down. The mother church of Southampton, St. Mary's, is a quite modern building, but as a foundation it has an ancient and interesting history. As a noteworthy development of muscular Christianity, 'Southampton St. Mary's,' the well-known football club, universally known as 'The Saints,' rose originally from the football club of St. Mary's parish to its present prominent position.

Of the seaward defences of old Southampton quite extensive parts remain. All round the west and south sides the walls and towers meet you, and delightfully interesting they are. Curious little passages and step-ways run in quaint and tortuous fashion down to old-world arched gateways, just as in a Welsh or Cornish fishing town; and inscriptions thoughtfully placed here and there bring before the eye of inquiring visitors such names as King John, Crecy, Agincourt. Amid these old-world walls and arches it is easy to imagine oneself transported back again to days of Angevin and Plantagenet. The Arcades are the most attractive portion. This old piece of stone wall, arched and battlemented, as hoary with age as it is gracefully executed, is a gem of antique stone-work. Near the south-west corner of the walls is an old house, called Cnut's House. Sir Henry Charles Englefield, who described the Southampton antiquities carefully, in *A Walk through Southampton*, is responsible for the name. The building is very possibly of as early a date as Cnut's time, but there seems to be no real authority for the ascription to Cnut. The seaward defences end at the south-east corner of the old town with God's House Tower, with the dilapidated and forlorn-looking statue of the Prince

Consort close by; a particularly fine and bold piece of work the Tower, built to project beyond the eastern corner, and so to enable defenders to enfilade the eastern wall and moat when attack threatened. As already mentioned, these walls and towers—the Arcades and so forth—probably took their present form after the great foreign descent of 1338, when the walls and fortifications were renewed. At all events when a formidable French fleet harried the coast and sailed up Southampton Water in 1377, they found the governor, Sir John Arundel, ready for them. He had rebuilt the "castelle" which Leland afterwards described as "larg, fair, and very strong," and the defences looked so secure that the enemy did not even venture to attack.

God's House Tower derives its name from its proximity to the ancient Hospital of St. Julian, the Domus Dei or 'God's hous' of Southampton, founded in Richard I.'s reign for the relief of the indigent. The ancient chapel of the Domus Dei contains the graves of Richard, Earl of Cambridge, and his associates in the great Hampton plot of Henry V.'s reign. It is now used as the French Protestant Church. The Hospital was spared at the time of the Dissolution, and still supports eight poor people.

From God's Hous Tower the line of the old moat and the landward defences on the east of the mediæval town can be readily followed. The old moat is now Canal Walk, a quaint, narrow thoroughfare, crowded with shops, affording only footway for passers through it. Dickens would have delighted in Canal Walk, though its amenities are not all of the most inviting type.

Years ago this was filled with water, which was admitted through a sluice, and a moat it remained for many years. Dr. Speed, the eighteenth century Southampton historian, speaking of his own time, tells us "there is a broad ditch all round the town on the land side"; and an unpleasant enough place it was, for it served as a general receptacle for all kinds of miscellaneous refuse. Indeed Southampton was not singular in this respect. Mediæval towns were habitually filthy. We read in the Records of the Merchant Guild, for instance, how, in 1550, there was complaint that "Mr. Maire keepeth a sow" on his premises; in 1576, of "a greate heape of soyle and roobidge befor Mr. Mayor his garden in the East St."; and of an alderman being fined for permitting a similar nuisance. So the less prominent inhabitants had at any rate an excuse for their

irregularities. The gateways on the seaward side were, in particular, the receptacles for dirt and "roobidge." In 1511, on the occasion of a visit from King Henry VIII., a special grant of money was made for the "redding (cleansing) of the Bedelles yat at the Kynges coming."

The present name, 'Canal Walk,' preserves the memory of an unfortunate financial project, dating from 1795, for connecting Southampton by canal with Andover along the Test Valley. The scheme was never completed, but a canal was actually cut along the old moat, then carried through a tunnel, and so on parallel to the shore to Redbridge. The scheme was pilloried in the following verses by Pye, printed in 1800 in the *Gentleman's Magazine:*

> Southampton's wise sons found their river so large,
> Tho' 'twould carry a ship, 'twould not carry a barge.
> But soon this defect their sage noddles supply'd,
> For they cut a snug ditch to run close by its side.
> Like the man, who contriving a hole thro' his wall,
> To admit his two cats, the one great, t'other small,
> When a great hole was made for great puss to pass through
> Had a little hole cut for his little cat too.

Tabulae risu solvuntur. But, after all, Southampton's wise sons had some of the laugh, for though Canal Walk was filled up, the tunnel and

part of the route excavated by them are now utilised for the railway which, later on, was constructed.

The literary aspect of Southampton is a strange contrast to that of Portsmouth, but it possesses features of strong interest. Few towns are so rich in archives and historical records of various kinds: charters, ordinances, and records of the Guild merchant, records of the Court leet, maps, and so forth. Dr. John Speed, already referred to, wrote a history of Southampton, and his MS. is one of the chief treasures of the County Borough Corporation. Modern Southampton has shown itself fully worthy of these literary and historical treasures, and the Southampton Historical Association has in late years done splendid service by editing and publishing many of these records, and so rendering them available to the wider circle of students.

Among Southampton worthies whose names endure in literature, Dr. Isaac Watts, already referred to, must rank high. He came of a French Huguenot family, and his father, Isaac Watts also, was a prominent Southampton Independent and Deacon of his Chapel at a time when to be a Nonconformist meant legal and

social proscription; and Isaac Watts, the Deacon, was actually fined £3 as a non-juror. Dr. Isaac Watts, hymnologist and divine, was born at Southampton and spent his early manhood here. His great work on Logic is now unknown; his moral songs have practically ceased to exercise influence, and few children of the present generation have more than a casual acquaintance with that "Busy Bee" whose improvement of the shining hours formed so constant a theme for contemplation for children of two or three generations back; but as a hymnologist Dr. Watts will be remembered with reverence and gratitude for all time. Few hymns breathe so fervent a spirit of real piety as his wonderful hymn,

When I survey the wondrous Cross;

and other fine hymns from his pen are,

O God, our help in ages past.
How bright these glorious spirits shine.

A statue in the Park fittingly commemorates his connection with Southampton.

Another literary link with Southampton is Jane Austen. In 1805, Trafalgar year, when she was thirty years old, her family removed here from Bath, and here they resided for four years, in a

house near the walls, in a corner of Castle Square. Jane Austen's association with Southampton is interesting, but it is purely personal; none of her works are definitely connected with this four years' sojourn at Southampton.

Southampton Docks are full of interest; vessels of every type are here. Here, perhaps, is the mighty *St. Louis*; there the *Adriatic*, the great White Star liner; and at the end of the great quay lie two or three Union Castle liners—the *Kinfauns Castle*, or the *Kildonan Castle*, with their characteristic mauve colouring. It is not many years since the American liners first made Southampton their port of call and departure. The White Star Line has followed suit, and soon the great Cunarders will be there too. The dock accommodation is being continually added to: the graving dock is among the largest in the world. In the streets near the docks a rare medley of peoples, races, and languages are to be met with. Lascars, Norwegians, Japanese, and many others jostle one another, and pass unnoticed—too familiar a sight here to excite remark. During the South African War the embarkation of nearly all the troops for the Cape took place at this port, and the embarkation was carried out with remarkable smoothness

BOTLEY

Botley lies at the head of Hamble Creek. William Cobbett formerly lived here. Botley is the centre of the extensive Hampshire strawberry cultivation.

and despatch. Southampton Docks are one of our leading military assets.

A few miles below Southampton lie Netley Hospital and Netley Abbey. Netley Hospital, with its striking façade, and galleries and corridors a quarter of a mile long, is a dominating feature of Southampton Water. It was built soon after the Crimean War, for British soldiers invalided home. Of different interest is Netley Abbey, the ruins of the old Cistercian monastery founded in Henry III.'s reign, and a kind of offshoot of Beaulieu. The earlier name of Netley is Letley, the *Laetus locus*, or *spot of gladness*. Certainly it is a lovely neighbourhood; the scenery round is full of attractiveness. Few ruins are more captivating or have more beautiful surroundings. Horace Walpole in one of his oft-quoted letters refers to the charm of Netley: "Oh, the purpled abbots! what a spot they had chosen to slumber in." As if a monastic life was anything but a hard and uninviting round of painful duties conscientiously performed, and only fruitful, where monastic life was in any sense a reality, because of this ever-present sense of unattractiveness and limitation. Life was very drab even for the "purpled abbots"—we need not grudge them the solace of scenery, if solace indeed it was;

but it is questionable whether the sense of scenery actually existed among them. Netley ruins are extensive and full of beauty; but ruins are always sad, and particularly monastic ruins. They are sad with the sadness of effort misapplied, of hopes unrealised, of ideals mistaken, of human frailty permitted to outbalance human zeal and human devotedness. And peculiar sadness haunts such ruins as at Netley, the sad legacy of the monastic dissolution, when the mind reverts to the waste of unequalled opportunities for good which their resources made possible, all frittered away and recklessly squandered in savage spoliation and the gratification of personal greed. *Eheu fugaces*! We need not lament the Cistercians overmuch, whether at Netley or at Beaulieu, but we may legitimately sigh to think that all that Thomas Cromwell's commissioners have permitted to descend to us is the picturesque ruins on the one hand and Hurst and Calshot Castles, built from Beaulieu stones, on the other.

Just behind Netley lies Hamble village, and just below it the estuary of the Hamble river. A beautiful spot is Hamble village, with its green, its church, and its river. A beautiful picture the river forms too, whether at high tide or low, with

HAMBLE

A characteristic seaport village at the mouth of Hamble estuary—the centre of an important crab and lobster trade. In the mud of the tidal river lies embedded an ancient Danish "longship," supposed to have figured in the Danish descents of Alfred the Great's time. The *Mercury* Training Ship lies moored here; its masts and yards can be seen up the river. The rich red brick and tile work of Hamble village forms in summer-time a delightful picture from the water, with the blue of the river and the yachts in front and the dark trees behind. Warsash lies just opposite Hamble, and Netley just behind it.

Hamble

smacks, yachts, and coasting craft lying lazily at anchor in the stream, with trees and houses and church as background. A little up the river lies the training ship *Mercury*, which has rendered splendid service in training lads for the navy. When Captain Hoare, whose child it was, died in 1908, there was some danger that the splendid work the *Mercury* had done might be crippled or come to an end. Fortunately the danger has been averted. A visit to the *Mercury* is an effort well rewarded.

These waters of Hamble and Southampton have witnessed many a stirring scene, perhaps most stirring in days of Alfred and his predecessors, when fleet after fleet of longships came up the water to attack Hampton and storm Winchester. Of one fierce fight, perhaps upon these very Hamble waters, of Alfred's reign, a graphic account exists in the *English Chronicle*. It was in 897. Alfred had rebuilt his fleet, and six Danish 'æscas' or longships had entered what was either Southampton Water or one of the great Portsmouth creeks.

The King commanded nine of the new ships to go thither, and they obstructed their passage towards the outer sea. Then went they with three of their ships out against them,

and three lay in the upper part of the port in the dry; for the crew was gone ashore. Then took they two of the three ships at the outer part of the port, and killed the crew, and the other ship escaped; in that also the crew were killed except five: they got away because the other ships were aground. They also were aground very disadvantageously: three lay aground on that side of the deep on which the Danish ships were aground, and all the rest upon the other side, so that no one of them could get to the others. But when the water had ebbed many furlongs from the ships, then the Danish men went from their three ships to the other three which were left by the tide on their side, and there they fought against them.

There was great slaughter: 72 English and Frisians and 120 Danes were killed.

Then, however, the flood-tide came to the Danish ships before the Christians could shove theirs off, and they therefore rowed them out. Nevertheless they were damaged to such a degree that they could not row round the Sussex land; and there the sea cast two of them on shore, and the crews were led to the King at Winchester, and he commanded them to be hanged.

Only one ship, in fact, escaped. Of the six vessels three were stranded in the shallows of the port; two made off, but were cast ashore; one alone reached the Danish headquarters, East Anglia.

The exact spot of this encounter is unknown,

but the description makes it at least possible that the shallows off the Hamble witnessed this dramatic struggle. What lends force to this view is the presence in the mud of the Hamble river of the actual keel of an old galley, supposed to have been a Danish longship. One would dearly like to think it was one of these three which were aground, and whose crews fought so desperately. It was a large vessel, some 120 feet long, and its Dragon figure-head was actually in existence not many years ago, in Bursledon village, at the head of the Hamble. Hamble is absolutely peaceful now, and looking down on Southampton Water, say from Fawley Cricket Ground, with the beautiful glimpses of the bright blue water seen between the trees, it is difficult to conjure up any visions save those of peace; but Calshot with its mines and its quick-firing guns, and the huge, fantastic-looking, floating cradle lying behind the Castle, ready to be towed into the fairway to support the great boom across Southampton Harbour should need arise, serves as a reminder of at least other possibilities than those of uninterrupted peace—hard as it may seem to imagine any such in these quiet and beautiful waters, waters where the peaceful rivalries of commerce,

or of yachting craft, seem natural and in keeping, but where the boom of hostile ordnance seems just as strange and unnatural as the fierce cries of Saxon Berserker, or the savage "Ohoi! Ohoi!" of Danish pirate.

CHAPTER XV

THE NEW FOREST

THE New Forest has a character all its own: in scenery, in vegetation, in the wild occupants of its hospitable recesses, in history, in the habits of its people, in its laws and local regulations. There is no part of Hampshire, indeed no part of England, like it.

The stranger to the New Forest goes expecting to find timber and dense woodlands, with perhaps occasional clearings, villages, a town here and there, and so forth. In reality he will find himself in a land of fairly open character, with broad and, in summer, dusty roads, much tormented by motors, passing between farms and cultivated land, over open heaths and furze-covered wastes. He will pass through villages and by country seats, and he will wonder when he is coming to the actual Forest. Woodland he will find as

well, and in some spots plenty of it, but he will find so much beside that he was unprepared for, that great will perhaps be his surprise at hearing that he has been in the Forest itself all the while; greater still will his surprise probably be when he learns that the word Forest has no reference to woodland at all, but solely to the laws regulating the hunting of game within its area.

The picturesque story of the making of the New Forest is one of the haunting traditions of our youth. We all cherish the story, how William the Conqueror's passion for hunting was so intense that, to make room for the deer he wished to hunt, he laid waste a large area of fertile corn land in Hampshire, driving out the inhabitants, demolishing houses, villages, churches, everything, in his unbridled passion for indulgence in sport. Very possibly in our youthful days we pictured William's minions completing the work by actually planting trees, overlooking the fact that he might have grown weary with waiting for those trees to develop into a forest growth. Such is the common illusion, but it melts away almost to nothing before the cold light of historical investigation. For, to begin with, the Conqueror had no need to extend the area of available woodland at all—there was already plenty

and to spare: the whole south of England was in his day practically covered with almost continuous woodland. And then, again, William was a prudent administrator. He was certainly not reckless enough to excite a dangerous outbreak of popular resentment by dispossessing, except for urgent political cause, a whole country-side so close to his capital city of Winchester; but he wanted game to hunt, and he wanted it close at hand. Accordingly he made laws reserving the privilege of hunting the deer, the harts and hinds, the boars, and the hares, in certain districts of the country to himself, and to those to whom he gave special licence. These laws were called the Forest Laws, and it was the application of these laws to a particular district, not the planting of trees or laying waste the land, which made it a "Forest." In this way, as the Chronicle tells us, William "made great forests for the deer"; but he did it, not by expelling the inhabitants, but by administrative enactment.

In the popular sense of the word the New Forest, as an area largely occupied by woodland, has indeed existed from time immemorial. The soil in general was unsuitable for cultivation, and was covered with a more or less dense growth of beech, oak, and fir, alternating with open heaths, marshes, and barren

land. The early name for it had been *Ytene*, that is, 'furze land.' The timber, the pasture, and the salt it afforded gave it, however, considerable value; its chief wealth lay in '*pannage*,' *i.e.* in the facilities for feeding swine, great herds of which could be easily reared and fattened on the rich 'mast' of its oak and beech woods. Uncultivated and wild it already was; William made it a 'Forest' by making it subject to the Forest Laws.

Of the imaginary devastations above referred to, the Forest itself affords no trace. There are no signs on or beneath the surface to indicate any such thing, and, what is more important, there is no documentary evidence that any such took place. The documentary evidence is all the other way. Domesday Book gives the total of inhabitants in the New Forest as 200, and mentions only two churches, Milford and Brockenhurst, both still standing, and with much of the original Norman work intact. Excavations reveal the presence of numerous early burial cists and of Roman pottery, but of very little else. There is nothing to indicate that there were either churches to destroy or inhabitants to disperse, and the nature of the soil is itself sufficient to dispel the legend of the great corn district which supplied

the south of England. Furthermore, William, so far from being indifferent to the hostility which the 'afforestation' of this area was certain to cause—for afforestation meant sweeping away of existing privileges, and substituting for comparative freedom laws which gave every opportunity for oppression and tyranny — actually strove to throw the odium of the Forest Laws upon a charter of Canute's time. No such charter ever existed; but the fact that William went the length of inventing one, shows how alive he was to such danger as would have arisen, had he provoked it, from a strained and excited state of public feeling, and a country-side burning with suppressed resentment. If devastation there was, it must have been within very narrow limits.

There were, in point of fact, three types of unenclosed preserve in which the game-laws had special operation—a Forest, a Chase, and a Warren. Both a forest and a chase comprised the large game, the deer and boars; a warren only the smaller game, the hares, and so forth. All were under special laws; but in a 'Chase' offences under the game-laws were tried in the ordinary Courts of Justice, in a 'Forest' such offences were dealt with by special 'Forest Courts,' where the chances

of even-handed justice were more remote, and the penalties inflicted were terribly severe. In the Conqueror's time mutilation by loss of eye or hand was the penalty for hunting stag or boar, and William Rufus increased the severity of the penalties, and punished such acts by death. The far-reaching nature of the Forest Laws rendered it practically impossible to live in the Forest area without infringing them at times in some detail or other, and where the common treatment contemplated by the laws was so severe, and the power exercised by the Forest officials so uncontrolled, the security of life and liberty for the inhabitants became slender and precarious indeed. Thus with 'afforestation' came the memory of oppression and wrong, and with the misunderstanding of the term and the imaginative amplifications of monkish historians in this and the following reign—and the monks all hated Rufus with peculiar hatred—the legend, for legend it so far is, of devastation has developed.

The special Forest officials were numerous and varied. They included a Lord Warden, Regarders, Verderers, Foresters or Keepers, Verminers, and many others. The 'Freeholders' of the Forest area were called '*Swains*'—a term surviving in

the '*Swain-Mote*,' a Forest Court still held at Lyndhurst. There were several types of such Forest courts. Once every forty days a '*Wood-Mote*' or Court of attachment was held. This was a court of first instance, at which the accused could either be acquitted, or else committed for trial. If the latter, he appeared before the Swain-Mote, a court held at Lyndhurst before the four Verderers, with a jury of 'Swains.' A superior court or King's Court was held once every three years, when a special circuit judge appointed for Forest offences, a justice *ex-itinere*, or justice "*in Eyre*" as later on he got to be called, held assize. In addition, there were courts for special purposes, such as the '*Court of Regarders*,' held for the '*lawing*' or exemption of dogs.

The practice of 'lawing' dogs developed in Henry II.'s reign. The great mastiffs kept by the inhabitants were a source of continual difficulty, owing to the depredations they committed among the deer. Accordingly in Henry II.'s reign '*expeditation*' was introduced; the mastiffs were rendered incapable of pulling down the deer by having three claws struck off each of their fore-paws by a chisel. This mutilation of the dogs was called 'expeditation,' or 'lawing.'

Exemptions, however, were allowed. Thus in later days "the Abbot and holy men of Beaulieu" were permitted to keep dogs 'unlawed,' and a similar right was enjoyed by those who were in a position to purchase it by payment in money. Only the larger dogs were 'lawed'; smaller ones went free, as being harmless. In the Verderer's Hall at Lyndhurst a stirrup is shown which was traditionally used as a test for this purpose: if a dog could squeeze his body through, he avoided the chisel and mallet; if not, he suffered mutilation. Another tradition anent the same stirrup identifies it as having been used by Rufus on the day when he was slain in the Forest. Both traditions are probably equally entitled to belief.

From the Forest customs and the Forest courts a large vocabulary of terms peculiar to the Forest—practically a small language in itself—has developed. All within the area had reference to one of two categories—'*vert and venison*,' that is, the green and the chase. All products of the soil were '*vert*,' all animals of the chase '*venison*.' The various rights or privileges of the inhabitants, the rights of '*turbary*' or turf-cutting, the rights of '*estovers*,' every custom, every article of use, had its special technical name in forestry.

Of the Forest rights that of 'pannage,' already referred to, was the most important. It was the right of feeding pigs on the 'mast' of beech or oak within the Forest area, though the term is often applied also to the money payment made for the purchase of the right.

Official surveys of the Forest were made from time to time; these were known as '*perambulations*.' One of these was made for the Domesday Survey, another in Edward I.'s reign. A third perambulation was made later on in the same reign, and some part of it disafforested. In Tudor and Stuart days the forest was much neglected. The officers' pay was withheld, and they were allowed to reimburse themselves by cutting down timber, which they did recklessly and to the permanent detriment of the timbered property. In Charles II.'s reign a perambulation was made, and the King ordered the planting of young oak trees to repair the waste. No great improvement was, however, effected, and in William III.'s reign an Act was passed for replanting the available open spaces with oak. It, too, remained practically a dead letter, and the wastage continued. In 1848 a Commission was finally appointed to set matters on a proper footing.

The deer were removed; they were a picturesque feature of forest life, but were useless and expensive. They destroyed the crops, they encouraged lawlessness and crime by acting as a constant temptation to poaching. As compensation for the expensive privilege of keeping deer, the Crown Commissioners were empowered to enclose 14,000 acres for planting, though, as it was calculated that every buck killed cost them £100, it is hard to understand why they required any indemnification at all, and the enclosure was hotly resisted by the commoners, but in vain. Here and there a few deer linger, but they are very few.

Of the Forest animals, pigs and Forest ponies are by far the most numerous. You meet the Forest pigs everywhere—large, and black, and free; not filthy and unsavoury as the cottager's pig, cooped up in a narrow and rarely cleaned out stye, is bound to be, but natural and healthy-looking as becomes a primitive inhabitant of the Forest. These Forest pigs grow to a large size, and seem to have enormous farrows of young pigs. More characteristic even are the Forest ponies—strong, hardy, and to a large extent wild. Many of them have been foaled in the Forest, and regularly before the fairs the ponies are

'rounded up' in a pony 'drive'—a wild and stirring spectacle, which has frequently formed the subject of pictorial illustration. When caught the colts are branded according to the brands on the dams with which they are running, and become the property of the respective owners of the latter.

The practical centre of New Forest life is Lyndhurst, *Linden Hurst, i.e.* the Wood of Lime Trees. It is an attractive town, pleasantly situated in a fine open spot amid beautiful forest surroundings. All round is splendid timber. The town is full of bustle and activity all through the summer—a continual influx and efflux of coaches, motors, cyclists, and driving parties. Its church is modern, and built, like so many other Hampshire churches, on a huge mound, possibly an ancient earthwork. Its tall spire renders it a prominent landmark for miles round. Over the altar is Leighton's well-known altar-piece, the Parable of the Ten Virgins, a lovely example of Leighton's work, unfortunately showing signs of deterioration owing to the effect of the English climate on the wall on which it is painted. Lyndhurst is the centre of the traditions of Forest government. We have already referred to the ancient Court

of Swain-Mote still held here. The Verderer's Hall, with trophies of famous hunts of earlier days, is an interesting spot. The old justice's seat is the most curious and attractive object in it. The stirrup kept here, and used, traditionally, for the 'lawing' of dogs, we have already referred to.

From Lyndhurst to Rufus Stone is a distance of four miles—four miles through open glades of woodland, past Minstead, a beautiful old village set with fruit trees, and with an old church of Norman date, one of the two Forest churches mentioned in Domesday, still retaining its square-shaped Norman font, so similar to those of the Upper Test Valley churches, and with an old 'three-decker' pulpit, one of a type now rarely seen; and as you pass through the village your eye will be caught by the sign of the Trusty Servant over the door of its Inn—the curious *multum-in-parvo* allegory or compendium of domestic virtues, copied with its attendant verses from Winchester College. Then the road sweeps up to the left past Malwood Lodge, set beautifully back from the road amid lovely timber, and a short distance farther on in Canterton Glen, where, according to ancient record, a settlement of Jutish people once existed, and, with a cocoa-nut shy in

curious incongruity, close at hand is Rufus Stone, the traditional spot where occurred the tragedy of the Red King's death, the centre of pilgrimage for all right-minded visitors to the Forest, willing to pay customary homage to its attractions.

Malwood and Rufus Stone. How closely these are linked in history, as they are in position! The story of the Red King's death is perhaps the best known of all stories in English history. Rufus Stone, an upright block of stone enclosed in a hideously ugly triangular casing of iron, thus records the local tradition:

> Here stood the oak tree on which an arrow shot by Sir Walter Tyrrel at a stag, glanced and struck King William II., of which stroke he instantly died, on the 2° of August 1100. King Wm. II., surnamed Rufus, being slain as before related was laid in a cart belonging to one Purkess, and drawn from hence to Winchester, and buried in the Cathedral of that city. That the spot where an event so memorable had happened might not hereafter be unknown, this stone was set up by John, Lord Delawarr, who had seen the tree growing in this place, Anno 1745.
>
> This stone having been much mutilated and the inscription on its sides defaced, this more durable memorial, with the original inscription, was erected in the year 1841 by William Sturges Bourne, Warden.

This is hardly the place to discuss how far the tradition is reliable which identifies this spot with

the scene of the Rufus tragedy. The fact that Lord Delawarr saw 'the tree' in 1745 would in itself be rather a slender thread to hang much upon. The Forest tradition, however, is very deeply rooted, and there is no *a priori* reason for questioning it. Accordingly, as Mercutio says, "'Tis enough, t'will serve." *Esto perpetuo!*

At Malwood, close by, up till recent years the late Sir William Harcourt resided. Here was a castle or royal hunting-box. There are many legends about Malwood: one is that it was here, when the Red King was feasting before the hunt, that a monk burst in upon the assembled company and warned the King to abandon his evil courses:

> The King was drinking in Malwood Hall,
> There came in a monk before them all.

But to no purpose. The King scoffed and the mysterious monk vanished, and the doom foretold by the ghostly monk promptly descended. The truth about the tragedy, whether it occurred by accident or design, will never be known. Many versions have been given. According to one, Rufus's brother Henry bribed Sir Walter Tyrrel; others represent it as tn result of private vengeance on Tyrrel's part; in others it is even the result of a plot in ecclesiastical circles in which

SOPLEY

A bright little village on the Avon, opposite St. Catherine's Hill, and four miles or so from Christchurch, with a charming little church. Near Sopley are Tyrrel's Ford, and the smithy (now disused), traditionally associated with the flight of Sir Walter Tyrrel.

Anselm had a share—a thing unthinkable. At all events Tyrrel fled. He crossed the Avon at Tyrrel's Ford close to Avon village, and took ship at Christchurch Twyneham for Normandy. Local tradition again recounts how Tyrrel was assisted by the smith who kept the smithy at Avon, who reversed the shoes of Tyrrel's horse for him, and so baffled pursuit—an obvious absurdity, even though the old building formerly used as the smithy is still to be seen to give apparent support to the tale. Whether guilty or not, Tyrrel was well advised to flee, for even though the Red King's removal might not have been displeasing to the new king, or others of the 'powers that be,' or rather 'were,' a display of even-handed justice at Tyrrel's expense, once the desired removal of Rufus had been effected, might well have been the sequel.

Shooting of Kings is no bairn's sport,

Tyrrel is made to say in Kingsley's well-known ballad, already quoted above.

That few historical events have more profoundly impressed themselves on the popular imagination than the Rufus tragedy is shown by the numerous ballads and versions of the tale, as well as by the numerous local traditions. Kingsley's ballad is

stirring and dramatic, though rather too theatrical; a more appealing picture, in Murray's *Death of William Rufus*, recounts how the charcoal-burner's cart passing by became the royal bier:

Then a creaking cart came slowly which a charcoal-burner drove.
He found the dead man lying, a ghastly treasure-trove.
He raised the corpse for charity and on his waggon laid,
And so the Red King drove in state from out the forest glade.

His hair was like a yellow flame about the bloated face,
The blood had stained his tunic from the fatal arrow-place.
Not good to look upon was he, in life nor yet when dead;
The driver of the cart drove on and never turned his head.[1]

The charcoal-burner referred to above is equally the subject of still strongly surviving traditions. The Purkess family still flourish, and claim descent from Purkess the charcoal-burner who discovered the Red King's body. A Purkess actually figured at Romsey Pageant in 1907, driving a charcoal-burner's cart with the Red King in effigy, just as his ancestor 800 years before him had actually driven the Red King in death, in his last tragic ride. Tradition still points out the route which this grim cortége followed—King's Lane as it is still called. The cart probably took the road to Romsey, through the little town then huddled round the Abbey walls, crossed the Test, and so

[1] Quoted by kind permission of Messrs. Meiklejohn and Holden.

on through the woodlands by Otterbourne and Hursley, and finally over Compton Down and so to Winchester. It is to the portions of this track near Otterbourne that the name King's Lane still clings.

There is much fine timber in the Forest; the finest timber in the Forest is probably Mark Ash Wood. To reach this you follow the Christchurch road from Stoney Cross for some two miles, past Allum Green, and then turn off to the right a little distance after crossing Highland Water. Close to the gate is the last remaining giant of the New Forest, the Knightwood Oak. It stands alone, as if by virtue of rank; to encircle it four persons would be required, each standing with arms stretched wide and fingers tip to tip. Some little way above-ground the great trunk divides into seven great branches, which rise with a straightness unusual in Forest oak trees—for it was the crooked beads, or 'knees' as they were called, so particularly valuable for ship-building, that gave the Forest oak its great value in the days of England's 'wooden walls.' Mark Ash lies a little beyond. The road leads you through plantations of fir, and you pass another gate before you reach it. It is unenclosed. The beech trees here

are a sight not readily forgotten. Mark Ash is a spot not to visit merely, but to linger in.

In one sense Mark Ash has the first claim to be regarded as the New Forest *par excellence.* Here the wild life lingers still, more unchanged than in any other forest refuge. Formerly the honey buzzard nested here freely, and occasionally it is known to nest here still. The raven and common buzzard have passed away; at one time they were to be found here too. All round Mark Ash are spots of interest. Bolderwood lies to the north; Vinney Ridge and Vinney Heronry to the south. All these are spots to be remembered.

Some few miles lower down along Highland Water is Brockenhurst, *Badger's Hurst*, or Badger's Wood, that is, a characteristic Forest village, with ancient Norman church and Norman font. Outside the church is one of the huge yew trees, so venerable and so characteristic of the county. Within the quiet churchyard lies buried an interesting old Forest character, who died but a few years ago—Brusher Mills, a local celebrity, famous as a snake-catcher. He lived a curious hermit-like existence, and was known far and wide over the Forest.

North-east of Brockenhurst, and some five miles

BEAULIEU RIVER, NEAR BUCKLER'S HARD

The tidal estuary of the Beaulieu river forms a narrow winding waterway, navigable at high water up as far as Beaulieu. At Buckler's Hard some hundred years or so ago shipbuilding was extensively carried on. From 1780 onwards over twenty ships of the line, including several of Nelson's Trafalgar Fleet, were built here by Adams, the shipbuilder, and what seems more remarkable still, were actually navigated down the little river.

or so away, is Beaulieu Abbey, or rather the ruins of it—Beaulieu (pronounced *Bewley* locally), the *Bellus locus* of the monks. Probably they were thinking of the text,

> The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground,

when they named it; and they were well advised in so doing, for at Beaulieu they had "a fair ground and a goodly heritage." Nestling down among the trees, with the water they loved so dearly close by, just at the head of the tidal estuary of the little winding Beaulieu River, was planted that famous abbey, one of the proudest and most powerful of English monasteries. In ancient history portents always preceded the birth of heroes, and something like a miracle must have happened to account for Beaulieu's call to existence, for its patron and 'pious founder' was none other than King John, of sinister reputation. In 1201 John had a dream, and, like Pharaoh, he was troubled. His hand had been just then particularly heavy on the Church, and more particularly on the Cistercian Order, and in a fit of ungovernable rage, provoked by a deputation of Cistercian abbots who had had the temerity to appeal to him in person for relief, he had ordered them to be trampled to

death by horses. His officers refused to execute the dreadful command, and the poor Cistercians were shut up for the night with the prospect of but a few hours' respite from an appalling fate. But in the night the King during sleep found himself brought up for trial and sentenced to be flogged. So real was the vision that when he woke up he bore on his body the traces of the punishment. The King, being exhorted that the nocturnal punishment was a divine sign sent in warning, released the poor trembling abbots, and founded an abbey in token of sincere repentance. The Abbey buildings were on a most extensive scale, and took forty years to erect. The stone came from the Isle of Wight: according to one tradition it was brought over in carts to the mainland to Lepe, at the mouth of Beaulieu River, where a causeway is said to have existed in ancient times.

Beaulieu was the second Cistercian abbey in the neighbourhood. Quarr Abbey had already been built across the Solent, in the Isle of Wight. Thirty years afterwards a third was added: Netley or Letley, the *Laetus locus*, as Beaulieu was the *Bellus locus*, was to spring up a little later on. These three formed a triangle, each separated

from other by an arm of the sea. They are all now in ruins.

The Cistercian Order arose at a period of earnest revival, and as a protest against the laxity of rule prevalent in the Benedictine and Clugniac houses. The Cistercian rule was of the most austere kind. The meanest and coarsest of garb, a rough white woollen garment, which the monks were to sleep in as well as to wear by day, was prescribed; also plain altar cloths, no church ornaments, only one altar candlestick, and that an iron one, vessels and church appointments of the homeliest kind. The rule of silence was strictly observed. The new Order exercised a marked effect in raising the standard of life in the monasteries of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, but in one respect their influence was prejudicial. They were alien in their organisation, paying allegiance only to the parent abbey at Citeaux, and giving no obedience to the bishops. Hence they became ultimately a source of weakness and disunion rather than a support to the national church organisation.

But if the Cistercian Order was wanting in this direction, they atoned amply for it in another. They were beautiful builders. Netley, Tintern, Fountains, and many another stately pile of ruins

remains to bear evidence to the beautiful buildings which the Cistercians reared, and which the Tudors razed or left to moulder away. Of Beaulieu, however, very little still stands above-ground. The foundations of the great Abbey church, the nave of which was actually longer than that of Winchester, still lies outlined on the ground. Close by are the cloisters, some arches of which are still standing, now overgrown with ivy and flowers. The wall of the north cloister is almost intact. Here in these cloisters the "holy men of Beaulieu," their white frocks contrasting strangely with their black hoods or scapularies, collected in the daytime for study and the labours of the scriptorium. Beaulieu was famous for its books, and the cloister ruins still show the recesses in which the precious volumes were stored. Among these books was the curious mediæval story of Baarlam and Josaphat, the wonderful legend in which Sakya Muni, or Buddha, the Light of Asia, actually figures as a Christian saint! For their love of books much may be forgiven to these Cistercians.

The most complete part of the Abbey buildings still standing is now the parish church. As a church it is at first sight an enigma: it contains a beautiful and almost unique pulpit, built into the

THE PALACE HOUSE, BEAULIEU

The delightful Palace House, now the seat of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, was the residence of the Abbot of Beaulieu, in the days of the great monastery. The windows have been modernised. The grounds are delightful.

wall, but its orientation is not east and west, but north and south. The explanation of this is that the parish church was originally not a church at all, but the refectory of the Abbey, and the pulpit not a pulpit built for preaching, but the rostrum where

> The reader droned from the pulpit,
> Like the murmur of many bees,

some pious homily of St. Bernard of Citeaux, or some legend of the saints, while the monks sat below, and, save for the 'reader's' monotone, champed their frugal meal in silence. The entrance to this rostrum is in the width of the wall, up a narrow stairway, very much worn, and along a gallery, separated by a beautiful open arcade of Early English work from the main building. Either the rule of their Order in some mysterious way prevented the Cistercians from growing portly, or else every portly Brother atoned for his portliness by periodic penance along this veritable 'fat man's misery' whenever his turn came to serve as reader for the time being. Another of its buildings, the old Abbot's House, a beautiful piece of mediæval work, with modernised windows, is now the residence of the owner, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. A former Lord Montagu constructed

a moat, by way of defence against possible attack by water in the days of the wars with France. Some little distance away are the stew ponds. Here the monks kept their fish, ready at hand for days of abstinence, carp and tench

> and many a bream, and many a luce in stew.

Some little time ago these fish-ponds were drained to clear away these same "luce in stew"; in other words, the pike, and many a monster fish was netted.

Beaulieu has been an important figure in history and in literature: it figures as a leading factor of interest in Conan Doyle's *White Company*, and Macaulay's *Armada* has a reference to it—though how to read his lines and to give Beaulieu its proper pronunciation at the same time is a puzzler. It is difficult to make much of the lines

> O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew:
> He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of 'Bewley.'

Can it be that Macaulay, the stern critic and precisian, was himself nodding? No Hampshire writer would make "*Beaulieu*" rhyme with "*flew*."

The "abbots and holy men of Beaulieu" enjoyed many privileges. We have seen they were

BEAULIEU VILLAGE

Beaulieu (pronounced Bewley) is a bright "Forest village." The ruins of Beaulieu Abbey are the great feature.

permitted to keep mastiffs 'unlawed'; another important privilege was that of giving sanctuary. Many notable refugees took sanctuary here. Foremost in interest was Perkin Warbeck, the pretender to the throne in Henry VII.'s reign, who was a thorn in Henry's side for fourteen years. Finally, in 1497, he took sanctuary here, after his disastrous campaign in Cornwall. He was persuaded to surrender, and two years later his trustfulness was rewarded by execution on the scaffold. During the Wars of the Roses, Anne Neville, widow of Warwick the King-maker, was similarly protected here after her husband had been killed at the battle of Barnet. Beaulieu, indeed, extended inconvenient hospitality to quite a colony of people obnoxious to the law—possibly, as Trapbois, in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, did at Whitefriars, "for a consideration." A curious echo of this is found in the fact that when the dissolution of Beaulieu was imminent, there were no less than thirty-two 'sanctuary men' here who were 'wanted' for 'dett, felony, and murder.' These 'sanctuary men' had dwelling-houses within the liberties of the Abbey, and lived here in security, with their wives and children. Nay, so completely was the practice of sanctuary recognised, that at

the Dissolution these same 'sanctuary men' not only received protection, but provision was made for their support — a tenderness of treatment strangely mild in contrast with the severity with which dispossessed monks were usually treated. The chief figure in this act of dissolution was Wriothesley, afterwards Earl of Southampton, of whom we have heard before. Beaulieu fell into his hands. The monastic buildings were entirely destroyed, and the materials were used by Henry VIII. to build Hurst Castle and strengthen Calshot.

There are many other spots of interest in the Forest—Lymington is a pleasant seaport town with reminiscences of Charles I.—but we must leave the New Forest, and we cannot do so better than by Beaulieu River, a winding, lingering route, fully in keeping, for we are loth to leave so attractive a theme. Two miles below Beaulieu was Buckler's Hard, famous for shipbuilding some hundred years ago or so, when the great ship-builder Adams flourished here. Buckler's Hard was a centre of great activity. No less than four of Nelson's Trafalgar fleet, the *Illustrious*, the *Agamemnon*, the *Swiftsure*, and the *Euryalus*, were built here, and, what seems more remarkable,

WOODSIDE, NEAR LYMINGTON

Woodside, some two miles from Lymington, lying between it and the salt marshes.

were actually navigated down the little Beaulieu River into the Solent. Forest iron was smelted here too, and many beautiful pieces of domestic iron-work made at Buckler's Hard are still in existence. On the Beaulieu River we must launch ourselves also, and lose ourselves again in the broad sweeping tide of the broader waters of the general county interest.

CHAPTER XVI

THE AVON VALLEY

The Avon Valley, or the Hampshire part of it, is almost a country apart—a quiet and attractive *enclave*, self-contained, and shut off from the rest of the county by the great wild stretch of the New Forest. You may reach it from the north through Salisbury, or across the Forest by way of Fordingbridge or Ringwood, but probably you will find the pleasantest way to approach it that by Bournemouth and Christchurch.

Bournemouth it is unnecessary to describe. Its beautiful soft air, its sandy cliffs, its stretch of sand and beach, its pine trees and their widely diffused fragrance,—these every one knows. It is blessed, but not quite in the same way, as the nation is that has no history, for it has not existed long enough to have a history. Hardly half a century ago this beautiful town, with its suburbs

SAND PIT, NEAR BOURNEMOUTH

A typical feature of the cliff-top at Bournemouth.

spreading out west and east, to Poole on the one side and Christchurch on the other, was barely more than a village. The story of Bournemouth is not a history, but a romance.

Christchurch is six miles from Bournemouth. The road winding round along the coast takes us through Southbourne, and over Tuckton toll bridge, and at Christchurch we are on ancient historical ground again.

Christchurch is not its earliest name; it is Twyneham or Tweoxna, perhaps *The Two Towns* or settlements. The first mention of it in history is in the *English Chronicle*. It was one of the series of 'burhs' or stockaded towns, built by Alfred the Great to defend the land against the Danes. When Alfred died, his nephew Æthelwald disputed the succession with Edward the Elder; he seized the 'castle' at Wimborne and that at Twyneham. Æthelwald was soon driven out, but he gave trouble for five years before he submitted and peace was made. The mention of Twyneham 'castle' shows that thus early the strategic importance of Twyneham was recognised. It would be strange indeed had it been otherwise, for by its situation it guarded the estuaries of two important rivers, the Avon and the Stour, and

that, moreover, in days when marauding galleys prowled along the coast looking continually for creeks such as this, to give access to the interior.

The history of Twyneham would, however, carry us much farther back could we write it. To the north of it, on Katterns (modernised into St. Catherine's Hill), stood an early British town, and, later, a Roman camp; and in front of it, on the spit of land connecting Hengistbury Head to the mainland, is a considerable earthwork, the *Double Dykes*. Hengistbury Head is a bold and remarkable promontory, and a wonderful place to ramble over and, particularly so, to botanise upon, lying as an outer guard between Christchurch and the sea. Tradition connects it with Hengist the Jute, and the *Double Dykes* are traditionally connected with one of his raids to the west of England. The entrance of the harbour is quite narrow; but within it widens out and forms a double though shallow estuary, that of the two rivers, the Avon and the Stour. Christchurch lies between the two. As you approach the old town from Bournemouth two objects catch your eye—in front of you lies Hengistbury Head, and, nearer at hand, the great tower of the Priory. You bear round to the right, through the pleasant town, past the Antelope,

ISLE OF WIGHT FROM SOUTHBOURNE

Southbourne, midway between Bournemouth and Christchurch, commands delightful coast views both east and west. Freshwater Cliffs and the Needles form a leading point of interest in the eastward view.

with its characteristic and prominent sign, and the Priory church, with its pleasant little approach along an avenue of elm, lies before you.

A monastery existed here from very early years—tradition asserts from Athelstan's time—and there is mention of an establishment of twenty-four canons in Edward the Confessor's reign. Domesday speaks of it as Thuinam, and refers to the King's Town and the Monk's Town. In Stephen's time the seculars were replaced by Augustinian canons, under a prior.

It is to Ranulf Passe-Flambard, the Red King's notorious Minister, that we owe the Priory Church. Ranulf, or Ralf, was a low-born priest, who had earned the name of *Passe-Flambard*, or *Hand the Torch*, by the fiery and resistless energy with which he worked his way up. He made himself indispensable to William, and devised the plan by which Rufus became 'every man's heir'; but he built Durham and Christchurch Priory. His motives may have been mixed, but let us be grateful for the result. We in Hampshire have Christchurch still, and the Northerners have Durham.

Flambard's plan for dealing with Christchurch was to ear-mark the revenues for a number of

years, and leave them to accumulate till a sufficient sum had accrued to reconstruct the fabric. The canons, who were thus to be practically deprived of their income meanwhile, with Father Godric at their head, were bitterly opposed to it; but the monastery was old and dilapidated, and Flambard ultimately had his way. Later on, in Stephen's reign, as already mentioned, the strict Augustinian rule was introduced. At the time of the Dissolution the Priory was surrendered to Henry VIII.'s Commissioners, without much opposition, by Prior John Draper, whom the Commissioners reported on as "a very honest and conformeable person." The Prior's 'conformeability' was recognised by a pension of £133 : 6 : 8 per annum. The Commissioners seized the Priory treasures,

> juellys and plate, whereof some be mete for the Kings Majesties use: as a litell chalys of golde, a gudely large cross doble gilte with the foot garnyshed with stone and perle: two gudely basons doble gilte, having the Kings armys well inamyled,

to quote only a portion of the Commissioners' Inventory. The Priory buildings were pulled down, the landed estates passed into lay hands—there is no access now to the church from the south for this reason—and the living made over

to the newly constituted Cathedral authorities at Winchester, the Dean and Chapter. The living is now in the gift of the Bishop of the diocese.

The most noteworthy characteristic of the church as seen to-day, apart from its beautiful tower, is its great length. In reality it is not one church, but three: the choir was the Priory church proper, the canons' church; the nave the parochial church; and the Lady Chapel the manorial. The name Christchurch, strictly speaking, applied to the Priory church only; the manorial church or Lady Chapel was dedicated, of course, to the Blessed Virgin, and the parochial church to the Holy Trinity.

Among the picturesque features of Christ Church is the curious legend of the 'Miraculous Beam,' associated with the dedication name of the church. Surely the world was younger then, when divine interpositions producing results relatively so trivial, could be accepted eagerly and so unquestioningly. The story is, that the site originally selected was at Katterns, St. Catherine's Hill, but whatever was erected there during the day was found to be miraculously removed during the night. The significance of this portent could not be mistaken, and the present site, thus divinely

intimated, was adopted. The building proceeded apace, but whatever the number of workmen employed, it was noticed there was always one present over and above the number, except at meal times or on pay day, when the unknown workman was invariably missing. One day a particular beam needed for the eastern part of the roof was found to be too short, and the workmen departed for the night, but next day the beam was found to be miraculously lengthened, and, moreover, fixed in its proper position. Search was made for the mysterious workman, but he could not be found. Filled with pious thankfulness, the church was accordingly dedicated to the Saviour, who had thus with His own hands for a second time toiled among men. Such is the legend, a legend characteristic of the age, beautiful and suggestive. The Miraculous Beam, it is almost unnecessary to add, is still shown to visitors.

This Priory church is a priceless gem. Its beauty seizes upon you as you pass up the nave—the parochial church originally—between the beautiful Norman pillars, richly ornamented. It is a characteristic example of Norman work, but instinct with a gracefulness and inventiveness rarely seen in work of this period, which shows itself

CHRISTCHURCH

The magnificent Priory Church is the great feature of Christchurch. Seen from across the water, either from Hengistbury Head to the south, or from the meadows by the river to the west, the grand Western Tower of the Priory dominates the view. The natural features of the district are full of interest, and there are besides many historic memories of a very varied kind.

most in the twisted pillars of the triforium, and the curious and unique ornamentation, worked with a hatchet, above the nave arches. The triforium stops short at the west end, as this was rebuilt and the present magnificent tower erected at much the same period as the west part of Winchester. The clerestory above is Early English. Modern galleries of the usual hideous type deface the transepts, and the parochial church ends with a beautiful stone rood-screen of the Decorated period, which divides it from Christ Church proper, the canons' church, that is. Of this latter, the reredos is the most noteworthy feature; it is as wonderful as it is unique. The stem of Jesse is the subject, and the details are most suggestive. The carved work of the canons' stalls reveals, though in a curiously unedifying manner, the humour of the monk. In each there is, or rather originally was, a 'miserere' seat, and the details of every one are worth attention. Here is a goose bringing an offering to a monk—presumably he was a goose to do such a thing; there is Richard III., the face carved with remarkable fidelity. Apparently he was not in favour, for the two adjacent seats bear grinning devils. Most curious of all is the representation of a parish

priest preaching to a lay congregation. The preacher is a fox, the geese are the congregation, and a cock acts as clerk. Presumably it is a sly joke, which tickled the humour of the canons; between the parochial and monastic elements there was frequently much jealousy and rarely much goodwill.

Very wonderful are these miserere seats, even if for nothing more than the light they throw on the religious degeneracy of the age. For when one comes carefully to consider more and more closely the question: To what is it really that our English churches and cathedrals owe their grandeur and their impressiveness? the answer will be seen more and more clearly to be this: that the building impresses not simply because of the æsthetic beauty and harmony of its parts, great as these may be, but because each and all these parts strives to express an ideal, a belief, a creed, a doctrine. Yet here, instead of ideals and inspirations, we have trivialities; unworthy and even coarse details of humour reveal to us only too surely how the tree was tottering to its fall. And modern degeneracy too is exemplified also by the selfsame stalls. One is tempted to feel annoyance at the restrictions imposed on you as you visit

such churches as this: the fee paid before the gate is unlocked, the restraint imposed by the verger who escorts you round. You feel you would like to be free, free to meditate and wander here at will. Yet the verger will tell you that within living memory no less than twenty-five of these priceless miserere seats have been stolen bodily from their places and lost. Only in 1907 an American curio-hunter actually knocked off and carried away a fragment of carving from one of them! Such humiliating facts as these *donnent furieusement à penser*, and reconcile one to the discipline of the vigilant verger, who has, alas! to be warder as well.

The chantries are remarkable in number, and are very beautiful. The finest is the Salisbury Chantry, on the north of the High Altar. It was erected for the burial of the Countess of Salisbury and her son Cardinal Pole, but was never used for this purpose. The Countess of Salisbury died a victim to Henry VIII.'s passion for revenge. After being cruelly imprisoned for two years, the venerable lady, over seventy years of age, was actually brought to the block and beheaded. Her execution was a scandal, and the proud victim, conscious of innocence and outrage, refused to kneel to the headsman's axe.

> Salisbury's countess, she would not die
> As a proud dame should,—decorously.
> Lifting my axe, I split her skull,
> And the edge since then has been notched and dull.

So sings Mauger, the horrible executioner, in Ainsworth's *Tower of London.* Hampshire memories certainly do not flatter 'Bluff King Hal.'

Henry VIII.'s Commissioners mutilated the chantry, out of prejudice and spite, to judge from their report.

> "In the churche," they say, "we finde a chapele and a monument, curiously made of Cane stone preparyd by the late mother of Renald Pole for her buriall, which we have causyd to be defacyd and all the armys and badgis clerely to be delete."

The architectural details of the Salisbury Chantry are curiously similar to those of Fox's Chantry in Winchester, where we have the same interesting mingle of late Perpendicular work with Renaissance details and embellishments. Much more is there in the church to see: both the presbytery aisles, north and south, are full of interest, so also is the Lady Chapel, and the Oratory, as it is called, on the north side of the choir, is a rarely beautiful feature. There are many monuments, ancient and modern; among them, an inscription over the grave of one Sally Williams records that she died

CHRISTCHURCH QUAY

Christchurch on Christchurch Harbour at the combined mouth of the rivers Avon and Stour, has the double attractiveness of sea and river to offer. In the summer, trips by ferry can be made down the water to Mudeford, where is the well-known run famous for Christchurch salmon.

of grief. Poor Sally Williams! The process took her no less than twelve years! Under the western tower is the well-known beautiful monument to the poet Shelley.

Externally the Priory lacks contour; the splendid tower is the dominating feature, but otherwise the exterior as a whole is not graceful, though some of the details are exquisite. There is one real gem—the round Norman turret of the northern transept, with a graceful diaper pattern worked over it, and, below, a lovely arcade of interlacing Norman arches: these arches are very rich and delicate.

A little distance away is the old castle Keep—a massive ruin, built of unhewn stones, on a great mound. Hard by are the ruins of the Norman residence. The De Redvers family were the Norman feudatories, and lived here. Historically the castle had little importance. A circular chimney on the Norman house is said to be the oldest domestic chimney still standing in the country. These ruins form a picturesque setting to the little strip of greensward skirting the river.

From the Avon Bridge the general view you get is captivating and attractive. On your right, above the ruins close by, rises the great west tower

of the Priory church, and out in front is the bright sunlit water of the harbour, with the winding streams, and the green flats beyond, and, last of all, the great promontory of Hengistbury Head. It is a grand view up the valley, and east and west along the coast and over to the Isle of Wight, that the top of Hengistbury Head commands.

To your north stretches the broad valley of the Avon. You can follow its course by the roadway on either side. That to our left through the town is the rougher road, but the more picturesque. It leads over Katterns—St. Catherine's Hill—broken and heather covered, through Hern. The road on the east is a better travelling road, and leads through several places of interest. Along it the scenery is attractive, but not particularly striking.

Some four miles up is Sopley; the charming little church, with its dark, restful interior, is well worth a visit. Then a mile and a half above Sopley we come to memories of the Rufus tragedy, at Avon village and Tyrrel's Ford. Here, standing by the roadside, an ancient stone building, now for many years disused, is pointed out as the smithy referred to in the previous chapter, the smithy worked by the blacksmith who assisted Sir Walter Tyrrel in his flight, after the latter had compassed the Red

STOURMOUTH

The river scenery all round here is attractive and full of interest and variety.

King's death. The blacksmith reversed his horse's shoes, and the fugitive knight forded the river, and so baffled his pursuers. Tradition further had it that the smithy was in consequence penalised by an annual fine imposed upon its occupant by the Crown, but no historical basis for this part of the story has ever been discovered.

Ringwood, a few miles farther on, is a pleasant market-town, associated, as are Ellingham and Moyle's Court, a couple of miles or so higher up the valley, with the cruel tragedy of Dame Alicia Lisle, with the haunting horrors of Monmouth's Rebellion, of the Bloody Assize, and of Judge Jeffreys. It is impossible to pass these two latter spots without emotion. Dame Alicia Lisle was the widow of Colonel Lisle, of regicide notoriety, and at the time of Monmouth's Rebellion, 1685, his widow was living at Moyle's Court, the ancestral home of the Lisles. Monmouth, defeated at Sedgemoor, had managed to reach this neighbourhood, and the whole district was being closely watched, with the result that in a ditch, a few miles away over the Dorsetshire border, he was taken, pallid and exhausted, and was brought to Ringwood and detained there, before being tried and handed over to the executioner. But Mon-

mouth was not the only object of pursuit. The whole district was filled with fugitives from Sedgemoor, and among these, two in particular—Hicks a preacher, and Nelthorpe a lawyer—had been tracked to this spot.

Colonel Penruddock, the Royalist commander, could have arrested these fugitives sooner, but he had a personal grudge against the Lisles, owing to injuries suffered at the hand of Dame Lisle's late husband, Colonel Lisle, and he permitted them to reach Moyle's Court, where he felt certain the widow's tenderness would not be proof against their entreaties. And so it proved. The fugitives were seized, and Dame Lisle arrested on a charge of harbouring rebels. The aged lady, whose action could by no possible stretch of imagination be construed as a danger to the Government, and whose only offence was, at the worst, but a misguided exercise of humanity, was put on trial at Winchester Assizes. Three times the jury brought in a verdict of acquittal; three times the infamous Jeffreys drove them back, with vile words, threats, and coarse brutality, till in sheer terror they gave the verdict he was determined to obtain; and he actually sentenced the poor lady, who had borne herself throughout the awful trial with sweet

RINGWOOD

A pleasant market-town on the west of the Forest, on the Avon. Its chief memory is that of Monmouth's Rebellion, 1685.

womanly dignity, to be burned alive at the stake the very next day. This horrible sentence struck every one with consternation. And though so monstrous a doom could not possibly be carried out, the earnest and piteous entreaties made to the Judge only obtained the concession of a postponement. The royal clemency was invoked, but King James would not do more than substitute beheading on the scaffold for burning alive, and this latter sentence was actually carried out in the market square at Winchester.

For this judicial murder no palliation can be urged. It has been argued that, legally, Dame Lisle was guilty of the offence, but be this as it may, no extenuation can be pleaded for the browbeating of the jury and the forceful wresting of their verdict. The fine fresco in the Houses of Parliament records the verdict of history on this black act.

Moyle's Court, the family seat of the Lisles, lies a little off the road to the right, Ellingham Church a little to the left. Here, in the great square canopied pew, belonging to Moyle's Court, on the north of the nave, Dame Alicia Lisle worshipped. She herself lies buried just outside the church. The inscription on the plain flat slab over her tomb records that "Dame Alicia Lisle dyed, the second

of September, 1685." Oh, the pathos and repression of that simple word "dyed"!

Ellingham Church is a rare place—a place to linger in—one of those quiet, unpretentious buildings, so full of charm and historic interest, which impart such dignity to many an apparently obscure corner of our English homeland. Small as it is, it is full of treasures. The fine panelling on the west end with its striking painting, "The Last Judgment": the rood screen with the old preacher's hour-glass on it: the charming carved pulpit, and the undertone of the pathetic Lisle history:—these are all features of Ellingham.

The upper part of the Rood Screen, into which a way has been recently discovered, is plastered over, and bears several interesting panels painted on it—one with the Royal arms, the others with texts. The texts are from the Geneva Version, and the date of the panels is 1671. The wording of the texts has a peculiar, and almost prophetic, significance when the history of Dame Alicia Lisle is borne in mind:

My sonne, fear God and the Kynge, and meddle not with them that are seditious.

The Lawe was our schoolmaster to bringe us to Christ, that wee might be made righteous by faythe.

BLASHFORD, NEAR RINGWOOD

Blashford, a little hamlet, on the main road, a mile and a half north of Ringwood. Ellingham and Moyles Court lie a little to the north.

Walter Burr
1918

There is much of tragedy in this little church, but nothing so entirely pathetic as those two texts above the wooden screen.

But Nature outside seems to wish us to forget the tragedies of history: she buries her dead out of sight, and covers all with a new growth. So it would seem as we leave the peaceful churchyard, with its lichen-covered stones, and regain the winding road amid the branching foliage overhead.

Fordingbridge, the 'Forde' of Domesday, a few miles away, is an attractive little town. The river and bridge form a pleasing and attractive picture in the sunlight. There is fishing here, and good fishing too, and boating as well.

We are approaching the Wiltshire border, but the little corner of the county still in front of us contains many associations and one quite unusual gem—the old Saxon Church at Breamore.

Breamore Church, three miles away, is not easy to find. You bear off to the left as you enter the village, cross the green where geese are perhaps discussing the prospects for Michaelmas or Christmas, then on through the gate leading to Breamore Park, and up the slope before you. At the top you pass a second gate on your right, follow the pathway round, and the churchyard gate presently

appears under some overhanging yews. The trees round the church screen it so completely from view that you do not see it till you are right upon it. It is certainly one of the oldest churches in Hampshire, possibly quite a thousand years old, and certainly the most complete Saxon church. Few indeed in the whole country can rival it in interest. The little Saxon church at Bradford-on-Avon is more complete, and perhaps also that at Dover Castle, but no others. Here, unmistakeably, in the heavy masonry, the roughly-hewn corner-stones, the projecting stone ribs or pilaster strips, the circular arches over doorway and window, is the mark of the Saxon architect who erected it.

Inside, these features repeat themselves, but mingled with the Saxon is Norman and later work. Four Saxon arches originally supported the central tower, and there were two transepts. Now only the south transept remains; but the exterior wall on the north side marks the roof lines where the north transept used to be. The south transept is full of interest. Over the arch is an inscription in archaic Saxon characters—"Here the Covenant becomes manifest to thee" is the translation. Beyond the arch is a Saxon window, and on the

east wall of the transept a Saxon doorway. We often have cause to deplore the results of restoration, but here it is otherwise. Restoration at Breamore has removed the plaster and white-wash within, and the rough cast without, and revealed many of these hitherto hidden and priceless features.

The porch, too, is of rare interest. Within the outer porch, but on the outer face of the church wall, is an even more interesting piece of Saxon work—an old rood, much like the Saxon rood at Headbourne Worthy—a crucifixion group, the Saviour with St. John and the Virgin, worked in relief and originally coloured, for a good deal of colouring still remains. It is hard to make out details, but the nimbus round the head is large and flat, resembling that of the rood at Romsey. Stone abutments on either side of the porch appear to have once carried the joists of a floor. In the porch are two long ancient settles.

In the churchyard is an enormous yew; the central stem has died away some foot or so above-ground, and become replaced by sixteen or seventeen separate stems; it is a remarkable tree. Beneath it are some ancient stone coffins.

Near the church is Breamore House, an

Elizabethan structure, though most of the original building was burnt down some fifty years ago and has since been rebuilt. Above the church and house, on the open wooded down, is a mismaze; this is not easy to find alone. The way to it is by the road through the park, on the west side of the house. A path is then seen, with a hedge skirting it, on the right-hand side. Follow this on, through the gate at the top, into the wood above; follow the rough track right through the wood, and out along the open down for some half-mile beyond the wood, till you reach a slight wooded eminence on the left, with broken ground in front; here, fenced in by rough railings, you will find it. There was a priory at Breamore once, and the monks, it is supposed, carved out this mismaze upon the hill above.

It is wonderful how freely the yews and other trees grow here—here, in fact, the yew grows like a weed. Beech, oak, fir-tree all abound, but the yew seems everywhere. Breamore Down, or Wick Down as it is called, commands a fine view. Gallows Hill in front of it tells its own tale.

Quiet, dreamy, secluded, and hidden away among its trees, or in the meadows along by the river, Breamore has seen its stirring times. Close

by it is Charford—Cerdic's Ford, that is. There was more than one grim scene here in Cerdic's day.

The *English Chronicle* has two entries:

A.D. 508. This year Cerdic and Cynric slew a British king, whose name was Natan-leod, and 5000 men with him. After that the country was named Natanlea as far as Cerdicsford.

And eleven years later the Anglo-Saxon ascendancy was secure, for we have

A.D. 519. This year Cerdic and Cynric obtained the kingdom of the West Saxons, and the same year they fought against the Britons where it is now named Cerdicsford.

These double entries show the strategic importance of the spot. There was grim work down by the ford of the river, where the Britons seem to have made a last hopeless stand. The name 'Bloody Marshes' which long lingered here seems to recall the memory of this last desperate rally.

A mile or so on and the Avon ceases to be a Hampshire stream, and we must leave it. Quiet, restrained, and unassertive, the Hampshire part of its course is a region of characteristic English scenery, as peaceful as it is sweet. Every mile of it is historic. Priest and prelate, Norman knight and Saxon Berserker, unjust judge and gentle victim,—all in turn have contributed somewhat to

that rare historic pageant, which we may enjoy, and enjoy to the utmost, whenever opportunity and a few hours of leisure enable us to visit again this Avon Valley.

And now we must close. We have passed in short review over the length and breadth of our county—over its downs, its furzy commons, its rivers, valleys, woods, and pastures; everywhere, in city, town, village, field, and flood alike, we have found scenery to charm and delight; everywhere we have found the stream of historic interest pulsing deeply and strongly. Hampshire, the 'Home-shire' *par excellence*, has been the 'Alma Mater' of England as no other county has. In recording, however inadequately, her historic memories and her glories, we have been performing an act of filial duty. *Floreat in Aeternum!* "May she flourish for ever!"

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